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LANDMARKS OF MANHATTAN

By Royal Cortissoz

WHEN Baron Haussmann wreaked himself upon old Paris there were not lacking critics to condemn his taste. Followers of those critics are still active in protesting that the creations and renovations of the Second Empire were unworthy of the grandiose measure set by the First. Yet it was just in the grandeur of his conceptions that Haussmann showed his profound appreciation of the truly Imperial idea. His sense of scale was heroic. It was no small thing to have modelled the Paris which is, broadly speaking, the Paris of to-day; to have given us the boulevards and bridges, the new squares and buildings which leave the French capital, as we know it now, the stateliest city of modern Europe. Haussmann may have lacked reverence, may have lacked a sense of poetic justice, may have lacked the romantic instinct for color and picturesqueness which animates so many of his detractors. He had in default of these things the constructive imagination of a great administrator which gave him, in the circumstances, something of the power of a great designer; and the scope of his effort, moreover, was not bounded by the limits of a palace or a church, it stretched from one wall to another of a mighty city. He had the cleverness to perceive and the authority to evoke a superb ensemble where artists of greater gifts but less colossal ambition would have flung detached monuments of beauty. It is the fundamental virtue of this ensemble which preserves the Baron's name from oblivion. It is the charm of similar ensembles which arrests the attention of the traveller in Europe and leads to the substance of this paper.

An effect such as Paris produces in its architectural vistas is achieved in one of two ways. The modernity and geometric balance of the Place de l'Opéra could only have sprung from concerted action or from the more or less contemporaneous rise of the various buildings in the group at that spot. The picture which you get, on the other hand, from the Pantheon and the Bibliothèque de Saint-Geneviève, with the quaint church of St. Étienne du Mont between them, is obviously one of those compositions which time alone could have put together in such curious and delightful unity. The symmetry of the Place de la Concorde has the sophistication of the Academy. The homogeneous beauty of the Île de la Cité, with the towers of Notre Dame soaring above the divided Seine, is artless in the broad, noble manner of nature herself. In other words, the great architectural episodes of the world have been focussed sometimes with the spontaneity of a masterly improvisation, sometimes through the cumulative action of years. They have grown and they have been made. Often the responsibility for a group of buildings is divisible between time and the designer of that nucleus which is left to the good offices of posterity. What is begun in one century, if properly begun, is tolerably certain to turn out a successful

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Exchange Place.

natural growth in the next, drawing just the right accretions to itself as the years proceed. It is a proof of the spirit of harmony that presided over the first stages of their evolution that, no matter how many centuries or talents have gone to their erection, the famous squares of the Continent have each a perfect integrity. Take the great Piazza of San Marco at Venice, with its mixture of Byzantine and Renaissance styles. Take the colonnaded approach to St. Peter's, or the noble centre of Florentine architecture and life a stone's-throw from the Arno. In every instance time and generations of builders have wrought to attain the effect we see to-day; but a logical beauty hangs over the whole.

It is a question of preparing the way for time intelligently, and of giving the first builders something, not all, of the chance which fell to Haussmann. Both examples are fruitful in inspiration for America—the old and the modern. We have the virgin soil and we have the men to lay the right foundation. It is doubtful if we ever emulate either the thoroughgoing officialism of Paris or the large patience of the early Italian republics. We are too eclectic to evolve an Academic scheme like the Place de la Concorde, and we are too evilly circumstanced by the rapid development of our cities and the high value of land to lay out in leisurely extravagance the groundwork for a stupendous square like that of San Marco. But we have the basis for as interesting a future as either line of departure could promise. We have demonstrated this in Boston, where the classic Public Library and the Romanesque Trinity Church face one another amicably across the irregular space of Copley Square, and produce through their common possession of elements of scale and dignity the effect of one magnificent design. It will be the same in New York at that point of the city where the new Cathedral of Saint John the Divine will soon break the horizon in close company with Saint Luke's Hospital and the buildings of Columbia College. We know how to work in the spirit of monumental art, and that means everything.

The great architectural metamorphosis of upper New York in the neighborhood of Morningside Park, from say 110th Street to 120th Street, promises to be the more interesting because it will be one of those gradual changes, begun with malice aforethought, which have been touched upon in the foregoing remarks. It will be the outcome of an extensive enterprise in mere building, and of a steady movement in the life of the metropolis. This second force is one which has been especially potent in New York. Its influence is recorded in some of the conspicuous facts of the city. To the concentration of mercantile interests down-town we owe the massive eyries of lower Broadway, the tall bank buildings of Wall Street, the great piles of stone and brick and iron which are everywhere below Madison Square making the city one of commercial fortresses. Future ages will read our character as a race of business men in these immense structures. They will read a strange passage of history into that fantastic overshadowing of our municipal dignity (if the City Hall is left at the time) by the enormous office-buildings which crowd around it. They will find the gregarious habit of the merchants and bankers and their kin natural enough, too, just as we accept the foregathering of London booksellers, for which we provide a parallel in Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Madison Square. It has always been this way in the life of cities. It always will be, and in New York, as elsewhere, we have to reckon with the steady action of social and business development upon topography and architecture. What makes it peculiarly suggestive here is the rapidity with which great changes

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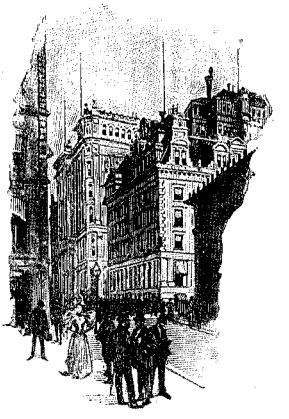
have been accomplished. St. Paul's never surprises the foreigner who finds it down in the heart of busy London, the roots of the past go so deep all over that neighborhood ; yet it is doubtful if many Americans can ever quite apprehend the survival of old Trinity at the head of Wall Street, in the midst of immense buildings that have sprung up like mushrooms, without thinking, if they think at all, of the utter and amazing incongruity of the church. Our beautiful City Hall is similarly one of the most eloquent souvenirs of our earlier history, which the mutability of things in a commercial city could ever have left behind. It is intrinsically fine. It further shines by contrast with its aërial neighbors. It is the simple dignity of our forefathers touching hands with the arrogant bustle of their descendants. It protests gently against the commercialism frankly proclaimed on every side. For definiteness of character is one striking element in the Metropolitan panorama; the tone, the style, is unmistakable wherever you go. Thus the architectural rejuvenescence of Fourth Avenue from Union Square up to the Academy of Design, has been substituting for the old domestic aspect of the thoroughfare a distinct air, miscellaneous as to its constituents, yet quite positive as to the sum total of its effect, which dedicates the avenue beyond a doubt to the affairs of business. The Academy of Design lags doubtfully on the scene. With the new Bank for Savings and the Charities and Correction Building near by, with the Madison Square Garden stretching into Fourth Avenue only a few blocks above, with new structures of giant size rising all about it, you would feel sure the old artistic institution were soon to be demolished, even if you did not know that its owners had actually sold the property. The dwellings and the minor shops are all on the decline in this neighborhood. In a few years we can expect the complete transformation of Fourth Avenue, which its lordly western parallel has undergone during the past few years between the same northern and southern boundaries. And business will predominate. Will it ever rule Madison Square? With the new Metropolitan Life Insurance Building among its façades this seems not unlikely, yet the historic outlines of the Fifth Avenue Hotel still stand as symbolical of the interest with which the Square has for years been chiefly identified. Madison Square remains a centre of hotel life in spite of all encroachments, and with the lights of the Garden Tower sparkling over the northeast angle, with the color and gleam and movement of Broadway and Fifth Avenue hurrying on enticingly just beyond its upper entrances, the Square seems always the same place of pleasure and idleness, always the same source of gayety and luxury and rest. It marks the first belt, so to speak, in that urban wilderness compacted of dwellings and shops, theatres and hotels, which goes on up to the Park, and culminates, so far as our present possessions are concerned, in the imposing masses of the Plaza. It is quite justifiable, I think, to apply a flattering adjective to the Plaza, doubtful as some of its architectural details may be.

It is not the purpose of this survey to pause upon architectural details, but to glance at some of the broad groupings, which both architecture and social growth have brought about within our gates, and one of the most interesting, most imposing, and most admirable of these groups is that at the southeastern corner of Central Park. Consider it generally, and in a spirit of moderate criticism, and it is not unworthy of the city. Certainly it is not mean, not insignificant. Size often does much to supply deficiencies of design, and however the various hotels may be criticised—the Savoy, the Plaza, and the Netherland — whatever there may be lacking in the Vanderbilt mansion, all of these bulky edi-



Corner of Nassau and Wall Streets.

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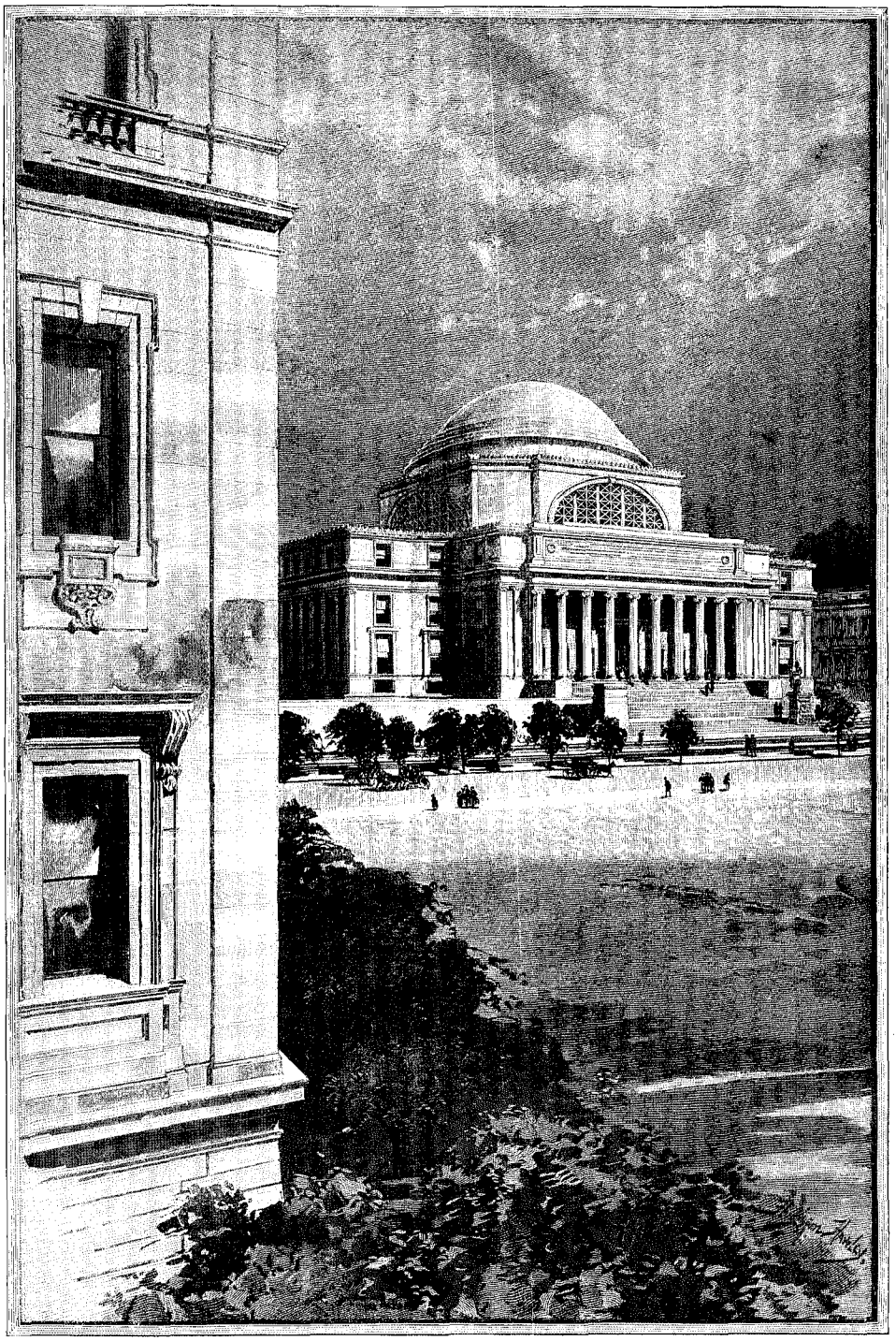

St. Luke's Hospital. The Library of Columbia College.

THE NEW GROUP OF BUILD.

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St. Luke's Hospital.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

INGS NEAR MORNINGSIDE PARK.

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fices have at least their bulk to lend impressiveness to the scene; and the Gerry house, with the fine Metropolitan Club, completes a group which the sylvan beauty of the Park sets off and heightens in effect. Here the triviality of the shops disappears, and only the repose, the solidity, and the opulence of the public inns and private palaces are left. It is, taken all in all, one of the most expressive records of New York life that we have. The wealth, the luxury, the material prosperity of the town are writ large across that spacious meeting of the ways. It provides in perfection the atmosphere typical of "up-town," just as Broadway south of Chambers Street sums up what is most representative of "down-town," and Fourth Avenue or Fifth Avenue near Madison Square gives the tone of the region neither up nor down.

It will be seen that at none of these points is the air purged of material elements. For a serener and purer sphere the searcher might traverse the city in vain from end to end and find only a promise of it among the buildings of Columbia College on the east, or among those of the Theological Seminary just below Twenty-third Street on the west, in "Old Chelsea." Beyond these only partially adequate retreats it would be useless to look for even the pretence to "scholastic shades," and nowhere on Manhattan Island has the ecclesiastical tradition been made manifest at all in any large architectural or topographical sense. It is for the importation of these necessary blessings into the entourage of New York that we look to the immense undertakings inaugurated at Morningside Park. It is a long jump up there from Fifty-ninth Street and the Plaza, but it is over a tract of land that is already thickly covered, in a large proportion of its area, by hotels and houses, and it will not be long before the tide of improvement carries the great mass of population up to the very doors of the new cathedral. It is being reared on a commanding site. The whole region is lifted far above the familiar levels of the city, and our most magnificent church, with one of our greatest hospitals, and the finest gathering of academic buildings upon which any American college has thus far been able to congratulate itself, will crown New York in every sense of the word. No dreaming lover of the city could devise a more encouraging vision than that which is presently to be made concrete above the slopes and hollows of Yorkville, the vision which it is attempted to foreshadow in the words and illustrations here set forth. In the conditions of things now existing there is little to prefigure the actual appearance of those things which are to come. St. Luke's Hospital has alone arrived at any advanced stage of completion, and even that has still to be carried much farther. But it is possible now to estimate the value of the natural setting which has been secured for this monument and its companions, and to construct something of the pageant which they will offer to the eye.

Starting from the neighborhood of 110th Street, the land which the elevated railroad overlooks on its great curve above Central Park rises in rugged, uneven strata. From the cars one obtains a striking view of its bold contours and surfaces, the stone staircases, terraces, and embankments of Morningside Park giving the scene unusual vigor and strength of character. On the first stage of the ascent, from 110th Street to 113th Street, the cathedral will be built, facing the west, of course, so that its main portals give upon Amsterdam Avenue. The land falls away from its rear façade across Morningside Drive, and almost precipitously, to the lowest levels of Morningside Park. As the park goes north the land on its west rises higher and higher. St. Luke's Hospital, therefore, which occupies the land from 113th to 114th Streets, between the Drive and Amsterdam Avenue, faces the north side of the cathedral from a slightly elevated point. Across Amsterdam Avenue, and arranged between that thoroughfare, the Boulevard, 116th and 120th Streets, the buildings of Columbia College command both hospital and cathedral. West of the Boulevard the plateau shelves almost abruptly to the level of Riverside Drive, when it falls still farther and meets the river one hundred

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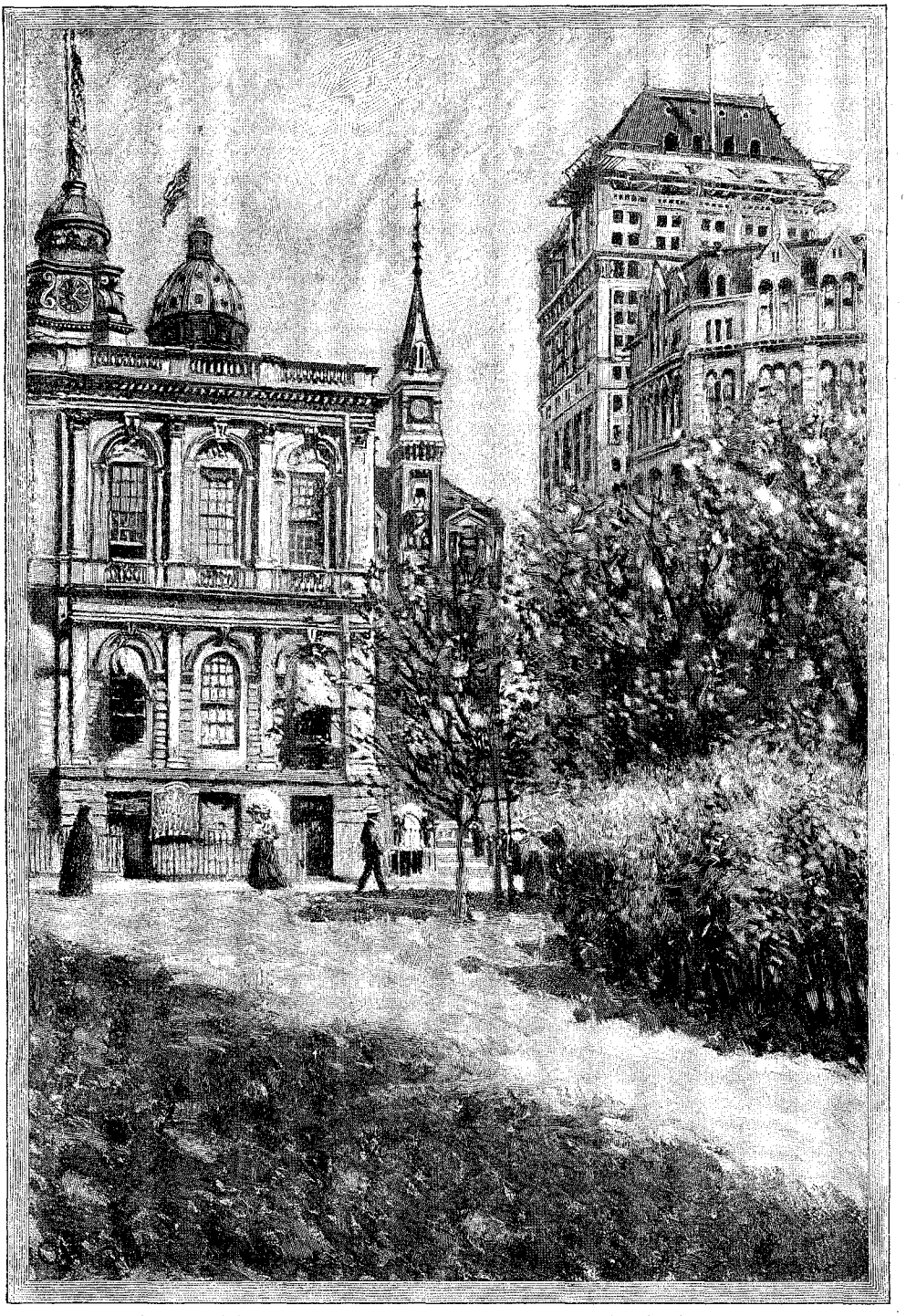

The Dome of the World Building.

The City Hall.

The Tribune Building.

The American Tract *Society Building.*

The Times Building.

VIEW IN CITY HALL PARK.

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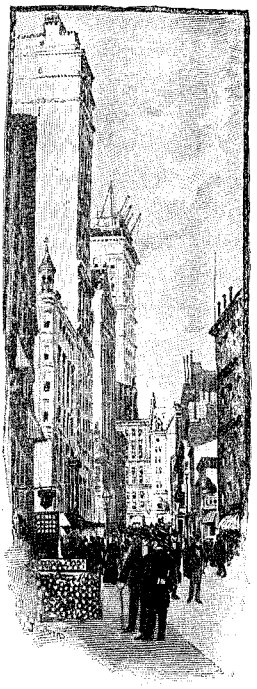

New Street.

and fifty feet below the college grounds. It will be gathered from this that the three properties are thrown in irregular succession along a space extending from 110th to 120th Streets, the college buildings lying northwest of the hospital, which lies directly north of the cathedral. This large plot of ground, crossed by several streets and avenues, covered already, here and there, with apartment houses and other structures, forms roughly a height which at every point of the compass permits the eye to sweep the surroundings far and near. It is itself an unkempt, semi-civilized section, with the neat turf and shrubbery of Morningside Park showing in odd contrast to its sordid environment on a summer's day. To the east and northeast lies Harlem, shabby, huddled, spoiled with the ungainly lines of the elevated railroad in the foreground, and offering no features more salient than the glaring white sides of innumerable tenements. There is no lack of the latter to the south. In fact, they are visible whichever way you turn. Yet these can never give the dominating color to the scene, which, in many ways, is beautiful. I do not know when it is most attractive. I have rambled over the rocks and roads in all seasons of the year and have found it equally lovely under the dull, gray skies of winter with the snow spread everywhere, bathed in the summer sun, or with the young greens of spring pushing themselves to the surface in all the unpaved, unbuilt spaces. If there is any time at which the region touches the imagination perhaps more deeply than at others, it is in the autumn, when the eye can pierce through the bare trees, can travel round the sharply defined horizon, and comprehend not only the conformation of the land, but see its close relation to both the rivers and to the Jersey shore. Then the countless roofs of the city are swathed in a pale violet light which you would call a haze if there were not somehow a wonderful clearness in the air, revealing the tall spires of St. Patrick's, showing you the bulk of the Paulist Fathers, and lessening the distance between you and a hundred landmarks south and east. Before you stands the city. Over your left shoulder you catch the silvery shimmer of the Harlem, and, if you mount high enough, you can find the East River easily, with intimations of Brooklyn beyond. On your left is the Hudson, with the shipping and the hum of its banks near the bay realized at one end, and its placid beauty near Fort Lee at the other. Over the gray and tawny Palisades, looking drear and dun and ragged in the chill autumn air, the sun goes down with a gorgeousness that can be appreciated at few other points so well as at that whereon the cornerstone of the cathedral has been laid.

Climbing the cathedral towers, or standing on the staircase at their base, studying the view from the lowest or the highest point of vantage which Columbia's home will grant, the breadth and beauty and variety of the scene must be ever the same. Nature has, with her usual foresight, placed the city and its richest outlooks at the gates of what will form our most important gathering of humanizing institutions. They will see the city slumbering at their feet and they will watch at its fairest the natural panorama that girdles New York. When the gaze of the spectator is turned back upon these institutions themselves what will he see? That is difficult but not at all impossible to answer, since the designs of all the buildings are known and a slight use of the imagination will provide what the pictures may lack. In the foreground, the great Gothic pile of the cathedral, with towers flanking its vast arched entrance and a spire of still more soaring lines cleaving the air above the dome, a church of digni-

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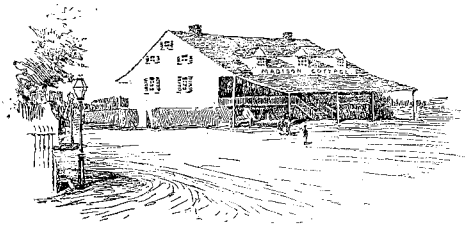
Fifth Avenue at Madison Square.



Madison Cottage, an Inn Standing in 1857 on the Site of the Present Fifth Avenue Hotel.

fied masses and picturesque outlines. Seen just across the broad flight of steps up which the doors are gained is the extensive hospital, simply, even severely, academic in style, and presenting a cool contrast to the rich character of the majestic edifice with which it is associated by the exigencies of

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Bank for Savings.

National Academy of Design.

Corner of the Church Missions House.

Tower of the Madison Square Garden.

Calvary P. E. Church.

Fourth Ave. Presbyterian Church.

FOURTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF TWENTY-FIRST STREET.

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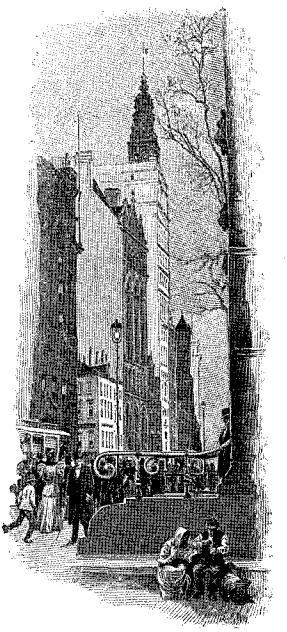
site. And now, with a changing of the angle, a look aslant up Amsterdam Avenue will discover the numerous buildings of Columbia, classic in design, with their austerity lightened by touches of Renaissance style, and the entire assemblage of dormitories, lecture-halls, and so on, dominated by a noble library of Grecian simplicity. This library is to stand in the centre of a quadrangle formed by the other buildings of the college; the dome that surmounts it will be raised to such a height as to overlook them all and share with the towers of the cathedral the pre-eminence among the lofty objects in the northern part of the city. It is not intended to describe here either the cathedral or the library in detail, nor, indeed, is there much to be said at this time in elaborate celebration of any buildings in a series which has yet to be passed from paper into stone. What it is assuredly expedient to touch upon is the ensemble to which reference was made at the outset.

I began these desultory comments with a reference to Baron Haussmann's faculty for remodelling a city with consideration for the general effect which this or that passage in the scheme might have. I would return, in discussing the new buildings, to a similar phase of this point. Interesting by itself, each one of the great constructions uptown will be the more imposing for its relation to an effect which they will produce together. As a rule no one of them will be apprehended in isolation. Save when regarded from some especially sought point of view, the cathedral will share the horizon with the hospital, and *vice versa*. The Columbia College buildings will be visible by themselves when the spectator has turned his back on the two structures to the south, and, as will presently appear, they are likely to have a peculiarly fascinating atmosphere that will be all their own. Yet the Columbia buildings also will just as often be seen in a glance that will begin at the church and move on to the dome of the library, taking in the hospital on the way. It is apparent, in short, that the buildings will combine, from 110th to 120th Street, to establish a special and monumental standard for that part of New York. Throughout it will be reposeful and elevated, the tone religiously meditative near the church, imbued with the equability of learning near the college, silent with the silence of a place of healing, between the two. Other buildings may rise, other buildings have risen, within the shadow of these stately walls. The neighborhood is being settled with more and more energy every year, and is destined to be more thickly built up as time goes on. Yet the essential character of the streets west of Morningside Park is bound to be fixed by the presence of such monuments as are now under consideration. All sorts of influences will converge there. It is necessary to count on utilitarian, architectural, social, and geographical elements in the general result which will meet the scrutiny. But two forces will master all these things. In the first place, the mere friction of daily life will do its part in moulding the new quarter, in smoothing off the roughnesses and vulgarities and replacing them with the suave characteristics of a spot susceptible to the gentle offices of culture. The cathedral will draw not only worshippers in great and continuous numbers, but will become the greatest centre of evangelistic and humanitarian activity which our city can hope to know. On one side the street will be the sanctuary of the church, on the other the merciful shelter of St. Luke's, and from both these sources of beneficence there will flow an endless stream of laborers whose work and hours of rest will both be identified with the neighborhood, no matter how far afield their er-



Broadway, near Wall Street.

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rands of peace may carry them. In the vicinity of the cathedral, charitable institutions, homes for various religious bodies, and the numerous interests involved in the executive administration of the parish and its ramifications will naturally arise. Near the hospital are sure to be assembled, in time, the dwellings of its great corps of officials, and the special institutions of medical learning and practice, libraries, and the like, which fall inevitably into line with such an head-quarters.

And within sight of these the accretions of Columbia College, in buildings devoted to art and letters, in the houses of scholars and their pupils, are destined to be perhaps the most numerous and most influential of all in the formation of that spirit which is expected to rest upon the entire district. Indeed the college has the opportunity to create a tone for which it would be unfair, perhaps, to go to Oxford or Cambridge in the search for parallels, but which can easily rival Harvard in spite of the comparative limits as to space. It is not merely that the impetus it would give to the life around it would always be along serious and thoughtful lines. It will owe much to the architectural merits, which, as has been hinted above, the college scheme has been assured. Bringing to the broad outlines of their plan the same order and refinement, the same simplicity and distinction which their fastidious taste would maintain in all the minute particulars of their work, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, have conceived an architectural unit in their group of buildings for Columbia which by itself would revive in New York the memory of such continental masterpieces as I have already mentioned. The grand approach to the library is the approach of the college in general. The steps leading to its pillared entrance are the steps which begin at 116th Street, and bring the pedestrian straight into the quadrangle. West of the library will be an assembly hall, east of it the chapel, north, the dining-room hall, with a theatre and gymnasium behind. The remaining buildings will be disposed with mathematical regularity in the four angles of the quad, three of them filling each angle. Just how every one of the eighteen structures will be designed is not now to be very definitely stated. The color, the individuality of the various buildings will be appreciated better at a later date. But it can be seen now that the work throughout will adhere to one ideal, that it will be full of dignified charm, abounding in elegance, in grace, and in purity of style. The style will be classic, loosely speaking, but antique precedents will be more rigidly remembered in the library than in the rest of the buildings. The tone of the latter will be classic, but with all the lightness and racy loveliness of the Renaissance added. American eclecticism will here have its share in the evocation of a brilliant ensemble. I can recall few architectural schemes in Europe so unique, so full of character, so completely monumental as this promises to be when it is completed. Through its great scale and scope it naturally looms somewhat larger in the mind than either St. Luke's Hospital or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, yet it is felt on turning to those that Mr. Flagg in the first, and Messrs. Heins & Lafarge in the second, aimed at projecting their work on lines of kindred stateliness and have achieved their aim. It is hard to avoid coming back to this, to the sense of mass, of largeness, which seems to have governed all the architects implicated in the Morningside changes. Details are always interesting and suggestive. Future critics will find much to employ their pens in the lavish ornamentation of the cathedral, inside and out; in the commendable reticence which Mr. Flagg has shown in treating his hospital in a far less decorative mood. What it is intended to point out upon this occasion is the fortunate gathering together in New York of such a number of architectural erections as must shed a new and peculiar lustre upon the city. Modifying slowly but surely all the characteristics of the vicinity, the buildings at Morningside Park will do more than anything we have yet brought forth to place the Metropolis on a level with the capital cities of the Old World. In one way we shall surpass Haussmann, though at times we may suffer from the

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The Plaza Hotel. The Metropolitan Club. The Netherland Hotel. The Savoy Hotel.

THE PLAZA AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

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absence of that power to pull down as well as to build up, which was one of the chief sources of his success. We shall have the knowledge that while our picturesque Renaissance up-town is largely a matter of topography, of architecture, it springs first and last from the deep inner growth of the people.

TO OMAR'S FRIENDS AT BURFORD BRIDGE*

(WRITTEN FOR A MEETING OF THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB)

By Andrew Lang

Not mid the London dust and glare,
The wheels that rattle, the lamps that flare,
But down in the deep green Surrey dingle,
You drink to Omar in fragrant air.

He who sleeps on the Vaea crest
Came to your tavern for work or rest,
There he lingered, and there, he told us,
Was by the Shade of a Sound possessed!

Men in the darkling inn that meet,
Heard the sound of a horse's feet,
Hooves that scatter the flying pebbles,
And a warning whip on the casement beat.

Boot and saddle! was then the cry,
Mount and ride, for the foe is nigh!
Over the water, or high in the heather,
Thither the friends of the king must fly.

Such was the sound that Louis heard,
Out of the silence a single word,
Out of the dust of the withered ages,
Something that wakened, and beat, and stirred!

Here, he said, was a tale to tell
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell,
A tale of the friends of the leal White Roses,
But he told it not, who had told it well.

*Mr. Stevenson tells in one of his Essays how, at Burford Bridge, he was haunted by the notion of a man riding past in the dark, beating with his whip on the shutters, for a warning to those met within. He was thinking of a story on this subject, and in one of my last letters I told him that such an incident had actually occurred, probably about 1750, when "Jemmy Dawkins," in a Jacobite meeting at Burford Bridge, got sudden warning to rise and ride. This information (traditional) I have not yet verified. Mr. Dawkins was a West Indian landowner, and agent between Prince Charles and Frederick the Great.—Andrew Lang.

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Drink to him then, e'er the night be sped!
Drink to his name while the wine is red!
To Tearlach drink, and Tusitala,
The King that is gone, and the friend that's dead!

Out of the silence if men may hear,
Into the silence faint and clear,
The voice may pierce of loving kindness,
And leal remembrance may yet be dear.

THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE

By Harry Perry Robinson

"WELL," said Branty, "why don't you make it?"

"Make what?" asked the millionaire.

"Why, war."

They were sitting in James Gollerson's private office, their chairs drawn up close to the large window, the broad plate-glass of which reached nearly to the floor. Outside was the murk and swirl of a Chicago afternoon in February. If either of the men had stood up he could have seen dimly down to the street below, where the roadway was blocked with an almost constant entanglement of cable-cars and heavy drays, while on the sidewalk (it was only possible from this altitude to see the one on the farther side of the street) two streams of squat black figures flowed unceasingly in either direction. Opposite, some eighty feet away, rose the smooth face of another huge office building, towering up until, even from here on the sixth floor, it was impossible to squeeze one's self near enough to the window to see so much as a strip of the sky overhead. James Gollerson had tried the experiment more than once and, failing, had gone so far as to seriously consider moving the offices of the Great Western Provision Company, of which he was the president, a few floors higher up—not that he attached much importance to the sky as such, but because it provoked him to know that he could not see it when he wished to.

He was a large man, with the ponderous physique and heavy voice which are possessed by so many of our wealthy self-made men of this generation, as almost to justify the belief that they are themselves in some way no unimportant factors in the achieving of worldly success. That James Gollerson was such a success there could be no question. He had been a millionaire any time these last fifteen years; but unlike many of his kind, he was not content to be only a millionaire. Probably he would have been puzzled if called upon to state what other rôle in life he either cared for or was qualified to fill. But, as the months and years rolled by, and as the last day of each month and each year saw him at his desk from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, just as the first day of the month and the year had done, there had somehow been borne in upon him the conviction that this was not all that there ought to be in life.

There had been others—his acquaintances, his colleagues, and his competitors—who had led the same life, and one by one they had dropped away. Some there were, men older than himself, who still worked as he was work-

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ing. Their time could not be far off. And, rather undefinedly, it terrified him to think that some day, one by one, these would go as the others had gone; and then, in a few years more, that he would go. His going would be no more important to the world at large than theirs; and it seemed to him that he would like to do something else with his life before it was taken from him than they had done, something else besides work, even if it was no more than to stop working for a while. What he would do when he stopped working he had never very clearly considered, or whether he would be able to support the burden of endless idleness. Only, he did not wish to die as they had done, at the desk.

So, some years before this, he had set a mark at the time when he would stop work, and the mark which he had set was not unnaturally a dollar mark. When his fortune, he had said to himself, reached a certain point, when—apart from what he had invested in his immediate business, he had accumulated and set aside as much, in undeniable cash assets, as could be converted at whatever time that he might will it, making allowance for all reasonable fluctuations in values, into so much money—at that time he would leave his office forever.

Year by year the mark which he had set had come nearer; and year by year the desire grew upon him to reach that point and be done with it all. At first the goal had been but idly fixed and only occasionally thought of. By degrees it had come to be constantly in his mind's eye; and the vague wish to arrive at it had crystallized into a definite and ever-present longing, a haunting and persistent craving, that never left him by day and often kept him awake at night.

For more than half a decade he had made up his mind exactly in what month of what year he ought to be able to reach that place. Occasionally some unexpected perversity of the markets would compel a readjustment of his expectations, but a few weeks or a few months later the lost ground would be made up again, and when the spring of 1893 came the date which he had first set was still the date on which his eyes were fixed. Only it was but two years away now.

Then came the panic.

There had never been danger of his failing or of the Great Western Provision Company becoming insolvent. That he knew. None the less there were nights when he awoke again and again from his uneasy slumber, haunted by dreams of bankruptcy, until he had been constrained to walk the floor till morning in very dread of the thoughts which came to him if he lay down. These were nights which followed days of horror—days in which his best friends, men whom he had believed to be as unassailable as himself, had gone down helplessly—days in which those to whom he had been indebted for help in his youth came to him and begged and prayed to be saved, going down on their knees before him in his office—days in which the news was brought to him of how this one of his old acquaintances had killed himself and this one had gone mad.

And through it all he saw that mark which he had set drawing farther and farther away.

His shrewdness had saved him from any large individual losses, but the mere universal shrinkage in values had contracted his fortune to four-fifths of its former dimensions. Things would right themselves some day, undoubtedly; but when? The months dragged slowly, and when the spring of 1895 came he saw, not two years more of work ahead of him, but five or eight, or it might be ten.

And the longing for rest became almost intolerable.

Through these times, as for many years before, his one close personal confidant among his business acquaintances had been Arthur Branty. To him he had poured out his hopes and his longings unreservedly. During their acquaintance the two had been together in many ventures, and to the other's acuteness the millionaire packer had been indebted for not a few of his most successful strokes. On the other hand, whenever Branty made a hundred thousand dollars for his friend he picked up ten thousand for himself, which he

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could not have made without the other's backing.

On this afternoon, Gollerson had been going over once again the story of what the effect of the panic had been on his affairs, and of the deferment of his hopes which it had caused.

"If only something would happen," he had said, "to give a man a chance! It is this cursed waiting for things to begin moving again that is killing. If there was only a market or a demand of some kind! But there is no knowing when the dead, hopeless level is going to end. I wish that war would break out in Europe. The China-Japanese affair was no good. Why do not Germany and France get at it again?"

He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, tipped his chair back on its hind legs, and relapsed into silence.

Then it was that Branty asked the question which we have already quoted:

"Well, why don't you make it?"

"Make what?"

"Why, war."

Gollerson smiled and continued to gaze out of the window. There was half a minute of silence before he spoke.

"I guess," he said, "it's because I don't happen to be the President of the French Republic and the Emperor of Germany rolled into one. George!" he added, meditatively, "What chances those fellows have if they only knew how to use them!"

"I don't see that their chance is very much better than yours," remarked Branty. "The temptation may be greater, because the thing is nearer to hand, as it were, and more obvious. On the other hand, their risk would be much bigger. You would have to go farther round, perhaps, to bring it off; but you wouldn't have to take one-half their chances. I was in earnest when I spoke, and have often thought of it before. Why don't you make them go to war if you want them to?"

"How?"

"How! Have you ever found any particular difficulty in handling an American legislature? If you set yourself about it, don't you think you could work up the American people to pretty well anything in the way of a scare, for a few hundred thousand dollars? Well, and don't you suppose that those fellows over there would be ten times easier to work than we are over here? They are both of them hunting for an excuse for a fight half the time, and it wouldn't take a month to set France in a blaze from one end to the other. You just give me a commission to go ahead, and let me set Brane at work. Inside of two or three weeks you shall have the prettiest war scare you ever saw."

"The game is a little too big, I guess," said Gollerson, smiling. "Making war as a business is a good deal like any other business, I expect. A man would have to give some time to it and be inside the ropes before he would make much of a success."

"I don't see why. It looks to me like the easiest thing in the world. Big? Of course the game is big. So are the profits."

"I don't believe we'd better tackle it, however. Let's think up something nearer home."

"All right. You're the doctor; but I should like to try it just once. You think it over, any way."

The packer did not reply and Branty got up and stretched himself.

"I'll see Wilkins about that other matter first thing in the morning," he said. "I guess it will be all right."

He left the room, and the packer still sat with his chair tilted back gazing at the windows opposite, in which the lights were being turned on, showing the clerks at their desks and stenographers playing in pantomime on the keys of typewriters, and office-boys working at the copying presses, and all the internal mechanism of the stupendous engine of modern commerce at work.

When the millionaire was alone a clerk entered and turned on the electric light. He carried in his hand a dozen or so of letters and as many telegrams, which he laid upon the table.

"Mr. Bartlett is waiting to see you, sir," he said.

"Tell him I am very busy and ask him to come again."

The clerk withdrew, and Mr. Gollerson resumed the business in which he

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was too deeply engaged to see Mr. Bartlett, and which seemed to be that of seeing how far he could tilt his chair back without upsetting. It was many minutes before he turned to the table to see what the clerk had left him. He ran his eye over the telegrams and pushed them to one side. Less rapidly he read the other documents, affixing a signature here and there. Then he thrust them aside also and touched an electric button. The clerk came into the room and removed the letters and telegrams without a word. The millionaire took a pencil and began making figures on a slip of paper; and they were big figures. Whether the conclusions which he drew from them were satisfactory or not it would have been hard to say; but they were evidently interesting, and even disturbing. He arose and paced the room, stopping once in a while to gaze out of the window, from which, however, nothing now was to be seen under the fast falling blackness, and again returning to his seat to make more figures.

In the days which followed, Arthur Branty spent even more time than usual with the president of the Great Western Provision Company. They were closeted together for hours, and on most days took their lunch in company. One morning, when Branty arrived, he was accompanied by Brane, the head of the detective agency which bears his name. It was at two o'clock in the afternoon that they arrived, and it was after five before the conference broke up. When Brane had withdrawn the other two stood in silence a while.

"I think," said Branty at last, "that we'd better begin buying at once. It will take six or eight weeks any way to set anything going, but we shall need all that if we are going to get a good grip without putting the markets up."

"We shall need all of it," assented the other.

"I've got those figures that I spoke of over in my office," said Branty, "and I'll bring them up to-morrow and see how they gibe with yours. Shall you touch wheat at all?"

"I think not," said the packer, whose eyes were fixed on that mark that was set up. "We can do all any man could want without that."

"I guess that's so. Supposing the thing goes, it is only a question of where we choose to stop. I tell you, Gollerson, I believe that everything that has ever been done is going to be just child's play compared to this."

But the packer was standing, gazing out of the window, and made no response.

It would have been ridiculous in any country but France that what was really no more than a personal difference of opinion on a point of art criticism between the head of the government in his private capacity and a disappointed and embittered candidate for the Academy, should have developed into a national issue and precipitated a cabinet crisis.

There are certain constitutional maladies which so permeate and, as it were, take grip of every part of the system, that whenever the person who is infected with one of them, even though it may have lain dormant for years, suffers any sudden shock or lesion, that shock or lesion will immediately and—seemingly most illogically—tend to develop the symptoms of this deep-seated disease. An inherited taint of scrofula, unsuspected from birth, may be brought to the surface in a man by the breaking of a finger. A sudden chill will reawaken the germs of tuberculosis which have slumbered for twenty years.

So in the body of the French people even the slightest untoward influence tends to provoke or "runs to" *Revanche*.

It was not, therefore, remarkable that as soon as the cabinet crisis occurred—however absurd and remote the causes of it may have been—all tongues in Paris should have begun talking of Berlin. That had happened before. And up to this point the course of events was the result of accident and not designed of any man; it only made it perhaps a little easier for man to intervene, and increased the readiness of France to catch the first rumors of trouble on the frontier.

The famous "Plançon incident" was in itself trivial, and it is difficult to blame the German authorities. Eugène

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Plançon was without doubt a Frenchman. When arrested he was, equally without doubt, engaged in making sketches of fortifications which he had no right to sketch. Also he at first undeniably refused to give any satisfactory account of himself. Afterward, when he proclaimed the fact of his American citizenship and consented to produce his papers, which were in regular form, it was not surprising that the German Government should have complained of his contumacy in withholding the facts for so long. Even Branty, in Chicago, said that he "came near giving the whole snap away" by overdoing it.

The incident, such as it was, excited some international irritation; and, as is always the case, incidents of the most trifling character began to assume exaggerated importance.

The case of the German Halle, in Paris, was almost as frivolous, but it contributed something to the irritation.

Then came the "Sedan *Affiches*," which sprang up no one knew whence or by whose hands. They were not in truth *affiches* at all; for as a rule the brief messages were not conveyed on paper, but roughly scrawled by hand in red or blue crayon. Though they were numerous enough in Paris, it was throughout rural France that they appeared in their tens and hundreds of thousands—yes, in their millions. On every blank wall, at each cross-roads, on gate-posts, and on the trunks of the poplar-trees, there was not a villager or wayfarer in France who did not find that short sentence confronting him a dozen times a day. The very rudeness and clumsiness of the writing, as if it were the work of a rustic and unaccustomed hand, commended it; and the shortness of the legend—always the same five words asking France if she had forgotten the First of September—was in its favor.

The First of September was the anniversary of Sedan. The dull-witted countryman had to think a minute before he remembered that; and the thinking impressed it on his memory.

And with the sudden reawakening of memory came a revivification of the old hatred.

If the *affiches* were intended, as of course they were, to arouse public sentiment, they were a success; and, looking back now, it is not difficult to see other traces of the deliberate ingenuity with which the strings were pulled from behind the scenes.

It could scarcely have been without preconcerted arrangement that on the same day crude anti-German demonstrations should have been held at nearly half a dozen points in the little department of Belfort—the "almost lost Belfort"—a corner of the Republic which the French people have regarded with particular jealousy since, in 1871, it so narrowly escaped becoming a portion of the German empire. The demonstrations were in themselves insignificant, even ridiculous; but in Paris there were people enough anxious to see an overturning of the existing order to insure their being made the most of both in the press and on the boulevards.

This was on August 2d, the anniversary (perhaps only by coincidence) of the first collision between the French and Prussian troops at Saarbrück. On the days immediately following it seemed as if the war spirit was running through the frontier provinces as a fire sweeps over the prairie before a wind, running low over the bare places and bursting into flames wherever a clump of weeds or a tuft of taller grass gives it fuel.

All of these things were advertised in the press of Paris, and abstracts of the reports, losing nothing of coloring in the process of condensation, were cabled to the United States. Each morning a messenger left at the office of the Great Western Provision Company an envelope addressed to "Mr. James Gollerson, Personal," in the handwriting of Mr. Brane himself. In these envelopes were the clippings from the local papers of the morning on the situation in Europe.

"What infernal names they give their places over there, anyway," remarked Mr. Gollerson to his friend one morning, as he took the clippings out of the envelope and ran his eye over them." "Just look at this C-h-â-t-e-a-u G-o-n-t-i-e-r: Sounds more like a wine than a town, don't it? Where are all these places? In France?"

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"You bet," said Branty, "and just where they will do the most good too, away up on the borders of Alsace-Lorraine; close to Germany, you know."

"Hasn't started the thing going in Germany yet, has he?"

"Well, I guess the Germans take a little longer getting started than the other fellows. They aren't so eternally anxious to have another go. They won the first throw and don't so much care about making it two out of three. Brane knows his business."

Meanwhile the prairie fire travelled fast, until from Nord to Herault it seemed that all France was in flame.

In Paris the political confusion grew deeper. Three ineffectual attempts had been made to form a ministry, and the temper of the populace was rising.

On August 17th, a fourth attempt was more successful, and a new ministry was announced under M. Garcet. No one believed that it could last, and the premier himself seemed scarcely the man to lead France through the stormy times which lay ahead. On the 19th the Chamber of Deputies saw one of the wildest scenes that have disgraced that hall of many disgraces.

There had been several more or less heated passages during the day, and the air of the chamber was thunderous. The matter before the house was a bill for the readjustment of the electoral basis making the unit of representation in the more populous districts 150,000 instead of 100,000 as before. The result, of course, would be to reduce the influence of the cities as compared with the rural districts. When M. de Ceret, the royalist deputy from Perpignan, arose to speak the chamber was prepared for a sensation, and it came.

M. de Ceret was in favor of the bill. The cities, he said, with their overshadowing political power, were the curse of France, and under the present organization the voice of that chamber was no longer the voice of the French people. "Hearken," he cried, dramatically, when the hubbub which followed this last declaration had subsided; "Hearken now and you can hear the voice of France! It has been speaking for two weeks past in words and tones which cannot be misunderstood. It has been calling on us, from every commune from Belfort to Bordeaux, to lay aside our quarrels here and to remember that we have other enemies than each other, the enemies of France. It has been calling on us to wipe out the stain of a quarter of a century ago. It has been crying on us to give it a leader against its foes, and if we do not give one be sure that France will find one for herself, one who is no child of the factories" (M. Garcet, the new premier, was a member of the family that owned the great steel works that bear that name), "but one who comes from far away from any city — one who is not even permitted to breathe the air of France."

"I warn you," he continued as soon as he could make himself heard, "that France to-day is not to be trifled with. The time has come — the time for which we have waited for twenty-five years, and while you here are wrangling as to which offspring of the city slum and the furnace smoke shall be our leader, France herself—France of the vineyard and the farm and the sunshine, is calling only for a man—a man to lead her to that city from the possession of which only your cowardice can hold her."

The above is from the cabled report of the speech as it appeared in the American newspapers at the time. Not content, the report continues, with insulting the members of the chamber in the mass and the new premier in particular, the speaker, whenever he could make himself heard, continued to throw personal abuse at various well-known members of the right and centre, until the uproar became intolerable. Several personal scrimmages occurred between deputies during the excitement, and M. de Ceret himself left the chamber with not less than a score of challenges on his hands.

"He must be a fighter, this fellow," remarked Mr. Gollerson on the following morning. "Pretty bright chap, too."

"Got a brother living here in Chicago," said Branty.

"Who has?"

"This deputy, De Ceret. He was out here himself at the World's Fair. That's how Brane got hold of him."

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"What! Do you mean that——?"

And Mr. Branty nodded.

While the speech of the deputy from Perpignan was of itself of no conspicuous merit, it undoubtedly made history. It forced upon the government the necessity of paying some attention to the clamor of the provinces, which they had hitherto ignored. But whether they sympathized with it or not, this at least was no longer possible. What course the government would have taken it is impossible to say, had their decision not been hastened by an utterance from another quarter.

The German Emperor had been laying the corner-stone of the new military hospital in Berlin, and at the banquet with which the ceremonies concluded he made one of his characteristic speeches. To what extent he intended his remarks to apply to the immediate situation in France, it is impossible to say. There is always a large margin for conjecture as to how much of the meaning of any given speech of the present Emperor is deliberate, and how much fortuitous. By the world at large, however, his words were universally held to be profoundly significant. He spoke briefly, and he had said the same thing several times before. He had not, he knew, so he said, the wisdom of his august grandfather, but he was thankful to be able to believe that he had councillors as far-seeing and soldiers as brave. "I have, moreover," he said, "what My August Grandfather had not in the year 1870—a united Germany behind me. I command your obedience, and with that, under God, I propose that the Empire shall remain in my hands intact, or at least not diminished from the boundaries which My August Grandfather gave to it."

"Has Brane ever seen *him*, do you know?" asked the packer next day.

"Who? The Emperor? Oh, I guess not. That way of talking is just the German of him—and the William," said Branty.

"Well, its damned good, any way."

"From our point of view it is."

And it was. The speech threw Paris into a frenzy, and in the face of the popular indignation the government could take but one course. The remarks of the minister of war in the chamber on the following day were full of dignity and carefully worded, but they breathed defiance in every syllable, and it was conceded on all hands that the gravity of the situation now could not be over-estimated.

And in corners of the world where the dogs of war lie kennelled they began to stir uneasily. There were weighty ministerial utterances in the British House of Commons, in which the government declared its desire to see the peace of Europe maintained, but expressing its determination to be prepared for all eventualities, that the interests and the prestige of England might be properly upheld. There was a rumble as of distant thunder from the Balkans. On the northern frontier of Afghanistan it was reported that collisions had occurred between soldiers of the Ameer and a Russian outpost.

Meanwhile, from her isolation, America looked on; her paragraphers made fun of all the great powers impartially, and—above all—her markets began to boom.

The price of wheat went up until speculators said that it was "like old times again," and Mr. Branty began to regret the moderation which had impelled the president of the Great Western Provision Company to "stay out of" that particular commodity. The increase in prices, however, was not confined to wheat, but was communicated to all the markets. Soon it came to be whispered around, though no one knew where the story originated, that a strong syndicate, formed some months ago, was in complete control of the situation in the two articles known, in the cheerful phraseology of the floor, as "pork" and "ribs." Who constituted the syndicate none could say. Reporters questioned Mr. Gollerson, but he only smiled upon them. They went to others of the great speculative powers, and these smiled also. They smiled to protect their reputations and their credit, but Mr. Gollerson smiled because he knew that he was, through his various agents, in possession of promises to deliver to him, within a very

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brief period of time, rather more than twice as much of those two particular articles as was in existence in the United States, or as could possibly be manufactured and put upon the market during the next sixty days.

The reporters, finding that all the great powers whom they called upon were equally smiling and cheerful, sagely concluded that all were upon the same side. The syndicate was indeed a strong one, they told the world next day; never before had there been organized one quite its equal. Learning which the public, always waiting until it is just too late before doing the proper thing, rushed in haste to be on the same side as the great ones, with the result that prices rose more fiercely than before.

But one day Branty, entering his friend's office, found the other in a curious mood. For some days it had seemed to the former that the president of the Great Western Provision Company had scarcely shown the gayety which would have been becoming in a man who had within his grasp the greatest financial coup that the world had ever seen. And Branty, feeling that to him the credit of the coup was due, saw in the other's lack of jubilation something of ingratitude. But if Gollerson on former days had been sober, on this particular morning he was positively gloomy; and Branty, in a tone which betrayed some irritation, asked for an explanation.

"I've been thinking a good deal lately," said the packer, moodily, "and do you suppose it would be possible now to call this thing off?"

"To call what thing off?" asked Branty, in astonishment.

"The war."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Do you remember our war at all?" the other questioned, in reply.

"I ought to. A man doesn't forget a day like Gettysburg very easily, when he happens to have been in it where I was."

"I wasn't in the war myself. I was at home in New Hampshire, but I saw enough of it even there. It's a horrible thing."

"Of course it is — horrible; but I guess we knew that all along, didn't we?"

"In one way we did, I suppose. Yet somehow I never realized it. I never thought of the fellows who would do the fighting, until these last few days."

"And what started you on it now?"

"I don't know—just all the talk in the papers, I guess. I wish we could call it off."

"And let the markets go back before we had pulled it off?"

"Well, we couldn't help making enough any way; but don't you suppose that Brane could do it?"

"What? Go over and tell them that it was all a mistake? Hardly."

Gollerson did not pursue the subject, but it was evident that he had not ceased to think of it.

At last the First of September came. Then it was that the Parisian mob stormed the German embassy in Paris; and before nightfall the people of Berlin had returned the compliment. Each government demanded satisfaction, and meanwhile both ambassadors were withdrawn from the respective capitals. Now indeed it seemed that war was inevitable.

As Branty entered the Provision Company's office the next morning, the president handed him a cablegram to read. It was not a very important-looking message, for all that it said was:

"*Caracas twelve babies thirty glory mates. Pauper. Vulture post.*"

Branty smiled as he read it; for what it meant was that the French Government desired to place with the Great Western Provision Company (who were the only people in the world at that moment who could fill it) an order, the profit on which alone, at the prices quoted, would make a handsome fortune, and proposed to make payment by depositing the necessary funds in London, to be turned over as the goods were delivered.

"Well, it was bound to come," remarked Branty; "and they save money by not putting it off any longer."

"I think I'd better go to New York," Gollerson said. "There will be a lot to do that can be done a good deal easier from there than here."

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"I don't know but you're right. And I guess there is no reason why you should stay here."

Gollerson took a turn about the room. Stopping suddenly, with his face to the window, he blurted out,

"I wish to God the thing could be stopped. I can't sleep at nights now, and what do you suppose it is going to be when they get to work over there? Don't you ever think of it at all?"

Branty shrugged his shoulders.

"We knew what it meant before we went into it."

"In a general way, yes; but it is only within the last week or so that the thing has really come home to me. I don't think that I actually believed we could ever do more than create a scare, but now——Great Heavens, man! it means killing men, and starvation and poverty, and misery and ruin!"

Branty remained silent. He had always had a secret contempt for this man who, successful though he had been, and useful though he was to Arthur Branty, showed none the less at times a softness of heart, an almost womanishness, which, according to Branty's theories, were out of place in a business man.

It was fear of this weakness that made him not unwilling that Gollerson should go to New York. In the times that were coming, if the fullest advantage was to be taken of the situation, there must be no faltering and no pity. Among those who were in his hands, or would be in a few days, were two or three men against whom Branty had a long-standing enmity, which he proposed now to satisfy. Gollerson, he feared, might weaken, and he was glad to be left in full control.

It happened that Mrs. Gollerson was about planning an Eastern trip with her daughter. When Mr. Gollerson, therefore, left Chicago two days later, it was in a private car, which was attached to the rear of one of the fast trains to New York. Branty was at the station for a last word with his friend on business matters, and to pay his respects to Mrs. Gollerson. The president of the Great Western Provision Company was not in high spirits. Signs of lack of sleep and nervousness showed themselves in his face and manner. Calling Branty to him he left the women in the car, and paced uneasily up and down the platform until the conductor called "all aboard."

"I hope I shall sleep better on the car than I have been doing these last two or three nights at home," he said at the last moment, "but it haunts me. It haunts me and, honestly, I wish we had never gone into it."

"Oh, your liver is out of order or something," said the other. "You have been working too hard, probably. Now you can take a rest."

Yes, it was true; he could take a rest now — the rest for which he had yearned so night and day for the last seven years. The mark which only two months before had seemed far away, was within arm's reach. Apart from the "legitimate profits," as he called them—the profit, that is to say, on the foreign orders—the winnings on the markets which would be cleared up before his return would be enough to land him well on the farther side of the goal. Success had been so rapid in this last manœuvre and so complete, that he might have foregone a million or so of the profits which were assured to him in the next few weeks and yet have more than the limit which he had set to his desires.

He thought of all this as he stood on the rear platform of the car as it moved out of the station, and waved his hand to Branty, who was bowing effusively to the ladies who stood up to smile their adieux through the wide observation windows. He thought of it all; but it brought him no comfort, but rather added bitterness. Why, he asked himself, could he not as well have waited? Why would not some less extreme measure of smaller profit have sufficed? There would not then have been this constant terror of the dead and dying before his eyes.

"I wish that I could like that man, James!" remarked Mrs. Gollerson, as her husband re-entered the car. She was a meek and somewhat colorless woman, and spoke penitently of her lack of affection for Mr. Branty, as if it afflicted her.

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"Like him!" exclaimed her daughter, in a different voice. "He gives me the horrors."

"But so many people do that, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Gollerson.

Miss Gollerson felt the justice of the protest. As a matter of fact, there were very few of her father's more elderly business acquaintances who, according to her own declaration, did not have this same effect upon her. She contented herself now with throwing herself back in her seat and remarking, discontentedly:

"Well, I hate Mr. Branty anyway."

Mr. Gollerson made no comments on the conversation. He was not in a sociable mood; and for the occupants of the car the afternoon and evening passed slowly, and for the most part in silence. On retiring to bed the packer soon discovered that his hopes of better rest upon the car were not to be realized. The atmosphere was close. The bed-clothes were perverse. The pillow was uncompromising. Through the long hours he lay awake and listened to the "toot-toot-tut-tut" of the engine as it dashed over road crossings, and the almost constant clangor of the warning bell. Was the road all crossings, he wondered? and did a train ever run so recklessly?—plunging from the muffled roar of a cut to strike crashing on to a bridge, only to swing off to a curve which the engineer struck with a shock that made the car rock like a rowboat in a steamer's wash. And underneath him the trucks, the whole night long, were pounding out the story of the war; and visions of bloody fields and blasted homes rose out of the darkness to thrust themselves upon him.

Once during the night he arose and paced up and down the car and strove to smoke a cigar. He stayed up until, warm though the car was, the night-air chilled him and he crawled to his bed again, hoping that somehow sleep would come to him. But it did not. Through the cracks at the edge of the window shades he saw the air without grow lighter; and still the train swung on—running, as it seemed to him, more recklessly than ever. Again it became intolerable, and he arose once more and went out into the body of the car. It was almost full daylight now, and, thinking that perhaps the fresh air might do him good, he stepped out on the rear platform, in his night clothes as he was, and filled his lungs with long draughts of the cold air.

The train was swinging round a curve with banks rising on either side, and he had to hold by the hand-rail to steady himself.

"Toot-toot-tut-tut!" called the engine, telling of another crossing ahead. Then suddenly "tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-toot-toot-too-oo-oo-oot," and, almost before the passenger standing on the rear platform of the private car could wonder what the signal might mean, the crash came.

How long before he came to himself he did not know or stop to think. He was lying alone in the ditch between the side of the track and the bank of the cutting. The rear end of the train—his car—was some fifty yards away; but it was not on the track, but thrown from its trucks and lying on its side diagonally across the rails. He could see that it was somewhat shattered, for splinters of wood thrust up into the air. A wheel and part of an axle protruded, apparently, from the centre of the side of the car, and at one of the broken windows was something white.

Beyond he could see dimly in the early light an indistinguishable mass of broken woodwork and parts of bodies of other cars; until in the distance the dense column of rising steam told where the engine lay. The roar of the escaping steam so filled his ears that at first he scarcely recognized the other sounds which mingled with it. It was not until he had struggled to his feet and had almost reached his car that he realized that, mixed with the deafening rush of steam were the shrieks of men and women in agony.

Then, for the first time, did he begin to be seriously alarmed for the safety of his own wife and daughter. Clambering over the first of the wreckage he began to make his way to where the white thing protruded from the window. By stepping on some broken timbers he succeeded in gaining the upper side of the overturned vehicle

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and walked along it as a brakeman walks along the top of a freight-car. He took hold of the white thing and found that it was a pillow. But below was something else—also white. He reached his hand to that, and it was warm.

"Sarah!" he called in terror, "Mary! Sarah! Mary!"

It was a woman's arm that he had touched. Kneeling now by the broken window he pulled at the form within until at last the face came to view, and it was the face of his wife.

"Sarah! Sarah!" he called; but there was no answer. He broke the hole in the window larger with his fists, striking fiercely and cutting his hands and wrists as he did so, and tried to pull his wife out; but she was held fast somewhere below, and he pulled in vain. Standing up, he looked around for help. Coming toward him from the forward part of the train were two or three figures of men clambering over the cars.

"Help! help!" he called to them, and waved his arms. His voice was drowned in the roar of steam, but they saw his signals and hurried to join him. One carried an axe, and with it was soon at work chopping the woodwork of the car. When the figure was uncovered the feet were found to be held down by a heavy piece of the framework of the berth, and that too had to be cut away. At length she was free and the husband raised her in his arms. But already the cheeks were growing cold.

Other volunteers arrived and took up the work of rescuing those who were still imprisoned in the car. The colored cook and the porter succeeded in extricating themselves by breaking their way out of one of the windows, and soon afterward Mrs. Gollerson's maid was lifted out insensible, but unhurt.

To those looking on it seemed as if the millionaire hardly understood what passed around him. He stood by his wife's body, gazing now down at her and then wonderingly in the faces of those around, muttering the while to himself below his breath.

Even when the body of his daughter was laid beside that of his wife he made no sign that he comprehended.

One of the car servants brought him some clothes—a pair of trousers and an overcoat—which he submitted to having put upon him without either protest or comment.

"We had better take 'em forward to where the others are," said one of the party.

By the shoulders and the knees they raised the bodies from the ground and started to carry them forward along the track, and the packer followed without a word. By this time a crowd of people had collected, sprung seemingly from the woods and the fields, and as the procession made its slow way over the broken cars a whisper of the identity of the dead ran ahead, and all stood to look at the two white-robed figures and the heavy black-browed man who walked behind. The shrieks and the roar of the steam had ceased. If any persons yet remained imprisoned among the cars they made no sound. The surrounding people spoke only in whispers, and in place of the terrible roar and clamor of a few minutes before the silence was broken only by the occasional sound of an axe cutting into the timbers or the groan of some injured man who sat by the roadside.

Beside the engine the cut widened out, and here, on a level stretch by the track the dead were laid. It was a melancholy tale, even before the forms of the mother and daughter had been placed at one end of the row. They were laid upon blankets, and other blankets were thrown over them, and all the while the husband and father said not a word.

To the curious crowd gathered in a circle around him he paid no attention, but looked first at the white faces at his feet and then over the heads of the bystanders at the sky and the horizon.

At length an old man, a farmer apparently, long-bearded and clad in loose, rusty clothes, standing beside the packer, spoke to him.

"I hain't seen a sight like this," he said, "not since the war; and I hoped I never would."

Something in his words or his voice

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seemed to awaken the senses of the stricken man. He looked at the old man keenly from under his deep brows and his lips moved, at first in words that were unintelligible. Then:

"War!" he whispered, hoarsely, clutching the old man by the sleeve. "War! Yes, I know, and it was my fault. I did it. I made them fight—I and Branty. We got Brane to help us, and he went over and spoke to the Emperor. But he would not tell him afterward that it was a mistake, and then came blood—blood—blood."

Letting go of the farmer's coat he dropped on his knees beside his wife, and for some seconds remained as if in prayer, mumbling to himself inaudibly. Jumping to his feet again, he seized the man who was nearest to him, and who chanced to be a surgeon come to give what help he could. Gripping him with a hand on either shoulder, and speaking in a voice that was harsh and cracked, he poured out his words.

"Did you see it? There were the cornfields all laid waste and the homes in ruins—just piles of smoking rafters, and the woman sat among the embers and sobbed, and the starving children pulled at her dress and cried for food, which she could not give them. And all the while, out there on the battlefields the dead men lie and rot. Have you seen it as I have?—At night when you could not sleep, and it has all come up out of the darkness and you knew you were to blame for it. You caused it all. It was you who killed those men and burnt those homes and left those little children there to starve and die. And what was the use of the money? What could I do with it when I had it? Hadn't I enough? Couldn't I have waited?"

He loosed his hold of the surgeon's coat and gazed into the faces around him, and those who met his eyes saw that they were not the eyes of the sane.

The surgeon laid his hand soothingly on the other's arm.

"That's all right," he said, "I know it's sad; but that will pass. It will soon be well again."

But Gollerson was muttering to himself and did not hear. Again and again the surgeon spoke, but it was useless. He took him by the arm to lead him away, to see if he had enough knowledge of his surroundings to know who they were who lay dead at his feet. And he let himself be led unresistingly, as a little child.

How the war cloud, when even on the point of bursting, passed away is matter of history. To the Emperor of Austria and the Czar, for their friendly intervention, the credit of the maintenance of peace has always been given, especially to the Czar. And probably the historians are right. I have never heard Mr. Brane express an opinion on the subject.

THE PLOUGHMAN

By Ethelwyn Wetherald

I HEARD the ploughman sing in the wind,
And sing right merrily,
As down in the cold of the sunless mould
The grasses buried he.

And now the grasses sing in the wind,
Merrily do they sing;
And down in the cold of the sunless mould
Is the ploughman slumbering.

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SOME THANKSGIVING-TIME FANCIES

BY

PYLE

CLINEDINST

McCARTER, GLEESON

AND

LEIGH

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NOVEMBER 1776

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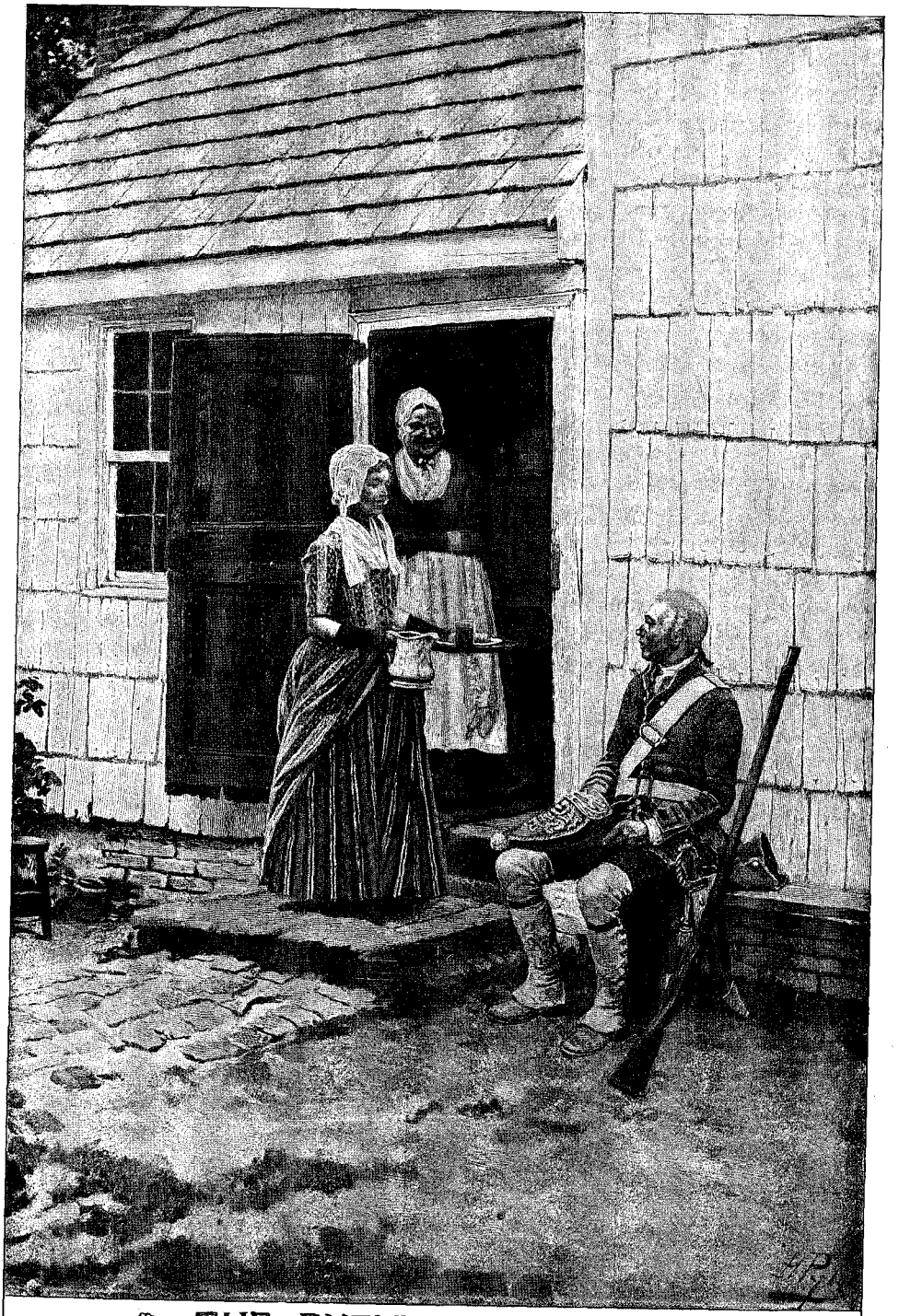

THE ENEMY AT THE DOOR

Drawn by H. Pyle.

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EXILED AMERICANS

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THANKSGIVING ABROAD

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

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THANKSGIVING IN

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THE MILL TOWN

Drawn by Henry Mac Carter.

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3 NOVEMBER DAYS

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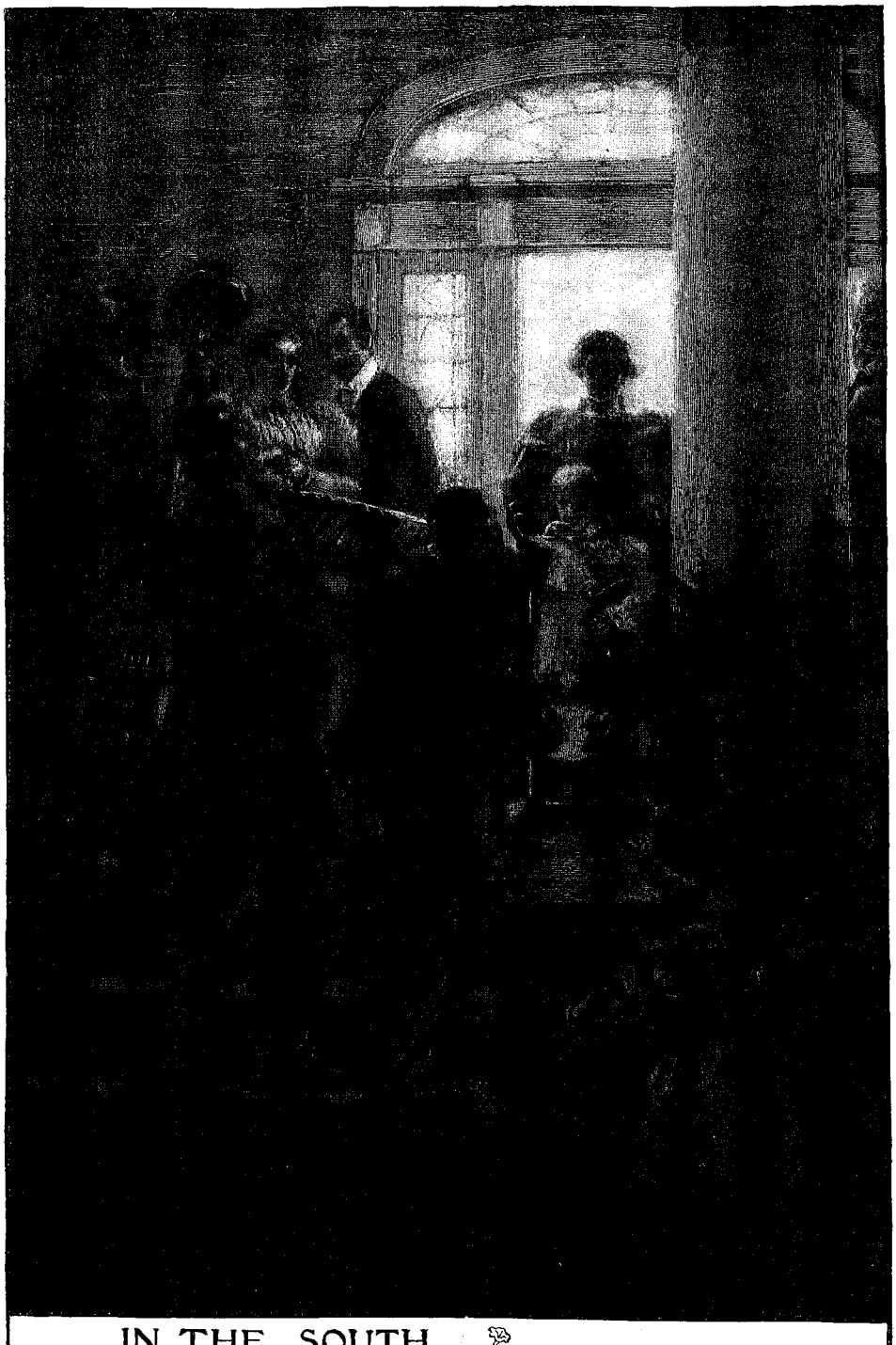

IN THE SOUTH

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

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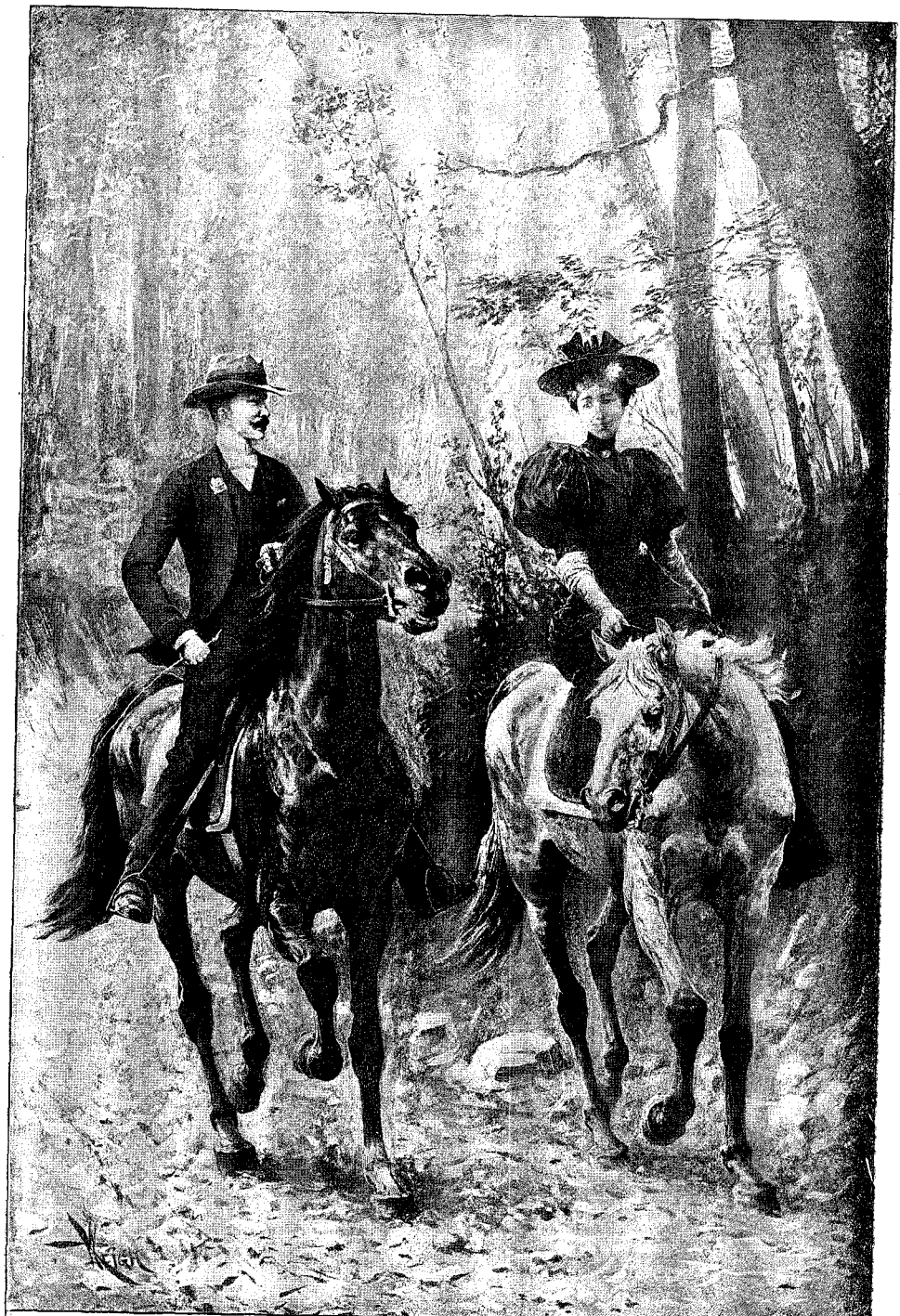

A FAMILY REUNION

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IN VIRGINIA

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

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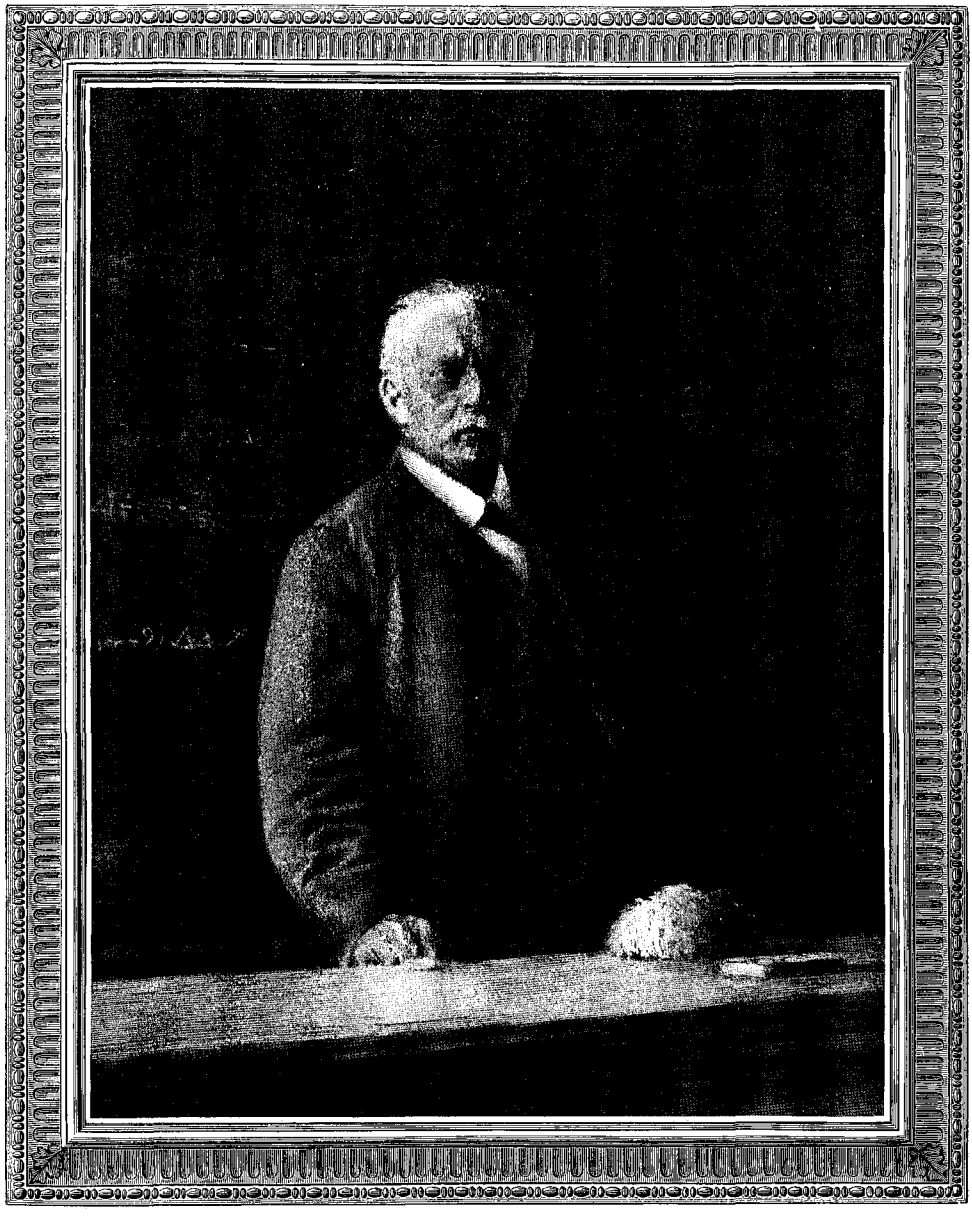

PROFESSOR VON HELMHOLTZ

By C. Riborg Mann

ALL students of science who have had the good fortune to attend the lectures of the late Professor von Helmholtz will recognize the portrait printed herewith as a striking likeness of their distinguished teacher.

At the close of his lecture on Saturday, July 7, 1894, Professor von Helmholtz, at my earnest request, remained a few minutes in the class-room and al-

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lowed me to photograph him. He stands as he was accustomed to appear before his students, the formulæ as he had just written them remaining on the blackboard as a suitable background.

By a strange working of fate, that was the last day on which he lectured, excepting one, when he gave some matter supplementary to this occasion; and this is his last photograph.

Professor von Helmholtz was always fond of students from this country, appreciating as he did to its full extent the practical turn that is so marked a feature of American thought.

Those of us who had the privilege of coming into a personal acquaintance with him at his lectures, will value this likeness as a characteristic representation of their great and genial master.

WHEN one studies the progress which natural science has made during the last fifty years, he cannot fail to notice the unchallenged supremacy of the *rôle* which Hermann von Helmholtz has been playing. Had his first important discovery been his last, we should yet have been compelled to place him among the leading scientists of his age. It is this first great work of his which stands as the foundation-stone of all science. It is this formulation by him of the principle of the conservation of energy which, with one blow, brought all branches of scientific investigation under one and the same law. That he was thus able to state a law so general as at once to embrace all natural phenomena, is a first proof of the comprehensiveness of his mind.

To appreciate his many-sidedness, we have but to follow the development of his life. While his first work was mainly mathematical, his second was in quite a different field. It consisted in the measurement of the velocity of propagation of sensation by the nerves. To accomplish this he must needs have been an anatomist too.

His labors in the line of psychological optics show that he was also a master of psychology.

But perhaps it is by his achievements in the realms of music that he is best known and most celebrated. In his book, "The Sensations of Tone," he solved completely that riddle of nature which had puzzled the world since the time of Pythagoras. Thus to give a rational numerical explanation of the intricacies of harmony and their effect on the ear, there was need not only of a mathematician, an anatomist, a physicist, and a psychologist, but also of a musician, all united in one man. Helmholtz was all this, and even more.

Few can as yet rightly value his last great work on vortex motion. In that work may lie hidden the seeds of wonderful discoveries in the future. Lord Kelvin has already shown that it contains a theory of atoms which explains the nature of matter mathematically, but gives no physical conceptions thereof. Just as his explanations of harmonics in sound have been of infinite value to students in branches of electricity unthought of at the time of the publication of his work, so this last essay of his may yet prove to be epoch-making in the solution of some of the most vital problems of the physical universe. The most striking characteristics of his writings are clearness, perfect logic, and comprehensiveness. His style is a literary one, and shows that he was familiar with the classics of literature. According to German critics, better German was never written. He could also speak English fairly well, as Americans had a chance to know when he visited Chicago in 1892.

For a man of such genius and attainments he was the most modest person I ever knew. For example, when he discovered the ophthalmoscope, by means of which it was possible to look into the inside of the eye, a discovery of the greatest value and benefit, he is said to have written to his father that he had used in its construction only that knowledge which he had obtained in school, and he wondered that somebody else had not invented it before.

The first thing that impressed one on meeting him was his repose. To

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look into his eyes was to gaze into unfathomed depths of peace. And yet you could not but feel that he was penetrating your mind when he returned your glance.

Many thought him cold. It is true that he thought more of things than people. His memory for faces and names was poor, and many an offended feeling has been the result. But those who knew him, knew his generous nature, knew that he would put himself out a great deal rather than hurt or even inconvenience anyone. Those who heard him as he spoke at the funeral of his friend and colleague, Professor Kundt, will never for an instant admit that he was cold or unsympathetic.

Besides his scientific bent, he was also possessed of marked æsthetic tastes. He was very much of a connoisseur in art and literature and often regretted that his colleagues did not more often avail themselves of the enjoyment afforded by an acquaintance with the classics of prose and poetry.

He was never happier than when roaming about in the woods and country.

Great has been the direct influence of his own investigations. But who can estimate the greatness of the influence which his personality as a teacher has wrought? Most of the leading physicists of to-day have been his pupils. Many an idea which has been given to the world under a different name was originally his. For all time will he through his pupils and his works, stand as authority on many of the fundamental questions of natural science.

THE RUIN OF THE YEAR

By Archibald Lampman

ALONG the hills and by the sleeping stream
A warning falls, and all the glorious trees—
Vestures of gold and grand embroideries—
Stand mute as in a sad and beautiful dream,
Brooding on death and nature's vast undoing;
And spring that came an age ago and fled,
On summer's glory long since drawn to read,
And now the fall and all the slow soft ruin,
And soon, some day, sweeps by the pillaging wind,
The winter's wild outrider, with harsh roar,
And leaves the meadows sacked and waste and thinned,
And strips the forest of its golden store,
Till the grim tyrant comes, and then they sow
The silent wreckage, not with salt, but snow.

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THE LOGIC OF MENTAL TELEGRAPHY

By Joseph Jastrow

WHAT will be pronounced strange and curious is largely determined by the make-up of that common body of knowledge to whose laws and uniformities the phenomena in question apparently fail to conform. What is passing strange to one individual or to one generation may find a natural explanation in the next. We all have eyes that see not for all, but a limited range of facts and views, and unconsciously fill out the blind spots of our mental vision according to the habits and acquisitions of the surrounding area. We observe and record what interests us; and this interest is the outcome of a greater or lesser degree of knowledge and training. A new observation usually implies not the existence of a new sense-organ or of an additional faculty, but an insight into the significance of quite lowly and frequent things. The appearances of the earth's crust, which the modern geologist so minutely describes, were just as patent centuries ago as now; what we have added is the body of knowledge that makes men look for such facts and gives them a meaning. And although "the heir of all the ages," we can hardly presume to have investigated more than a small portion of the domain of fact and law; future generations will doubtless acquire interests and points of view by which to fill out the many gaps in our knowledge and reduce to order and consistency what to us seems strange and curious.

The possibility of the transferrence of thought, apart from the recognized channels of sensation, has been too frequently discussed with the suppressed or unconscious assumption that our knowledge of the means by which we ordinarily and normally convey to others some notion of what is passing in our own minds, is comprehensive and exhaustive. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Whenever a fact of sensation, no matter how limited or apparently trivial, has been thoroughly investigated, there have been discovered, or at least suggested, unrecognized possibilities of its use and development. And no result of experimental inquiry is more constantly illustrated than the extent to which inferences from sensations and the exercise of faculties may proceed without arousing consciousness of their existence. The fact that a portion of every one's retina is as blind as his finger-tip escaped observation until not much more than a century ago, because the normal use of our eyes does not present the conditions of its easy detection, and for a like reason we persistently refuse to see the double images that are constantly formed upon the retina. With the same unconsciousness that we receive sensations and draw inferences from them, do we give to others indications of what is going on in our minds, and read between their words and under their expressions what "half reveals and half conceals

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the thoughts that lie within." It is necessary to emphasize the great limitations as yet surrounding our knowledge of the normal modes of sensation and the corresponding hesitancy with which we should regard any series of facts, no matter how apparently inexplicable, as evidence of a supernormal kind of mental telegraphy.

Another principle important in this connection, and one which is likewise borne out by experimental inquiry, is the great similarity of our mental machinery in matters great and small, and the resulting frequency with which the same conclusions must be reached by different persons, as the outcome of similar but independent brain-functioning. We all have a tendency to exaggerate the individuality of our own ways of thought and expression; and yet but little reflection is necessary to suggest how easily this fond belief may be at least partially delusive. In certain lines of thought we should regard it as strange if two thinkers, starting with the premises suggested by the problem in hand, should not reach the same conclusion; in others we seem to observe the preponderance of evidence in one direction and yet can appreciate the grounds of a contrary opinion; and while in still other cases we regard the verdict as a matter of taste or individual preference, it may be questioned whether this is so unmotived or lawless a process as we are apt to think. While we properly expect more mental community in certain lines than in others, we have good grounds for believing that it exists everywhere, and is only awaiting the proper modes of investigation to reveal it in its full extent and significance. With the marvellously increased facilities for the dissemination and transportation of thought, the range of such mental community is correspondingly extended. Coincidences arising from the bringing together of widely separated and apparently unrelated happenings are sure to multiply when the means of bringing them together are so vastly increased. Each man's world is enlarged by the enlargement of the whole; it becomes possible for him to come into relation with infinitely more persons and things, and the resulting coincidences are much surer to be noticed and recorded.

If we consider the logical ease with which the successful solution of a certain portion of a problem suggests the next step: how imperceptibly and yet effectively points of view and what we term the spirit of the age are disseminated; how many persons there are in this busily reflective era occupied with similar thoughts and schemes, and how readily they can come into communication; how all are anxiously studying the popular taste and demand to determine what literary venture or mechanical invention is likely to be timely and successful; how the possession of a common inheritance, patriotic interests, education, literature, political arena, labor-saving devices, and household conveniences all contribute to our common life, shall we wonder that some two or half a dozen intellects should give expression to similar thoughts at nearly the same time? Would it not be infinitely more wonderful if such coincidences did not occur?

In the more original contributions to literature, science, and inventions, such thought correspondences should be rarer; and certainly this is true. Contrast the number of striking similarities in the higher walks of literature and science with those that occur in small inventions. Hardly a day passes without two persons thinking of so essentially similar a device for accomplishing the same purposes that patents could not be given to both. It is certainly not difficult to understand why several type-writing machines should appear nearly simultaneously, and it would not be altogether mysterious if at the first two inventors had independently devised writing machines at nearly the same time. The experience of offering an article to an editor and receiving a reply to the effect that another article dealing with a similar topic in a similar way was already awaiting the compositor, is not unusual. It is true that these coincidences are of a minor order, but it seems desirable to emphasize the frequency of these minor forms in order to suggest the law-abiding character of

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the rarer forms; for this is just what the normal distribution of such phenomena would lead us to expect.

It would be pleasant to believe that the application of the doctrine of chances to problems of this character is quite generally recognized; but this recognition is so often accompanied by the feeling that the law very clearly applies to all cases but the one which we happen to be discussing, that I fear, the belief is unwarranted. Moreover, the notion seems to prevail that these coincidences should occur with equal frequency to all persons; while in fact the law of probability distinctly provides for the most various distribution among individuals. However, this objective form of viewing the topic is not at present the most important.

One of the most deplorable attitudes regarding the borderland phenomena now under consideration is that which insists upon an exact and detailed explanation of concrete personal experiences, and regards these experiences as so essentially peculiar that it refuses to consider the many other instances of the same class without reference to which a rational explanation is practically impossible. Nothing is more important than to recognize the statistical nature of the inquiry. We should certainly be sufficiently familiar in this statistic-filled age with the law-abiding character of individual facts, when statistically considered. So many types of facts depending upon apparently individual motives shoot together and form curves and averages of surprising regularity. The number of marriages, or of misdirected letters, the falsification of ages, or the distribution of heights of individuals, and countless other items that in individual cases seem accidental, or capricious, or due to a host of minute and unaccountable factors, none the less present a striking statistical regularity. The owners of a gaming-table, counting upon the statistical regularity of the accidental, are assured of a steady income; they are interested long enough to obtain an extensive view of the fluctuations and see the law that guides the whole. Not so the individual player; he is interested only in that particular portion of the game in which his money is at stake. He detects mysterious laws of fortune and freaks of luck; sees in a series of coincidences or momentary successes the proof of his pet schemes, and utterly refuses to believe the general doctrine of chances, because it is not obviously applicable to his particular case. This influences the losers as well as the winners; both are absorbed in their own minute portion of the game, and forget that the law makes distinct provision for temporary losses and gains, great and small, but is as indifferent to the times and order of such occurrences as to the personality of those affected. The tendency of insisting that the laws of science shall be strictly and in detail applicable to individual cases possessing a personal interest for us, has led to many a serious error. Superstitions have arisen from it, and many phases of pseudo-science. A further illustration of the point under discussion may be found in the much-discussed question of the differences in brain characteristics of men and women. The claimants for woman's equality point to the acknowledged inability of an expert anatomist to determine whether a particular brain belonged to a man or a woman, and regard this evidence as conclusive. A sounder logic would insure greater caution. The differences between men's and women's brains may be certainly established and typical, and yet depend upon statistical, not upon individual, facts. Give the anatomist a goodly number of fairly selected brains and tell him that all the women's brains are in one group and all the men's brains in another, and he will tell you which group is masculine, which feminine; and this more than offsets his failure in the former test. It establishes a statistical regularity. Individually we may argue that many women of our acquaintance have larger heads than the men; that the English are not taller than the French, because the Frenchmen we have met are among the tallest, and the Englishmen among the shortest, men we have ever seen; that the laws of chance do not apply to gaming, because on that basis we should have come out even and not as losers, and

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that coincidences cannot explain our strange mental experiences, because they are too peculiar and too frequent. It is only in the most complete and final stage that knowledge becomes accurately applicable to individual cases; for the present, it is well if in these abstruse matters we can glimpse the statistical regularity of the entire group of phenomena, trace here and there the possible or probable application of general principles, and refuse to allow our opinions to be disarranged by rather startling individual cases. These, however interesting to ourselves or entertaining to others, are not the test of our knowledge of the matter.

I pick up an odd stone and with a peculiar turn of the hand throw it from me; probably no student of mechanics can exactly calculate the course of that projectile, and if he could it would not be worth while. What he can do is to show what laws are obeyed by ideal projectiles, ideally thrown under ideal conditions, and how far the more important practical cases tend to agree with or diverge from these laws. It is unfair to test his science by its minute applicability to our particular problem.

When the problems involved in thought-transferrence come to be generally viewed under the guidance of a sound logic, the outlook will be hopeful that the whole domain will gradually acquire definite order, and that its devotees, after appreciating the statistical regularity of the phenomena, will admit that much of the energy and capacity now expended in this direction is on the whole unprofitable. With an infinite time and an infinite capacity, it would be profitable to study all things; but at present mental sanity consists in the maintenance of a proper perspective of the relative importance of the affairs of life. It may be that the man who puzzles day and night over some trivial mystery expends as much brain energy as a great intellectual benefactor of mankind; but the world does not equally cherish the two.

It is well to emphasize the great opportunity, in the description of coincidences, for error, for defective observation, for neglect of details, for exaggeration of the degree of correspondence; and equally demonstrable is the slight amount of such error or mal-observation that is all sufficient to convert a plain fact into a mystery. Consider the disfigurement that a simple tale undergoes as it passes from mouth to mouth: the forgetfulness of important details and unconscious introduction of imaginary ones exhibited upon the witness-stand; the almost universal tendency to substitute inferences for sensations and occurrences for the observed facts; and add to these the striking results of experimental inquiry in this direction—for example, the divergences between the accounts of sleight-of-hand performances or spiritualistic *séances* and what really occurred. These considerations help to explain why we so often fail to apply general principles to individual cases. The narrator may be confident that the points of the story are correctly observed, that all the details are given, and so on, and yet this feeling of confidence is not wholly to be trusted. It is quite likely that the points that would shed most light upon the matter were too trivial to attract attention. After the explanation is given we often wonder how we could have failed to detect it; but before we know what to observe and what to record the possibility of error is extremely great, and the strict refutation of a proposed explanation correspondingly difficult.

I turn to another point—in some respects the most important of all; I refer to the readiness with which we interpret as the remarkable frequency of coincidences what is due to a strong interest in a certain direction. Inasmuch as we observe what interests us, a new interest will lead to new observations, that is, new to us, however familiar they may be to others. Take up the study of almost any topic whatever, and it takes no prophet to predict that within a short time some portion of your reading or your conversation, or some accidental information will come to hand bearing precisely on the subject of your study; but surely this does not mean that all the world has become telepathically aware of your needs and proceeded to attend to them. Some years ago I was very strongly interested in centenarianism,

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and for some months every conversation seemed to lead to this topic, and every magazine and newspaper offered some new item about old people. Nowadays my interest is transferred to other themes, but the paragrapher continues to meet my present wants, and the centenarians have vanished. As if to reinforce my point a coincidence has occurred while I am writing. I was reading very carefully for the second time the article by Mark Twain in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for December, 1891, which suggested the present paper. I was occupied with what is there described as the most wonderful coincidence of all — the nearly simultaneous occurrence to the author and to a Mr. William H. Wright, of a similar literary venture—when I happened to take my eyes from the page and saw on my desk a visiting-card bearing the name "W. H. Wright." It was not the same W. H. Wright, but a gentleman whom I had met for the first time a few hours before. Had I not been especially interested in this particular article and topic the identity of the names would certainly have escaped my attention.

It is only necessary to become deeply interested in these coincidences to discover them on all sides; resolve to record all that come to hand, and they seem to multiply until you can regard yourself as providentially favored in this direction. If your calling develops a taste for matters of this kind; for example, if you are a writer, with a keen sense for the literary possibilities and dramatic effects of such coincidences, is it strange that you should meet with more of them than your prosaic neighbor, to whom they would be trivial and dull? If you cultivate the habit of having presentiments, and of regarding them as significant, is it strange that they should become more and more frequent, and that among the many some should be vaguely suggestive, or even directly corroborative, of actual occurrences? I know of persons who detected the gradual growth of such habits in themselves, and wisely decided to check the tendency before it became pernicious; they began to neglect them or act in the teeth of them, and I am unable to discover that they have fared any worse than those who religiously honor and obey these premonitions.

We may derive corroborations of these views from the nature and subject-matter of the more frequent coincidences and presentiments. We should expect them to relate to those persons and things that are most frequently in our thoughts, and that simultaneities of thought or predictions based upon them should occur among persons intimately acquainted with one another's thought-habits, at least as regards that line of thought to which the coincidence relates; and this expectation is fully borne out by the facts. Is it not a commonplace observation that presentiments relate to those who are dear to us, or in whom we have a momentarily strong interest, that they deal with events which we have anxiously dreaded or desired, or with matters over which we have puzzled and worried? In brief, they deal with what is frequently in our minds, and thus a fair share of them have a chance of being realized. I need hardly add that it is the successful ones that we remember and record, and the others that are quickly forgotten; moreover, so large a share of our mental operations takes place in the region of the unconscious, that our recollection of what has occupied our thoughts is by no means a final authority. And are not very many of those who open their lips to give utterance to the same thoughts, or finish one another's sentences, intimate companions in the walks of life? Is it strange that in their daily intercourse with a congenial spirit they should have learned enough of one another's mental processes to predict now and then a step in their association of ideas?

Again, there are quite a number of events which sooner or later are very likely or quite certain to happen, and these figure largely in coincidences and predictions; the crossing of letters is easily the best illustration of this type of occurrences. It is so easy to get into the habit of delaying all delayable matters as long as possible, that it must frequently happen that your own sense of duty is aroused, and your correspond-

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ent's patience exhausted at nearly the same time. If *A* is to hear from *B*, or *B* from *A* within a period not absolutely definite, but still reasonably limited, every day's delay makes it more and more probable that their letters will cross. The same train of thought applies to other affairs of daily life; we delay a matter of business, and are just about to attend to it when the other party concerned comes to us; or we delay offering some social attention until just as we are ready to do so, it is asked of us, and so on. In brief, we find that the complicated interests of a life of civilization give endless room for coincidences, and that their frequency is clearly related to the commonness of the event, and its familiarity and close relation to our habit of thought.

I have not taken into account in these considerations the processes of those who professionally predict the future, or mysteriously exhibit acquaintance with private affairs, for they involve too much technical detail, and the evidence upon which their remarkable character is based is too uncertain and treacherous. I have also avoided specific reference to the countless tales, tending to establish the precise simultaneity of presentiment and event, or the attempted experimental tests of thought-transferrence. These may be worthy of most detailed investigation, but the belief in the possibilities of mental telegraphy seems more particularly connected in the popular mind with such normal types of coincidences as have been considered above. With a clear understanding of these more typical cases, and with the resulting appreciation of the marvellous complexity and unfathomable subtlety of mental operations, we shall be better prepared to consider the more abstruse and difficult aspects of the problem.

It is certainly the policy of science to allow the utmost latitude of opinion and theory, and to interpret the possible in an unprejudiced and liberal spirit; but it is equally the policy of science to demand of all claimants for recognition authentic credentials framed according to the laws of logic and the principles of evidence and probability.

ADDENDUM.—As appears above, this article was written just after the appearance in *Harper's Magazine* of Mark Twain's first article, entitled "Mental Telegraphy." Now [September, 1895] he adds three or four instances of coincidences (?) similar to those mentioned in his previous article. It is not my purpose to attempt any specific explanation of these or the former instances, for, as I have urged above, a specific explanation is rarely forthcoming and almost never warranted. Two of the four instances — that of receiving a proposal for a series of "antipodean" lectures, and an honorary membership in a club—seem not unlikely to have emanated from the accounts of the author's personal affairs which the papers have recently contained. A coincidence of the same type (although a more obvious one) I can record with reference to the present topic. Being off on a cycling tour, I stopped at a library, some evenings ago, in a New Hampshire town, to consult an atlas of the roads. Not finding it I went to the periodical files and took up the current number of *Harper's*, scanned the table of contents, and naturally read Mark Twain's article. I decided at once to write to the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and inquire whether this would not be an opportune moment to publish my paper, and whether he would like to have me add a paragraph referring to the recent article. To-day, arriving at Boston and intending to write my letter of inquiry at once, I found a letter from the editor containing the very same thoughts. Surely there is nothing demanding an explanation in this; and fortunately telepathy has no claim here, because the letter (repeatedly forwarded) was written ten days ago. I am also tempted to add my regrets that I have not emphasized more strongly the falsity of the position that because certain facts seem inexplicable by ordinary methods, therefore they go to prove the truth of so essentially unphysiological an hypothesis as that of thought-transference. It is quite possible to invent half a dozen hypotheses which would equally well explain the facts. But perhaps this is clear without specific statement.

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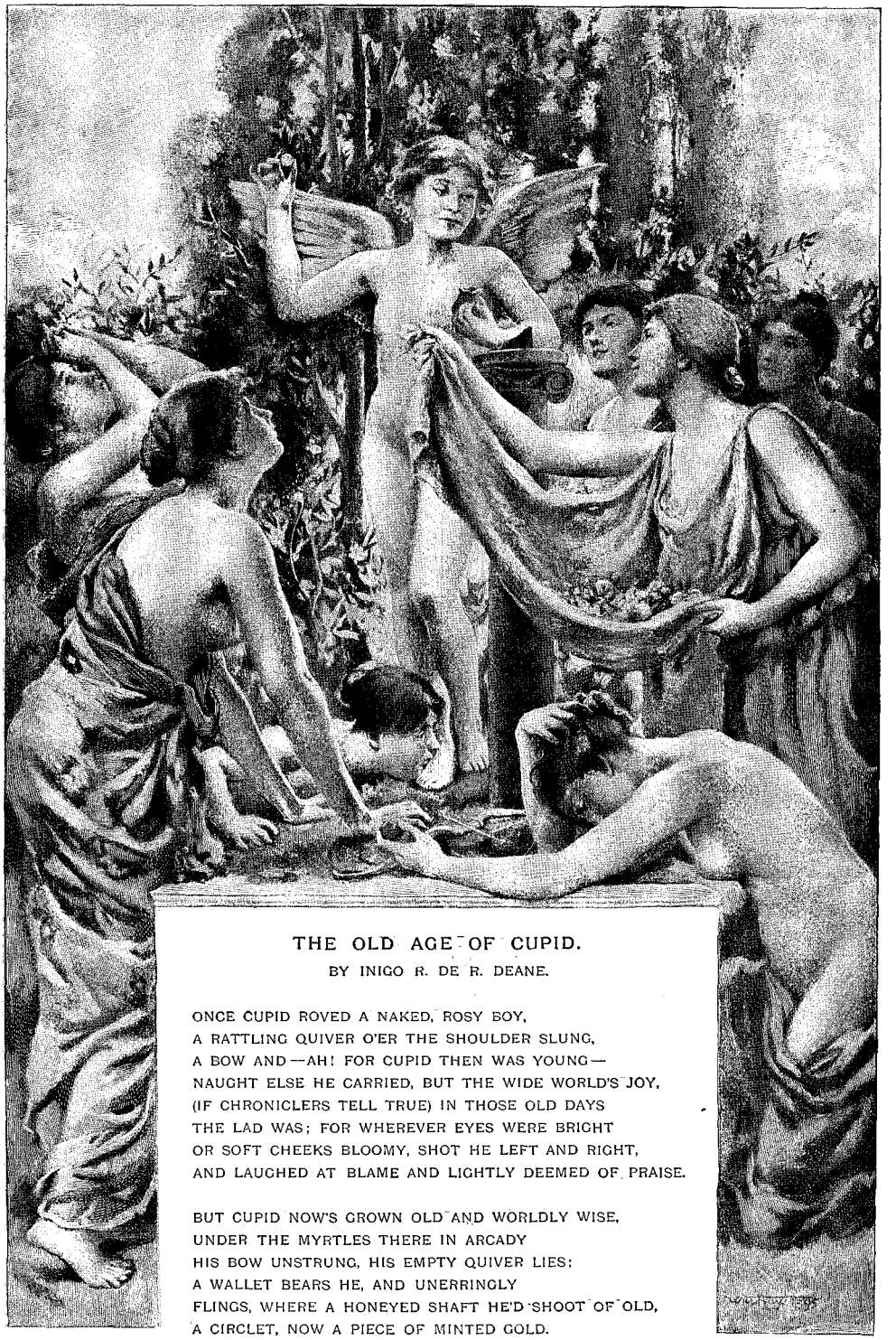

THE OLD AGE OF CUPID.

BY INIGO R. DE R. DEANE.

ONCE CUPID ROVED A NAKED, ROSY BOY,
A RATTLING QUIVER O'ER THE SHOULDER SLUNG,
A BOW AND—AH! FOR CUPID THEN WAS YOUNG—
NAUGHT ELSE HE CARRIED, BUT THE WIDE WORLD'S JOY,
(IF CHRONICLERS TELL TRUE) IN THOSE OLD DAYS
THE LAD WAS; FOR WHEREVER EYES WERE BRIGHT
OR SOFT CHEEKS BLOOMY, SHOT HE LEFT AND RIGHT,
AND LAUGHED AT BLAME AND LIGHTLY DEEMED OF PRAISE.

BUT CUPID NOW'S GROWN OLD AND WORLDLY WISE,
UNDER THE MYRTLES THERE IN ARCADY
HIS BOW UNSTRUNG, HIS EMPTY QUIVER LIES;
A WALLET BEARS HE, AND UNERRINGLY
FLINGS, WHERE A HONEYED SHAFT HE'D SHOOT OF OLD,
A CIRCLET, NOW A PIECE OF MINTED GOLD.

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Engraved by Florian from a drawing by Albert Besnard.

WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FLORIAN

Florian's father, a notary in a small village of French Switzerland, and blessed with a family of seven children, thought that since his eldest boy evinced so great an interest in the hieroglyphics of art—those singularly stiff and crude illustrations in the provincial almanacs, histories, and school-books—he could do little better than to apprentice him to one of the prosperous neighboring artisans who engrave the traditional inscriptions on watch-cases, and occasionally also decorate them with finely chiselled arabesques. And so the boy began at the bottom of the ladder, achieving rapidly what in local circles was considered a great success. However, his first sensation of delight at being able to do as well as his master soon passed away; he grew restless and worried at the idea of doing this and nothing else his whole life long, and all the more lovingly did he look at those school-books and almanacs, wondering how such beautiful images could be produced by simple lines cut into the wood.

Florian—engraved by himself.

In due time he met a fellow-countryman, just returned from Paris, who knew something about wood-engraving and was willing to impart his information, and soon a first block was bought, upon which the boy attempted to copy a picture from one of his books. He made some more trials, and succeeded in disposing of several of his blocks. Finally a bookseller, in search of a man to execute the engravings of a popular book on Natural History, offered him the work—a commission which young Florian, of course, joyfully accepted. He found it hard to convince his parents, who were quiet, conservative, country folk, that, in order to do justice to so important an order, he should go to Paris; but at last, with their consent, he started for his Mecca. He lived there in a little room of the house he now

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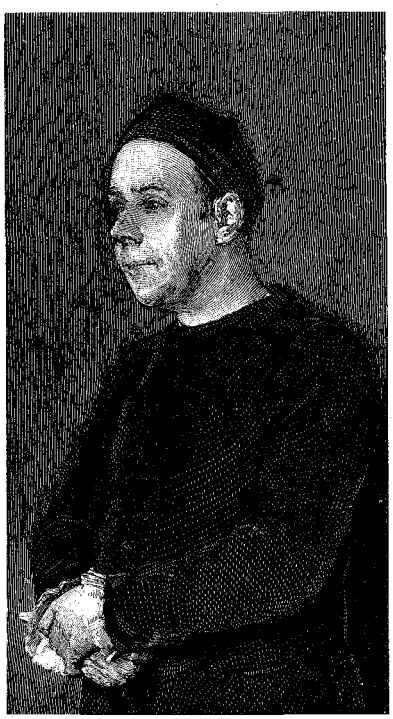
occupies, and for the first few months had no one with whom he could exchange a word about his work. With no professional knowledge and no training, the engraving proceeded so slowly that his publisher asked him to give some of the illustrations to another engraver, trusting to him for the selection of a competent man. It was characteristic of this little country boy that, in looking over the illustrated papers, he should have been attracted by what was best, and therefore should have carried the publisher's message to Lepère, the best engraver in Paris. Lepère, in return, gave him some little work from time to time, and, as the former had a studio full of engravers working under his directions, Florian, while looking about him during his visits, tried to seize upon some of the processes—the secrets, as he thought, of that art which still appeared to him mysterious and infinitely complicated.



Engraved by Florian from the portrait of Coquelin by Emile Friant (fragment).

The Swiss book finished he wandered about seeking work—embarrassed, diffident, and afraid to confess to anyone that he did not know his business. Thus came to him the customary period of enforced Bohemianism, too frequent, alas! in artistic *débuts*.

After passing through the usual banal experiences which Murger has glorified and misrepresented in his "Vie de Bohème," Florian ended by making a name for himself among the craftsmen, and having gathered around him a number of them who followed his direction, the group produced collectively the large full-page engravings of the weekly *Monde Illustré*, each bearing the signature of the leader—Florian.

By incessant production—engraving all kinds of subjects and working hard and earnestly—Florian gained the freshness and versatility of technical expression, and the largeness of interpretation which are his most striking characteristics. He said once to the writer:

"There has been nothing striking in my life. I have always worked from morning till night and sometimes from night till morning. There has been place for nothing else."

That is the secret of his success; he has given his whole life to his art. A quiet, earnest, essentially sane man is he, of fine tastes, quick artistic perceptions, and with a keen sense of the beautiful and the picturesque, joined to such a love for his work that he has constantly found pleasure in what others would loathe as drudgery. From the first he met every opportunity in the same modest and manly way; always doing his best and striving to do better; unconcerned about worldly success but ever anxious to accomplish finer and more worthy results.

No wonder that this self-taught Swiss lad should have become a leader!

It was at the founding of the *Revue Illustré* that Florian was called upon (by way of an experiment, for the publishers had decided to use exclusively the new mechanical processes of reproductions) to produce some wood-engraving which should have a thoroughly novel and original character. He chanced to reproduce drawings which until then had been considered unfit for translation in the medium—drawings such as the one by Albert Besnard which appears at the head of this article. What he succeeded in doing not only gave a unique character to the *Revue*, and contributed largely to its success, but also

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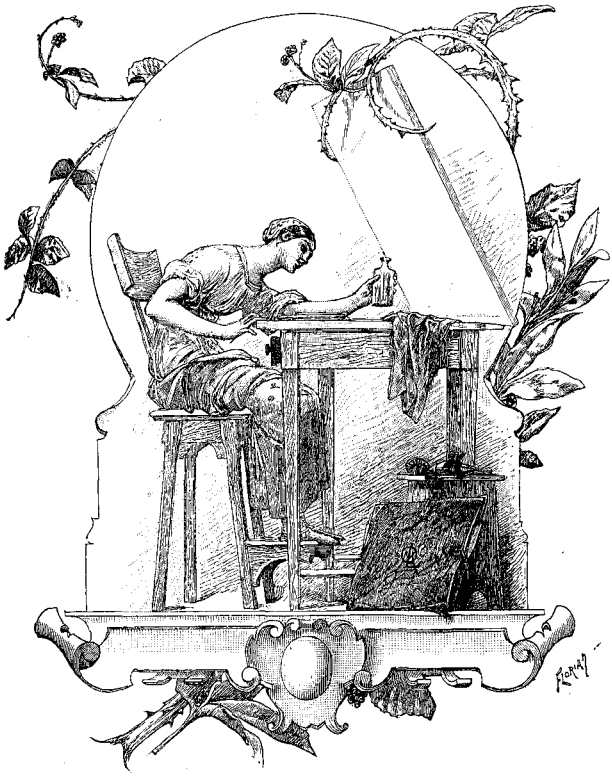

Engraved by Florian from a drawing by Luc Olivier Merson.

gave to the art a new direction and impetus, which has since been generally followed. Till then artists planned their drawings with a view to the reproduction on wood, adapting their work to the exigencies of the engraver, but Florian made it possible for the personality of the artist to express itself freely and unconventionally, and by thus leaving the artist quite untrammelled he necessarily obtained new and unexpected results.

Without entering into an analysis of Florian's style, it is worth noting that what dominates and animates it is above all the freshest and most sympathetic of interpretations.

It was a remarkable piece of good fortune for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE that such a rare subject as an hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott could be selected as Florian's contribution to the series of engravers' frontispieces current therein through 1895. The picture was bought at the sale of the celebrated Van Pratt collection, of Brussels, and is now owned in America; but in order to insure as perfect a reproduction as possible, it was left for months in the engraver's hands before crossing the water. Wilkie evidently painted it from life, and it may be either the study made by him in November, 1824, for his great picture of the Reception of George IV. at Holyrood, or the portrait known by the name of its purchaser, Sir William Knighton, and finished in 1828, or possibly a still later portrait, referred to in a letter from Scott to Wilkie, which is dated February 1, 1830:

"I am extremely gratified by the sketch you did of my unworthy person——"

At any rate, it is a powerful piece of realistic portraiture; most expressive of character and individuality.

Engraved by Florian from a painting by Anker (fragment).

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THE ART OF LIVING

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

I

Now that more than a century has elapsed since our independence as a nation was accomplished, and we are sixty million strong, what do we stand for in the world? What is meant by the word American, and what are our salient qualities as a people? What is the contribution which we have made or are making to the progress of society and the advancement of civilization?

There certainly used to be, and probably there is, no such egregiously patriotic individual in the world as an indiscriminately patriotic American, and there is no more familiar bit of rhetoric extant than that this is the greatest nation on earth. The type of citizen who gave obtrusive vent to this sentiment, both at home and abroad, is less common than formerly; nevertheless his clarion tones are still invariably to be heard in legislative assemblies when any opportunity is afforded to draw a comparison between ourselves and other nations. His extravagant and highfalutin boastings have undoubtedly been the occasion of a certain amount of seemingly lukewarm patriotism on the part of the educated and more intelligent portion of the American public, an attitude which has given foreigners the opportunity to declare that the best Americans are ashamed of their own institutions. But that apparent disposition to apologize already belongs to a past time. No American, unless a fool, denies to-day the force of the national character, whatever he or she may think of the behavior of individuals; and on the other hand, is it not true that every State in the Union has a rising population of young and middle-aged people who have discovered, Congress and the public schools to the contrary notwithstanding, that we do not know everything, and that the pathway of national progress is more full of perplexities than our forests were of trees when Daniel Boone built his log cabin in the wilds of Kentucky? In short, the period of unintelligent jubilation on one side, and carping cynicism on the other, have given place to a soberer self-satisfaction. We cannot—why should we?—forget that our territory is enormous, and that we soon shall be, if we are not already, the richest nation on earth; that the United States is the professed asylum and Mecca of hope for the despondent and oppressed of other countries; and that we are the cynosure of the universe, as being the most important exemplification of popular government which the world has ever seen. At the same time, the claims put forth by our progenitors, that American society is vastly superior to any other, and that the effete world of Europe is put to the blush by the civic virtues of the land of the free and the home of the brave, are no longer urged except for the purposes of rodomontade. The average American of fifty years ago—especially the frontiersman and pioneer, who swung his axe to clear a homestead, and squirted tobacco-juice while he tilled the prairie—really believed that our customs, opinions, and manner of living, whether viewed from the moral, artistic, or intellectual standpoint, were a vast improvement on those of any other nation.

But though most of us to-day recognize the absurdity of such a view, we are most of us at the same time conscious of the belief that there is a difference between us and the European which is not imaginary, and which is

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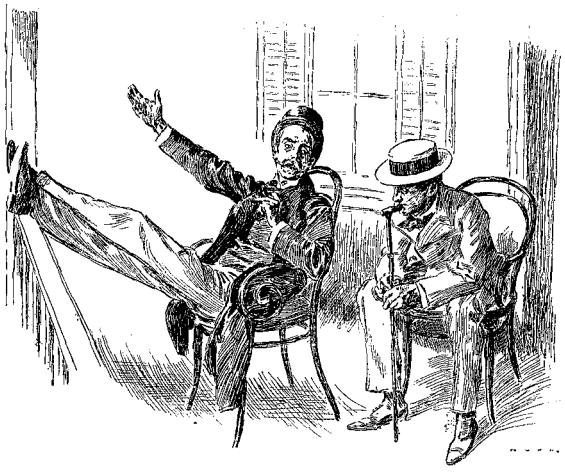

"This is the greatest nation on earth."

the secret of our national force and originality. International intercourse has served to open our eyes until they have become as wide as saucers, with the consequence that, in hundreds of branches of industry and art, we are studying Old World methods; moreover, the pioneer strain of blood has been diluted by hordes of immigrants of the scum of the earth. In spite of both these circumstances, our faith in our originality and in the value of it remains unshaken, and we are no less sure at heart that our salient traits are noble ones, than the American of fifty years ago was sure that we had the monopoly of all the virtues and all the arts. He really meant only what we mean, but he had an unfortunate way of expressing himself. We have learned better taste, and we do not hesitate nowadays to devote our native humor to hitting hard the head of bunkum, which used to be as sacred as a Hindoo god, and as rife as apple blossoms in this our beloved country.

What is the recipe for Americanism — that condition of the system and blood, as it were, which even the immigrant without an ideal to his own soul, seems often to acquire to some extent as soon as he breathes the air of Castle Garden? It is difficult to define it in set speech, for it seems almost an illusive and intangible quality of being when fingered and held up to the light.

"The despondent and oppressed of other countries."

It seems to me to be, first of all, a consciousness of unfettered individuality coupled with a determination to make the most of self. One great force of the American character is its naturalness, which proceeds from a total lack of traditional or inherited disposition to crook the knee to anyone. It never occurs to a good American to be obse-

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quious. In vulgar or ignorant personalities this point of view has sometimes manifested itself, and continues to manifest itself, in swagger or insolence, but in the finer form of nature appears as simplicity of an unassertive yet dignified type. Gracious politeness, without condescension on the one hand, or fawning on the other, is noticeably a trait of the best element of American society, both among men and women. Indeed, so valuable to character and ennobling is this native freedom from servility, that it has in many cases in the past made odd and unconventional manner and behavior seem attractive rather than a blemish. Unconventionality is getting to be a thing of the past in this country, and the representative American is at a disadvantage now, both at home and abroad, if he lacks the ways of the best social world; he can no longer afford to ignore cosmopolitan usages, and to rely solely on a forceful or imposing personality; the world of London and Paris, of New York and Washington and Chicago, has ceased to thrill, and is scarcely amused, if he shows himself merely in the guise of a splendid intellectual buffalo. But the best Americanism of to-day reveals itself no less distinctly and unequivocally in simplicity bred of a lack of self-consciousness and a lack of servility of mind. It seems to carry with it a birthright of self-respect, which, if fitly worn, ennobles the humblest citizen.

"The best apotheosis yet presented of unadulterated Americanism."

This national quality of self-respect is apt to be associated with the desire for self-improvement or success. Indeed, it must engender it, for it provides hope, and hope is the touchstone of energy. The great energy of Americans is ascribed by some to the climate, and it is probably true that the nervous temperaments of our people are stimulated by the atmospheric conditions which surround us; but is it not much more true that, just as it never occurs to the good American to be servile, so he feels that his outlook upon the possibilities of life is not limited or qualified, and that the world is really his oyster? To be sure, this faith has been fostered by the almost Aladdin-like opportunities which this great and rich new country of ours has afforded. But whatever the reason for our native energy and self-reliance, it indisputably exists, and is signally typical of the American character. We are distinctly an ambitious, earnest people, eager to make the most of ourselves individually, and we have attracted the attention of the world by force of our independent activity of thought and action. The extraordinary personality of Abraham Lincoln is undoubtedly the best apotheosis yet presented of unadulterated Americanism. In him the native stock was free from the foreign influences and suggestions which affected, more or less, the people of the East. His origin was of the humblest sort, and yet he presented most saliently in his character the naturalness, nobility, and aspiring energy of the nation. He made the most of himself by virtue of unusual abilities, yet the key-note of their influence and force was a noble simplicity and far-sighted independence. In him the quintessence of the Americanism of thirty years ago was summed up and ex-

"Plentifully larded with Adolph Stein, Simon Levi, Gustave Cohen, or something ending in berger."

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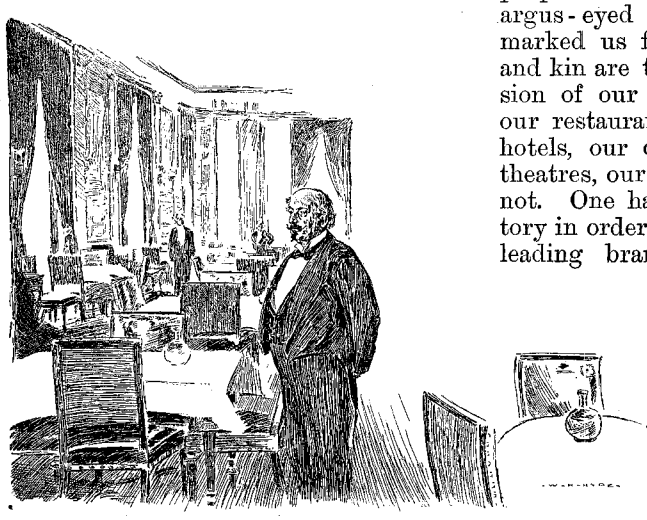
pressed. In many ways he was a riddle at first to the people of the cities of the East in that, though their soul was his soul, his ways had almost ceased to be their ways ; but he stands before the world to-day as the foremost interpreter of American ideas and American temper of thought as they then existed.

In the thirty years since the death of Abraham Lincoln the country has been inundated with foreign blood. Irish, Germans, English, Poles, and Scandinavians, mainly of the pauper or peasant class, have landed in large numbers, settled in one State or another, and become a part of the population. The West, at the time of the Civil War, was chiefly occupied by settlers of New England or Eastern stock — pioneers from the older cities and towns who had sought fortune and a freer life in the new territory of prairies and unappropriated domain. The population of the whole country to-day bears many different strains of blood in its veins. The original settlers have chiefly prospered. The sons of those who split rails or followed kindred occupations in the fifties, and listened to the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, are the proprietors of Chicago, Denver, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, and Topeka. Johann Heintz now follows the plough and in turn squirts tobacco-juice while he tills the prairie ; and Louis Levinsky, Paul Petrinoff, and Michael O'Neil forge the plough-shares, dig in the mine, or work in the factory side by side with John Smith and any descendant of Paul Revere who has failed to prosper in life's battle. But this is not all. Not merely are the plain people in the dilemma of being unable to pronounce the names of their neighbors, but the same is getting to be true of the well-to-do merchants and tradespeople of many of our cities. The argus-eyed commercial foreigner has marked us for his own, and his kith and kin are to-day coming into possession of our drygoods establishments, our restaurants, our cigar stores, our hotels, our old furniture haunts, our theatres, our jewelry shops, and what not. One has merely to open a directory in order to find the names in any leading branch of trade plentifully larded with Adolph Stein, Simon Levi, Gustave Cohen, or something ending in berger. They sell our wool ; they float our loans ; they manufacture our sugar, our whiskey, and our beer ; they influence Congress. They are here for what they can make, and they do not waste their time in sentiment. They did not come in time to reap the original harvest, but they have blown across the ocean to help the free-born American spend his money in the process of trying to out-civilize Paris and London. As a consequence, the leading wholesale and retail ornamental industries of New York and of some of our Western cities are in the grip of individuals whose surnames have a foreign twang. Of course, they have a right to be here ; it is a free country, and no one can say them nay. But we must take them and their wives and daughters, their customs and their opinions, into consideration in making an estimate of who are the Americans of the present. They have not come here for their health, as the phrase is, but they have come to stay. We at present, in our social hunger and thirst, supply the



"Our restaurants."

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"Our cigar stores."

grandest and dearest market of the world for the disposal of everything beautiful and costly and artistic which the Old World possesses, and all the shopkeepers of Europe, with the knowledge of generations on the tips of their tongues and in the corners of their brains, have come over to coin dowries for their daughters in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Many of them have already made large fortunes in the process, and are beginning to con the pages of the late Ward McAllister's book on etiquette with a view to social aggressiveness.

Despite this infusion of foreign blood, the native stock and the Anglo-Saxon nomenclature are still, of course, predominant in numbers. There are some portions of the country where the late immigrant is scarcely to be found. True also is it that these late-comers, like the immigrants of fifty years ago, have generally been prompt in appropriating the independent and energetic spirit typical of our people. But there is a significant distinction to be borne in mind in this connection: The independent energy of the Americans of fifty years ago, whether in the East or among the pioneers of the Western frontier, was not, however crude its manifestations, mere bombastic assertiveness, but the expression of a faith and the expression of strong character. They were often ignorant, conceited, narrow, hard, and signally inartistic; but they stood for principle and right as they saw and believed it; they cherished ideals; they were firm as adamant in their convictions; and God talked with them whether in the store or workshop, or at the plough. This was essentially true of the rank and file of the people, no less true and perhaps more true of the humblest citizens than of the well-to-do and prominent.

"Our old furniture haunts."

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There can be little doubt that the foreign element which is now a part of the American people represents neither a faith nor the expression of ideals or convictions. The one, and the largest portion of it, is the overflow and riff-raff of the so-called proletariat of Europe; the other is the evidence of a hyena-like excursion for the purposes of plunder. In order to be a good American it is not enough to become independent and energetic. The desire to make the most of one's self is a relative term; it must proceed from principle and be nourished by worthy, ethical aims; otherwise it satisfies itself with paltry conditions, or with easy-going florid materialism. The thieving and venality in municipal political affairs of the Irish-American, the dull squalor and brutish contentment of the Russian-Pole, and the commercial obliquity of vision and earthy ambitions of the German Jew, are factors in our national life which are totally foreign to the Americanism for which Abraham Lincoln stood. We have opened our gates to a horde of economic ruffians and malcontents, ethical bankrupts and social thugs, and we must needs be on our guard lest their aims and point of view be so engrafted on the public conscience as to sap the vital principles which are the foundation of our strength as a people. The danger from this source is all the greater from the fact that the point of view of the American people has been changed so radically during the last thirty years as a secondary result of our material prosperity. We have ceased to be the austere nation we once were, and we have sensibly let down the bars in the manner of our living; we have recognized the value of, and we enjoy, many things which our fathers put from them as inimical to republican virtue and demoralizing to society. Contact with older civilizations has made us wiser and more appreciative, and with this growth of perspective and the acquirement of an eye for color has come a liberality of sentiment which threatens to debauch us unless we are careful. There are many, especially among the wealthy and fashionable, who in their ecstasy over our emancipation are disposed to throw overboard everything which suggests the old *régime*, and to introduce any custom which will tend to make life more easy-going and spectacular. And in this they are supported by the immigrant foreigner, who would be only too glad to see the land of his adoption made to conform in all its usages to the land of his birth.

"Con the pages of the late Ward McAllister's book on etiquette."

The conduct of life here has necessarily and beneficially been affected by the almost general recognition that we have not a monopoly of all the virtues, and by the adoption of many customs and points of view recommended by cosmopolitan experience. The American people still believe, however, that our civilization is not merely a repetition of the older ones, and a duplication on new soil of the old social treadmill. That it must be so in a measure every one will admit, but we still insist, and most of us believe, that we are to point the way to a new dispensation. We believe,

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but at the same time when we stop to think we find some difficulty in specifying exactly what we are doing to justify the faith. It is easy enough to get tangled up in the stars and stripes and cry "hurrah!" and to thrust the American eagle down the throats of a weary universe, but it is quite another to command the admiration of the world by behavior commensurate with our ambition and self-confidence. Our forefathers could point to their own nakedness as a proof of their greatness, but there seems to be some danger that we, now that we have clothed ourselves —and clothed ourselves as expensively as possible and not always in the best taste—will forget the ideas and ideals for which those fathers stood, and let ourselves be seduced by the specious doctrine that human nature is always human nature, and that all civilizations are alike. To be sure, an American now is apt to look and act like any other rational mortal, and there is no denying that the Atlantic cable and ocean greyhound have brought the nations of the world much closer together than they ever were before; but this merely proves that we can become just like the others, only worse, in case we choose to. But we intend to improve upon them.

"Many things which our fathers put from them."

To those who believe that we are going to improve upon them it must be rather an edifying spectacle to observe the doings and sayings of that body of people in the city of New York who figure in the newspapers of the day as "the four hundred," "the smart set," or "the fashionable world." After taking into full account the claims of the sensitive city of Chicago, it may be truthfully stated that the city of New York is the Paris of America. There are other municipalities which are doing their best in their several ways to rival her, but it is toward New York that all the eyes in the country are turned, and from which they take suggestion as a cat laps milk. The rest of us are in a measure provincial. Many of us profess not to approve of New York, but, though we cross ourselves piously, we take or read a New York daily paper. New York gives the cue alike to the Secretary of the Treasury and (by way of London) to the social swell. The ablest men in the country seek New York as a market for their brains, and the wealthiest people of the country move to New York to spend the patrimony which their rail-splitting fathers or grandfathers accumulated. Therefore it is perfectly just to refer to the social life of New York as representative of that element of the American people which has been most blessed with brains or fortune, and as representative of our most highly evolved civilization. It ought to be our best. The men and women who contribute to its movement and influence ought to be the pick of the country. But what do we find? We find as the ostensible leaders of New York society a set of shallow worldlings whose whole existence is given up to emulating one another in

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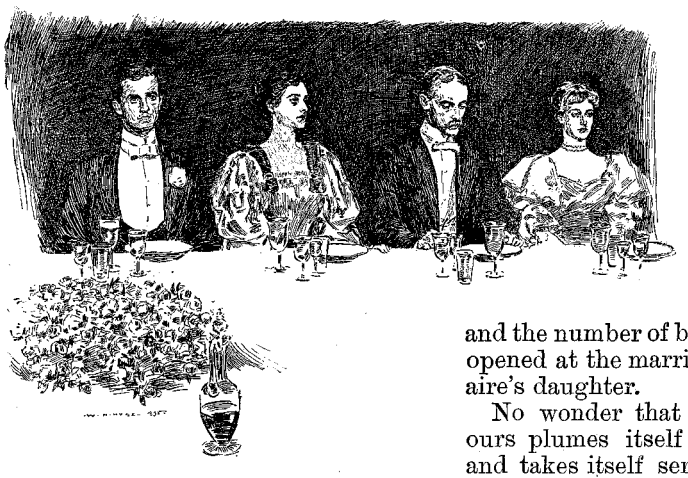
elaborate and splendid inane social fripperies. They dine and wine and dance and entertain from January to December. Their houses, whether in town or at the fashionable watering-places to which they move in summer, are as sumptuous, if not more so, than those of the French nobility in its palm-



"A set of shallow worldlings."

iest days, and their energies are devoted to the discovery of new expensive luxuries and fresh titillating creature comforts. That such a body of people should exist in this country after little more than a century of democratic institutions is extraordinary, but much more extraordinary is the absorbing interest which a large portion of the American public takes in the doings and sayings of this fashionable rump. There is the disturbing feature of the case. Whatever these worldlings do is flashed over the entire country, and is copied into a thousand newspapers as being of vital concern to the health and home of the nation. The editors print it because it is demanded; because they have found that the free-born American citizen is keenly solicitous to know "what is going on in society," and that he or she follows with almost feverish interest and with open-mouthed absorption the spangled and jewelled annual social circus parade which goes on in the Paris of America. The public is indifferently conscious that underneath this frothy upper-crust in New York there is a large number of the ablest men and women of the country by whose activities the great educational, philanthropic, and artistic enterprises of the day have been fostered, promoted, and made successful; but this consciousness pales into secondary importance in the democratic mind as compared with realistic details concerning this ball and that dinner-party where thousands of dollars are poured out in vulgar extravagance, or concerning the cost of the wedding-presents, the names and toilettes of the guests, and the number of bottles of champagne opened at the marriage of some millionaire's daughter.

No wonder that this aristocracy of ours plumes itself on its importance, and takes itself seriously when it finds its slightest doings telegraphed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It feels itself called to new efforts, for it understands with native shrewdness that the American people requires novelty and fresh entertainment, or it looks elsewhere. Accordingly it is beginning to be unfaithful to its marriage vows. Until within a recent period the husbands and wives of this vapid society have, much to the bewilderment of warm-blooded students of manners and morals, been satisfied to flirt and produce the appearance of infidelity, and yet only pretend. Now the divorce court and the whispered or public scandal bear frequent testimony to the fact that it is not so fashionable or "smart" as it used to be merely to make believe.

Was there ever a foreign court, when foreign courts were in their glory, where men and women were content merely to whisper and giggle behind a rubber-tree in order to appear vicious? It may be said at least that some of our fashionables have learned to be men and women instead of mere simpering marionettes. Still there was originality in being simpering marionettes: Mar-

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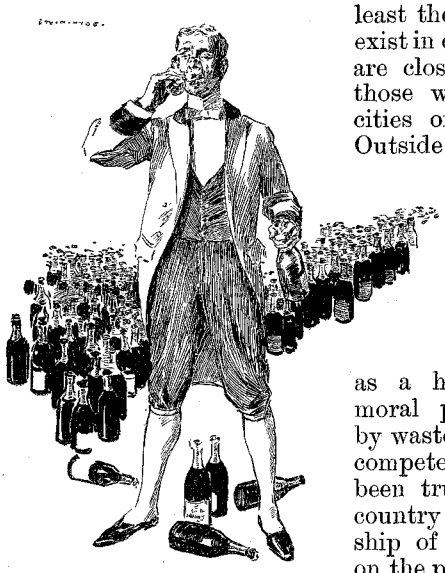
ital infidelity has been the favorite excitement of every rotten aristocracy which the world has ever seen.

"Keenly solicitous to know 'what is going on in society.'"

II

A MANNER of life of this description can scarcely be the ideal of the American people. Certainly neither George Washington, when he delivered his farewell address, nor Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of his second inaugural, looked forward to the evolution of any such aristocracy as the fulfilment of the nation's hopes. And yet this coterie of people has its representatives in all the large cities of the country, and there is no reason to doubt that in a short time the example set will be imitated to some extent, at least, and that one portion of the country will vie with another in extravagant social vanities and prodigal display on the part of a pleasure-seeking leisure class.

Most of these people go to church, and, indeed, some of them are ostensibly regardful of church functions and ceremonies, and, as they do not openly violate any laws so as to subject themselves to terms of imprisonment, the patriotic American citizen finds himself able merely to frown by way of showing his dissatisfaction at this form of high treason against the morals and aims of democracy. To frown and to be grateful that one is not like certain pleasure-seeking millionaires is not much of a comfort, especially when it is obvious that the ignorant and semi-ignorant mass is fascinated by the extravagances and worldly manifestations of the individuals in question, and has made them its heroes on account of their unadulterated millions. Indeed, the self-respecting, patriotic American citizen finds himself to-day veritably between Scylla and Charybdis in the matter of the conduct of life. We are no longer the almost homogeneous nation we were fifty years ago. There are far greater extremes of wealth and poverty. Our economic conditions, or at least the conditions which exist in our principal cities, are closely approximating those which exist in the cities of the Old World. Outside of our cities the people for the most part live in respectable comfort by the practice of what passes in America for economy, which may be defined as a high but ignorant moral purpose negatived by waste and domestic incompetence. It has always been true of our beloved country that, though the ship of state has seemed on the point of floundering from time to time, disaster has invariably been averted



"The number of bottles of champagne opened at the marriage of some millionaire's daughter."

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at critical junctures by the saving grace of the common-sense and right-mindedness of the American people. This is not so complimentary as it sounds. It really means that the average sense and intelligence of the public is apt to be in the wrong at the outset, and to be converted to the right only after many days and much tribulation. In other words, our safety and our progress have been the result of a slow and often reluctant yielding of opinion by the mass to the superior judgment of a minority. This is merely another way of stating that, where everyone has a right to individual opinion, and there are no arbitrary standards of conduct or of anything else outside the statute law, the mean is likely to fall far short of what is best. Our salvation in every instance of national perplexity has been the effectual working on the public conscience of the leaven of the best Americanism. A comparatively small proportion of the population have been the pioneers in thought and suggestion of subsequent ardent espousals by the entire public. This leaven, in the days when we were more homogeneous, was made up from all the elements of society; or, in other words, the best Americanism drew its representatives from every condition of life; the farmer of the Western prairie was just as likely to tower above his fellows and become a torch-bearer as the merchant or mechanic of the city.

If we as a nation have needed a leaven in the past, we certainly have no less need of one to-day, now that we are in the flush of material prosperity and consciousness of power. Fortunately we have one. The public-spirited, nobly independent, earnest, conscientious, ambitious American exists to-day as indisputably and unmistakably as ever, and he is a finer specimen of humanity than he used to be, for he knows more and he poses much less. It is safe to assert, too, that he is still to be found in every walk of our national life. The existence of an aggravating and frivolous aristocracy on the surface, and an ignorant, unæsthetic mass underneath should not blind us to the fact that there is a sound core to our social system. The hope of the United States to-day lies in that large minority of the people who are really trying to solve the problems of life from more than a merely selfish standpoint. One has merely to think a moment in order to realize what a really numerous and significant body among us is endeavoring to promote the cause of American civilization by aspiring or decent behavior. Our clergymen, our lawyers, our doctors, our architects, our merchants, our teachers, some of our editors, our bankers, our scientists, our scholars, and our philanthropists, at once stand out as a generally sane and earnest force of citizens. The great educational, charitable, artistic, and other undertakings which have been begun and splendidly completed by individual energy and liberality since the death of Abraham Lincoln, bespeak eloquently the temper of a certain portion of the community. If it be true that the so-called aristocracy of New York City threatens the repute and sincerity of democracy by its heartlessness and unworthy attempts to ape the vices of a fifteenth century European nobility, New York can fairly retort that it offers in its working force of well-to-do people the most vital, interesting, sympathetic, and effective force of men and women in the nation. If the Paris of America contains the most dangerous element of society, it also contains an element which is equal to the best elsewhere, and is more attractive than any. The New York man or woman who is in earnest is sure to accomplish something, for he or she is not likely to be handicapped by ignorant provincialism of ethics or art which plays havoc with many of the good intentions of the rest of the country.

This versatile and interesting leaven of American society finds its counterpart, to a greater or less extent, in every section of the United States, but it is nowhere quite so attractive as in the Paris of America, for the reason that nowhere does the pulse of life move so keenly as there, and nowhere is the science of living absorbingly so well understood. The art of living has there reached a more interesting phase than in any part of America, if zest in life and the facilities to make the most of it are regarded as the test.

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This may sound worldly. The people of the United States used to consider it worldly to admire pictures or to listen to beautiful music. Some think so still. Many a citizen of what was lately the prairie sits down to his dinner in his shirt-sleeves to-day and pretends to be thankful that he is neither an aristocrat nor a gold-bug. The

"Satisfied to flirt."

next week, perhaps, this same citizen will vote against a national bankrupt law because he does not wish to pay his debts, or vote for a bill which will enable him to pay them in depreciated currency. Many a clergyman who knows better gives his flock consolingly to understand that to be absorbed in the best human interests of life is unworthy of the Christian, and that to be ordinary and unattractive is a legitimate condition of mind and body. Surely the best Americanism is the Americanism of the man or woman who makes the most of what this life affords, and throws himself or herself keenly into the thick of it. The art of living is the science of living nobly and well, and how can one live either nobly or well by regarding life on the earth as a mere log-cabin existence? If we in this country who seek to live wisely are in danger from the extravagant vanities of the very rich, we are scarcely less menaced by that narrow spirit of ethical teaching which tries to inculcate that it does not much matter what our material surroundings are, and that any progress made by society, except in the direction of sheer morality, is a delusion and a snare. Character is the basis and the indispensable requisite of the finest humanity; without it refinement, appreciation, manners, fancy, and power of expression are like so many boughs on a tree which is dead. But, on the other hand, what is more uninspiring than an unadorned soul? That kind of virtue and morality which finds no interest in the affairs of this life is but a fresh contribution to the sum of human incompetence, and but serves to retard the progress of civilization. The true and the chief reason why there is less misery in the world than formerly is that men understand better how to live. That straight-laced type of American, who is content to be moral in his own narrow way, and to exclude from his scheme of life all those interests which serve to refine and to inspire, bears the same relation to the ideal man or woman that a chromo bears to a masterpiece of painting.

We have no standards in this country. The individual is free to express himself here within the law in any way he sees fit, and the conduct of life comes always at last to an equation of the individual. Each one of us when we awake in the morning finds the problem of existence staring him anew in the face, and cannot always spare the time to remember that he is an American. And yet Americanism is the sum total of what all of us are. It will be very easy for us simply to imitate the civilizations of the past, but if our civilization is to stand for anything

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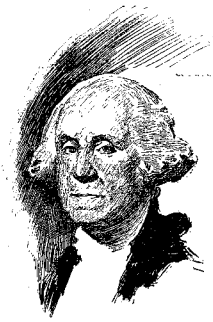

"When he delivered his farewell address."

vital, and to be a step forward in the progress of humanity, we must do more than use the old combinations and devices of society in a new kaleidoscopic form. Our heritage as Americans is independence, originality, self-reliance, and sympathetic energy animated by a strong ethical instinct, and these are forces which can produce a higher and a broader civilization than the world has yet seen if we choose to have it so. But it is no longer a matter of cutting down forests and opening mines, of boasting beside the plough and building cities in a single year, of fabulous fortunes won in a trice, and of favorite sons in black broadcloth all the year round. It is a matter of a vast, populous country and a powerful, seething civilization where the same problems confront us which have taxed the minds and souls of the Old World for generations of men. It is for our originality to throw new light upon them, and it is for our independence to face them in the spirit of a deeper sympathy with humanity, and free from the canker of that utter selfishness which has made the prosperity and glory of other great nations culminate so often in a decadence of degrading luxury and fruitless culture.

No civilization which regards the blessings and comforts of refined living as unworthy to be striven for and appropriated can hope to promote the cause of humanity. On the other hand, we Americans must remember that purely selfish appropriation and appreciation of these blessings and comforts has worked the ruin of the most famous civilizations of the past. Marie Antoinette was more elegant than the most fashionable woman in New York, and yet that did not save her from the tumbrel and the axe. The best Americanism of to-day and for the future is that which shall seek to use the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof, and to develop all the manifestations of art and gentle living in the interest of humanity as a whole. But even heart-

"Thankful that he is neither an aristocrat nor a gold-bug."

less elegance is preferable to that self-righteous commonness of spirit which sits at home in its shirt-sleeves and is graceless, ascetic, and unimaginative in the name of God.

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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE PLUMED KNIGHT AND HIS JOUST

GREELY RESCUED
A RECORD OF HEROISM
NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION
THE MULLIGAN LETTERS
BLAINE'S DEFENCE
BLAINE AND LOGAN
THE MUGWUMP BOLT
CLEVELAND NOMINATED
A PERSONAL CAMPAIGN
DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

DO the classic virtues grace an age of common-place ?
The cynics of our time will tell you No.

That the cynics are wrong, however, was impressively shown by Stanley's deed in Darkest Africa, touched in the last chapter of this history. Another exploit, more thrilling still, illustrated President Arthur's years in office. Lieutenant Weyprecht, of Austria-Hungary, had, in 1875, proposed a series of co-operating stations for magnetic and meteorological observations near the North Pole. Lieutenant Howgate, of our Signal Service, had long advocated polar colonization in the interest of geographical science. Several nations, the United States among them, were moved to attempt polar discovery.

In 1881 we established two stations, one of them on Lady Franklin Bay, to be manned by Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth United States Cavalry, with a party of twenty-two officers and soldiers, and two Eskimos. The Proteus bore Greely and his men from St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 7, 1881. Beyond the northernmost Greenland settlement, through the treacherous archipelago, between the "land ice" and the "middle pack" of Melville Bay, amid the iceberg squadrons of Smith Sound and Kane Sea, the stanch little sealer kept her course. Eight miles from her destination she was for the first time blocked. A solid semicircle of ice confronted her, reaching clear across from Greenland to Grinnell Land. Large floes broke off and passed her, only to re-form and cut off her retreat, while the northern pack, advancing, threatened to crush her. Upon new caprice, however, the upper ice retired toward the polar ocean, and on the 11th the little army disembarked, one thousand miles north of the Arctic Circle. A fortnight later the Proteus whistled farewell and began her return trip, which, like the out-passage, was "without parallel or precedent" for freedom from the difficulties and dangers unanimously reported as existing in that region.

It was proposed in 1882 to visit the Greely colony with supplies and reinforcements, and in 1883 to effect their return. Setting out a year and a day after the Proteus, the Neptune achieved a hard but steady advance to Kane Sea, but this she found choked with ice. For forty days she vainly assaulted her godfather's polar phalanx. When, with the close of August, whitening cliffs and withering vegetation portended winter, Beebe, the commander, hastening to place a small cache on either side of Smith Sound, returned,

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Grover Cleveland.

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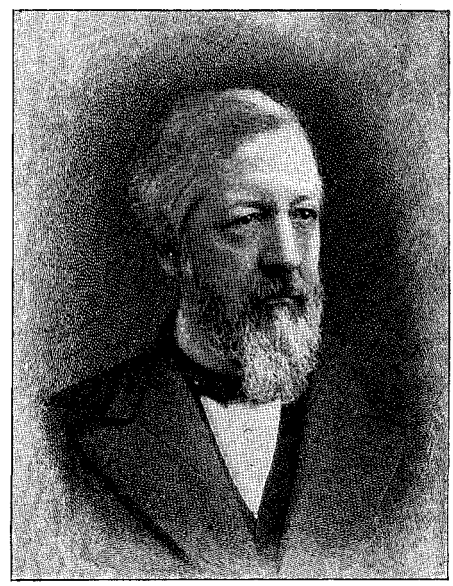

James G. Blaine.

as ordered, with all the rest of his abounding supplies, which were stored in Newfoundland, to be taken north again by the Proteus in 1883.

The 1883 undertaking was doubly momentous from the past year's failure. The Proteus, Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington commanding, was attended by the Yantic, under Commander Frank Wildes, United States Navy. This enterprise, again, was marked by mismanagement, misunderstanding, and misfortune. Lethargy of delay was followed by fever of precipitation. Orders were irregularly issued and countermanded; supplies went aboard in an unclassified mass; the foreign crew were inefficient and careless; the "cooperation" of army and navy divided responsibility and hampered both arms. The arctic armada was again encountered where Beebe found it. Garlington, too, completely engrossed with the injunction to reach Lady Franklin Bay at all hazards, though stopping at Cape Sabine a few hours, hurried north without replacing the damaged supplies there or leaving any of his own. Twice in her struggle the Proteus was within four hundred yards of open water; twice she failed to reach it. The second time, owing to clumsy seamanship, the inexorable jaws of the ice-pack crushed in her sides, giving only time to tumble a part of the cargo overboard. The crew lent no aid, but, after securing their own luggage, began looting the property of the expedition. As they retreated in boats, about five hundred rations, twenty days' supply, was left for Greely at Cape Sabine, by Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, at a spot known as "Wreck-Camp Cache." After unwittingly passing the Yantic twice, and journeying in open boats for eight hundred miles in a sea stormy and full of bergs, the rescuers were rescued by the Yantic.

Incredulity, dismay, and indignation quickly succeeded each other in the public mind. The first expedition had been a failure, the second was a disaster, a breach of faith. Fearful, indeed, were its consequences. The devoted Greely and his band, in nowise responsible for it, were at that time painfully working southward from their well-stored outpost, relying upon meeting succor or finding a refuge prepared for them. The bleak desolation of Cape Sabine, with but forty days' rations, awaited them. Enough food to last them over five years had been carried to, or beyond, Littleton Island by

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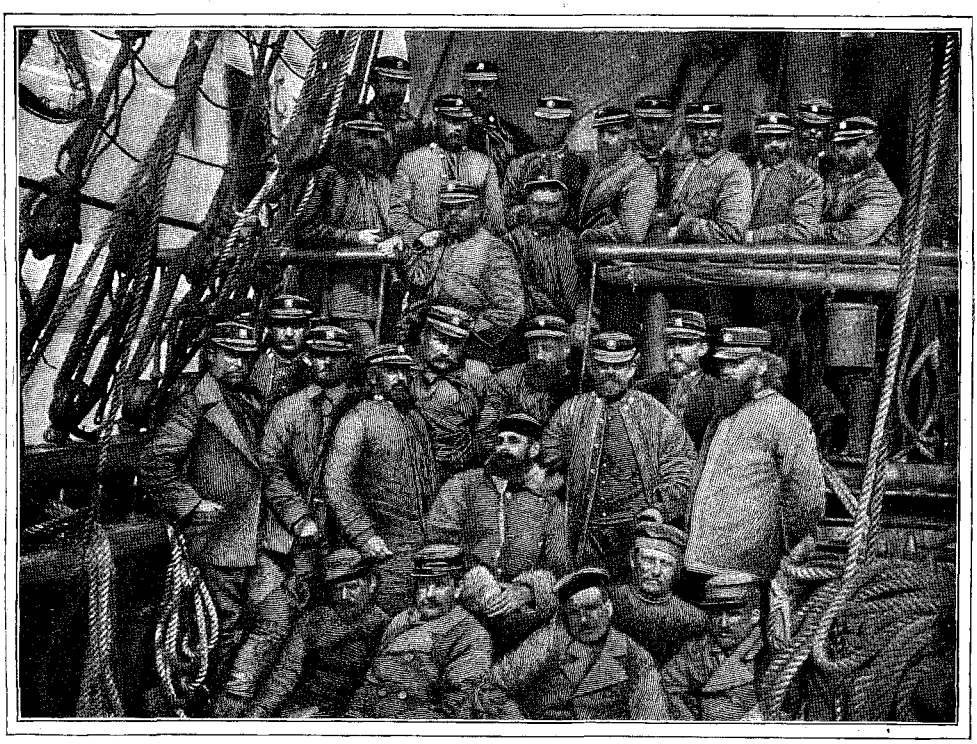
the relief parties; but only one-fiftieth of it had been placed where Greely could get it.

New efforts in 1883 were deemed too hazardous to be undertaken. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy now took the matter up. A purely naval expedition was decided upon, consisting of two Dundee whalers and two reserve ships. Secretary Chandler deserves great credit for his tireless energy and care in making the preparations. Precautions were multiplied, no delay and no oversight occurred. Congress made generous appropriation, though not without ridiculous debate and higgling. A $25,000 bounty was proclaimed for rescue or tidings of the party. Mr. Chandler had purchased the Thetis and the Bear for the perilous cruise. The British Government presented us with the capable arctic veteran, the Alert, in addition to which a fourth vessel, the Loch Garry, was chartered as a collier.

Commander Winfield S. Schley, heading the expedition, was as efficient as his chief. Though most of his subordinates were inexperienced in arctic work, and though he had to fight for every inch of progress, he carried the stars and stripes to Cape York ahead of several whalers who sought to outdo him. Much game and many walruses were seen on the east side of Smith Sound, but no signs of the Exploring Party. It was inferred that they must have remained at their post in the north, but Schley decided to stop near Cape Sabine and make a cache before pushing thither.

Smith Sound, about twenty-three miles wide, was traversed in a roaring tempest. Parties were landed to examine old caches, when almost simultaneously two of them reported "news



Emory. Greely. Lowe. Schley.
Long. Brainard. Biederbeck. Fredericks. Connell.

The Greely Survivors and the Rescuing Party.

(From a photograph by Rice, taken on board the Bear at Godhavn, Greenland.)

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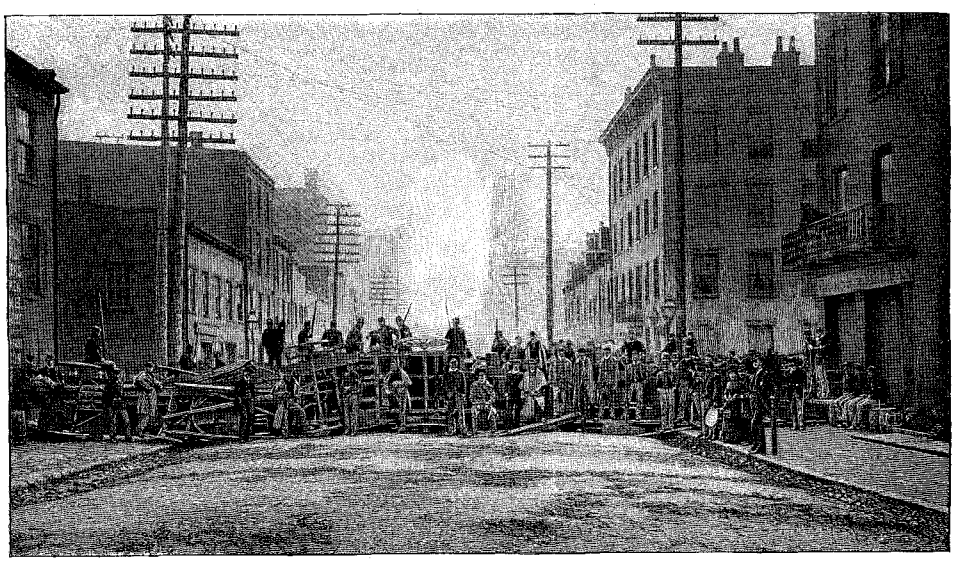
from Greely." Records and despatches from him found here revealed wonderful achievements. Apart from his regular observations, the interior of Grinnell Land had been explored, the northwestern coast of Greenland plotted, and a point reached farther north than any ever before trodden by man. For the first time in three hundred years England's "Farthest" had been left behind—the new "Farthest" being 83° 24′, viz., only 6° 36′, or about four hundred and thirty statute miles from the Pole. Observations were continued through the long arctic night. Though usually not so magnificent as at Upernivik, several fine displays of the mysterious Northern Lights were beheld. Greely remarks upon one in particular. From the southwestern horizon to the zenith extended an arc woven of spiral ribbons of many-colored light. It seemed to rotate or to keep springing upward, replenished from some unseen and exhaustless fountain of splendors, while at the summit little puffs of light detached themselves to float away and perish. A journal, *The Arctic Moon*, had been launched, suspected to be the organ of some one who stood for Congress before the Grinnell Land electorate on a platform of unlimited emigration. Litters of dogs had been raised and musk-calves domesticated. The little library was well patronized, games were invented, and much time devoted to sleep. Christmas had been duly celebrated. Presents from friends, sacredly kept packed till then, were opened, exciting a rather unsoldierly sensation in the throat. One obscure private, friendless but for his comrades, inured to hardships and neglect, was well-nigh overcome to find himself remembered with a gift. Another for a moment wore a puzzled look as he opened a flat package and found it to contain a fan!

In August, 1883, the party had abandoned their post, retreating by boat down the east coast of Grinnell Land. At one stage an immense stranded floeberg reared a wall fifty feet high in front of them. Steaming along its foot they finally observed a fissure, or cañon, not more than a dozen feet wide. The little launch, with whale-boats in tow, boldly entered the crevice and safely reached open water more than a hundred yards farther on. Later they camped on a floe, but tempestuous weather setting in, were alarmed to see it broken in pieces by the adjacent floes, which ground together with indescribable groanings and measureless force. On the north a fine floe of



The Cincinnati Riots of 1884—The Barricade in South Sycamore Street.
(From a photograph by Rombach & Groene.)

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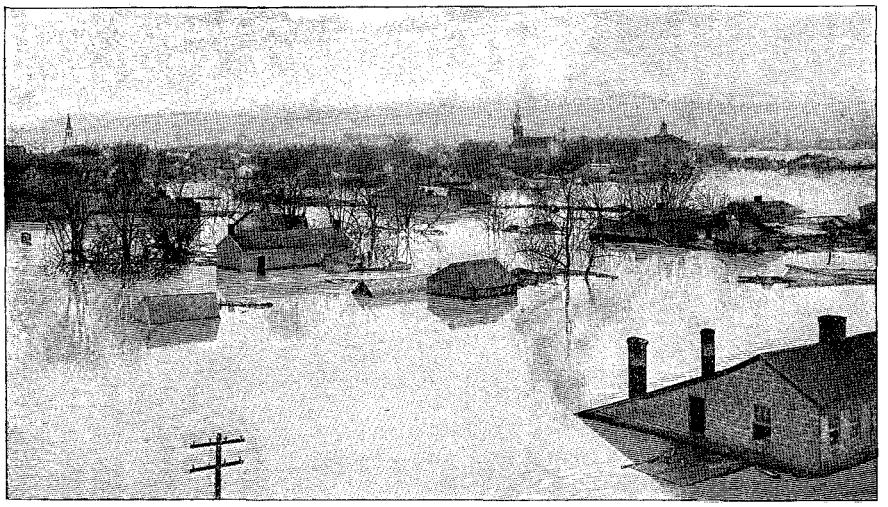

Laurenceburg, Indiana.

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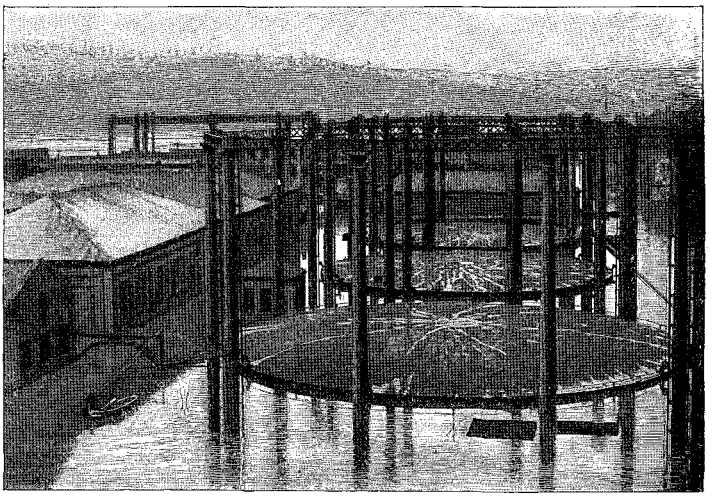
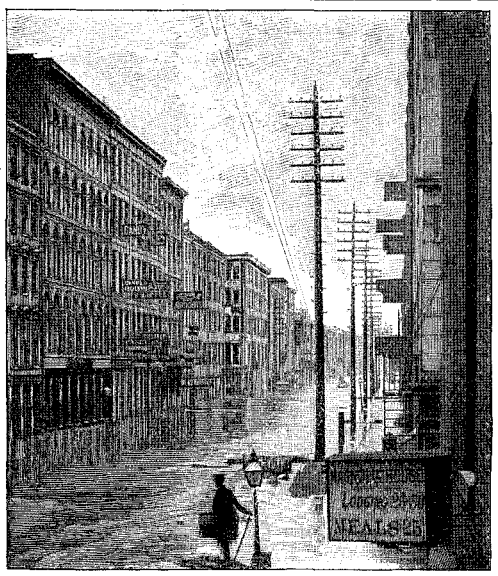
palæocrystic ice was pressing on their own, separated, however, by a buffer or cushion of rubble ice fifty feet wide, and for the present made solid by the pressure. The sledge and provisions were rushed across this chasm, articles of least value being left till the last, and hard-



The Gas Tanks in Second Street, Cincinnati.



Second Street, Cincinnati, Looking East.

ly had the rearmost man passed over before the floes parted and their bridge was swallowed in the sea.

The most recent despatch found, on first perusal, sent a joyful thrill through those who read.

"My party is now permanently encamped on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck-Cache Cove, or bay, and the one to its west. Distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

"A. W. GREELY,
"*1st Lt. 5th Cav., A.S.O. and Ass't*
"*Commanding Expedition.*"

Horror succeeded. The date at the bottom was October 21, 1883, seven months before, and at that date only

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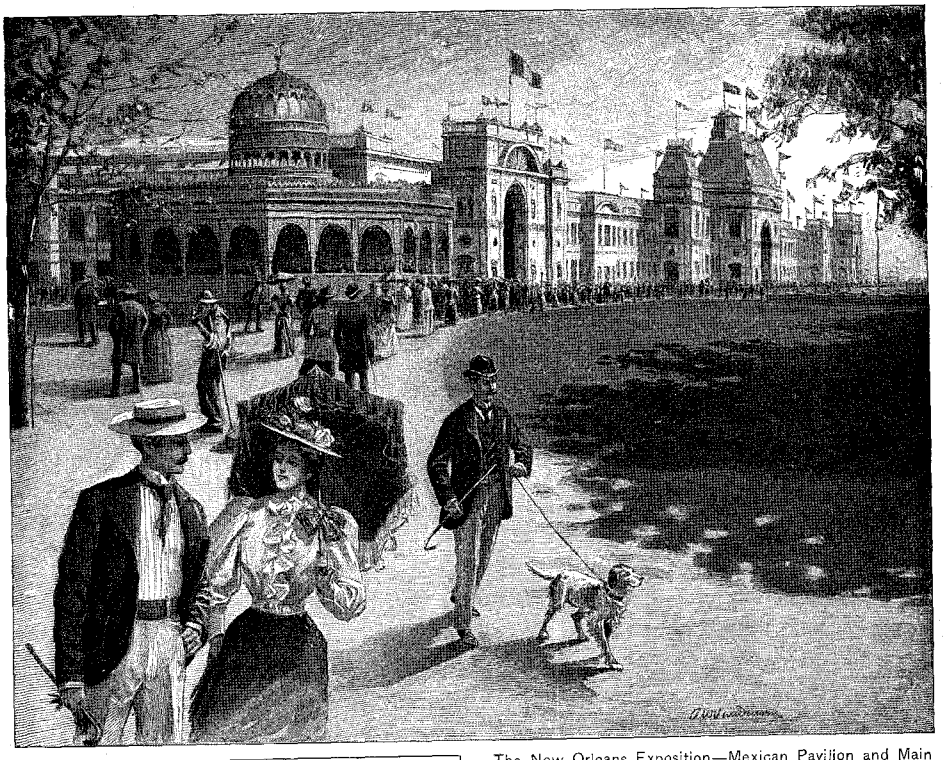
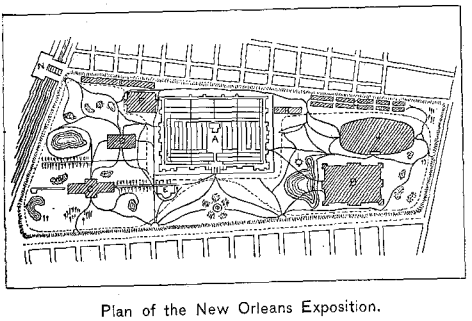
forty days' rations remained. Was it possible that any were still alive? The Thetis blew three long whistles for a general "recall," preparing to steam on toward Greely's "permanent encampment," where, at that very moment a tent, half fallen down, sheltered seven starving men, too weak to raise it again. These were all who then remained of Greely's expedition. For the last three months they had seen their companions smitten one by one. The rule, almost to the last, had been cheerfulness and hope; to the very last had it been mutual self-sacrifice. In spite of "the hoarse grinding of the ice-pack not far off," which one mentions in his journal, but did not speak of lest he "discourage the others," part of them had made a futile attempt to cross to Littleton Island. Observations had been rigorously maintained, and they were determined to continue them "till the last man died." Greely and others gave lectures upon the United States, upon a pleasant winter in the West Indies, upon army experiences. Dry statistics concerning food exports



The New Orleans Exposition—Mexican Pavilion and Main Building.



Plan of the New Orleans Exposition.

A, Main Building; * B, United States and State Exhibits; C, Horticultural Hall; D, Mexican Building; E, Art Gallery; F, Factory and Mills; G, live stock stables; H, restaurants; I, fountain, 80 feet high; J, live stock arena.

* A table showing the comparative sizes of great exposition buildings:

		sq. ft.
Crystal Palace, London	(1851)	989,884
London Exposition	(1862)	1,400,000
Paris "	(1855)	545,934
" "	(1867)	456,923
Vienna "	(1873)	430,500
Philadelphia "	(1876)	872,320
Atlanta "	(1881)	107,520
Louisville "	(1883)	677,400
New Orleans Exposition (Main Building alone, and not including galleries)	(1884)	1,656,030
Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building at Chicago World's Fair (including galleries)	(1893)	1,327,669

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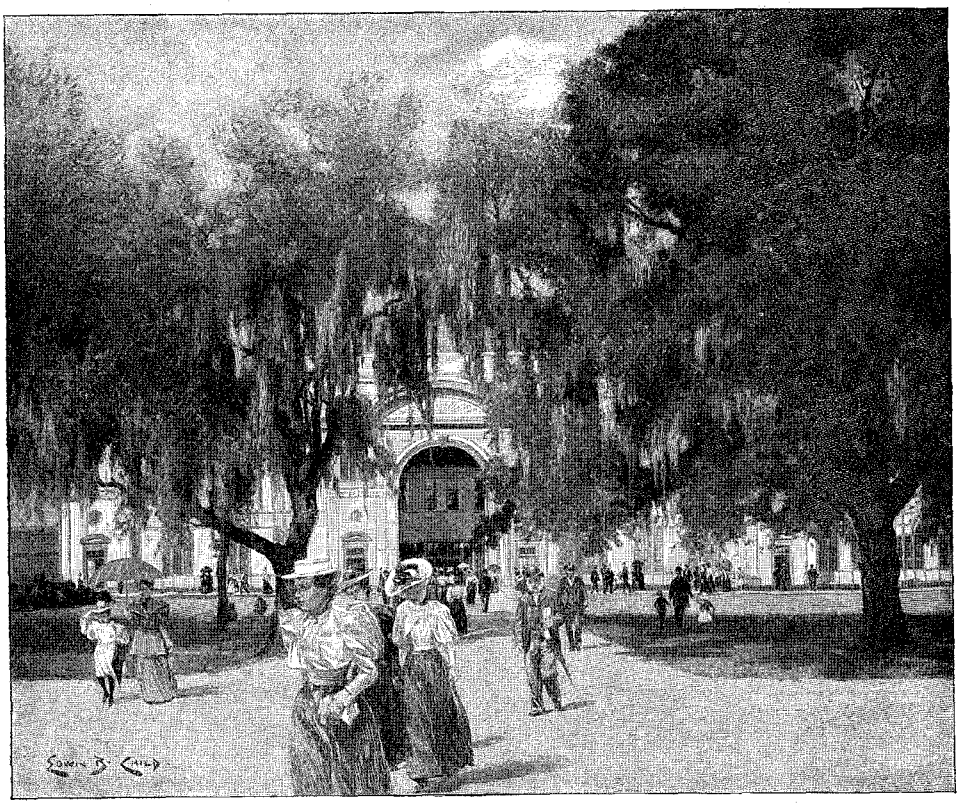

The New Orleans Exposition—South Portal of the Main Building.

(Counting in the galleries this building covered a space of nearly two and a half million square feet.)

from the United States were conned with strange persistency. Yet each meal was cheerfully voted "the best yet," and Thanksgiving Day pleasantly passed in telling what each proposed to have for his *next* Thanksgiving dinner.

HEROISM OF FREDERICK

When provisions ran low a resolute party set out to recover one hundred and fifty pounds of English meat cached at Cape Isabella, twenty-five miles from camp, in the direction of Point Eskimo, but beyond. In spite of protest, Elison, one of the squad, insisted on eating snow. Soon his hands, face, and feet were fearfully frozen. With great difficulty he was brought back to camp, losing his hands, feet, and nose by natural amputation. He was thenceforth allowed double the portion of his comrades, a spoon being strapped to his arm that he might eat without help.

A second effort, brave and sad, by Sergeant Rice and Private Frederick alone, to recover the English meat, proved equally vain and even more disastrous. Risking their lives at almost every step of the way they at last reached the place, only to find, after hours of searching among the floes, that their triumph was a barren one—the English meat had drifted from the shore. There was nothing to do but to go creeping back to camp, if they could get there; but Rice, having wet and frozen his feet, was spent, and could not walk a step. He begged Frederick to go and leave him to die, but Frederick would not. Instead, drawing the sledge close under the edge of a floe-berg, he placed Rice upon it, wrapped his frozen feet with the temiak or fur-lined jacket taken from his own

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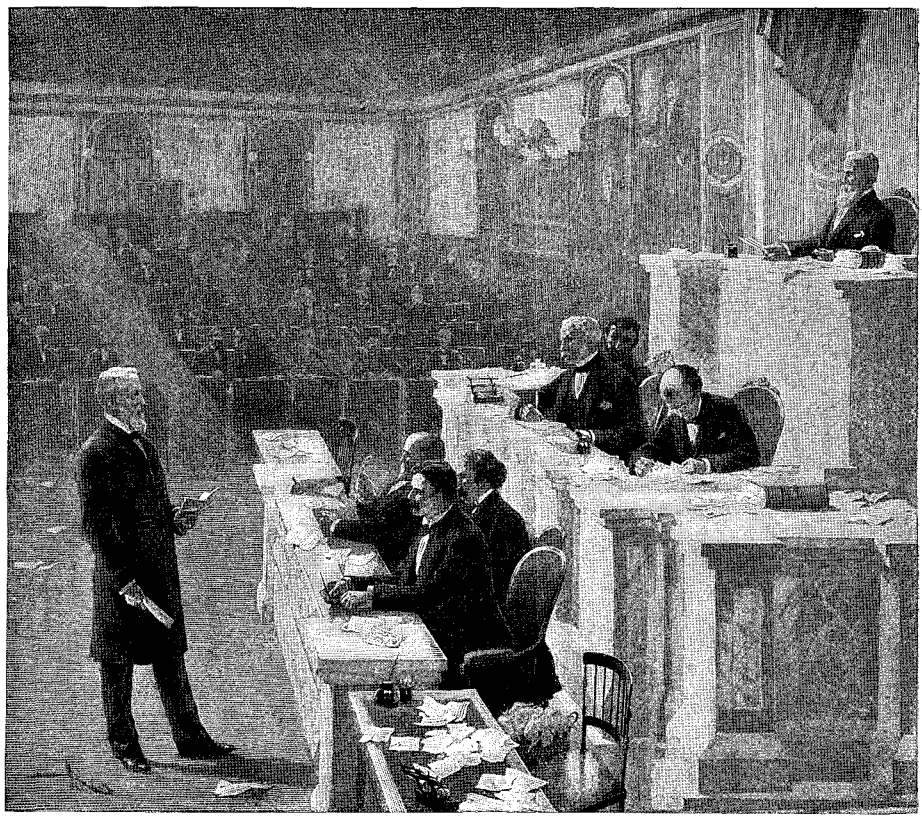

Blaine. S. S. Cox of New York.

"I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk."

The "Mulligan Letters." Scene in the House of Representatives, June 5, 1876.

J. Proctor Knott.

back for this purpose, and then sat and held his unfortunate comrade till the latter's pain was relieved by death. Frederick was minded to die there too. What use in returning to Starvation Camp with his story of disappointment! But fearing that those in camp would plan a rescue and end their lives in unnecessary misery, he resolved to go back. The dauntless fellow got as far as Point Eskimo, God only knows how. Here they had left their sleeping-bag, expecting to return to it the same day they parted from it, as they would have done had the meat been found and had Rice not failed. After refreshing himself with bread and tea, the exhausted Frederick crawled into the bag and slept. On awaking, much stronger, but now smitten with remorse that he had made no effort to bury poor Rice, the indomitable man pushed back all that awful way and gave the frozen corpse of his loving comrade such burial as he could. He then made the best of his slow and painful journey to Greely's camp. Gnawing hunger tempted him to eat Rice's ration, for which none could or would have blamed him, but he refused. He would use what was his own, but would not rob the living or the dead. He reached camp hardly alive, hauling the sledge with Rice's dole of crumbs upon it, to tell how costly and how bootless his mission had been.

After the death, in January, of Cross,

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from scurvy, their number was not lessened again till April 5th, when one of the Eskimos succumbed. Sergeant Lynn breathed his last on April 6th. The very day, April 9th, when Sergeant Rice perished in his heroic search for the English meat, Lieutenant Lockwood, one of the two Americans who reached farthest north, also passed away. The last words he wrote were: "Jewell is much weaker to-day"—and Sergeant Jewell was the next to yield. April 24th the other Eskimo was drowned in a brave effort to catch a seal. On Easter Sunday a snowbird on the roof chirped loudly. "All noise stopped as by magic and no word was said until the little bird passed." The death catalogue was lengthened on May 19th, when Private Ellis died, soon followed by three others, Sergeant Ralston, Private Whisler, and Sergeant Israel. From June 1st to June 18th seven perished, but of these only the first, Lieutenant Kislingbury, could be interred. Private Salor died on June 3d. On June 6th Private Henry was shot for stealing provisions, and lay where he fell. Two more, Dr. Pavy and Private Bender, died on this day. The rest were carried to the ice-foot, save Schneider, who died on June 18th. The party had not sufficient strength to move him. The loss, June 12th, of Gardiner, who passed away murmuring "Mother — wife," deeply affected all. The death angel so common a visitor, the men grew jocular in his presence. When a raven escaped them one protested that he could not "eat crow" anyway. To the very day of the rescue Brainard, "the ruling passion strong in death," persisted in his habit of collecting specimens.

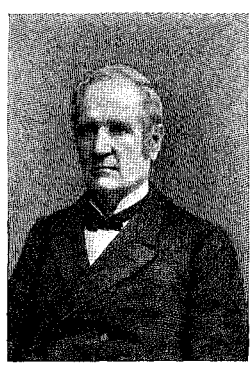
James G. Blaine at the Age of Seventeen.

(From a hitherto unpublished daguerreotype owned by Miss Kate M. Hopkins, and made in 1847, while Mr. Blaine was attending Washington College, Pa.)

THE RESCUE OF GREELY'S PARTY

At midnight on June 23d the seven survivors heard a whistling above the sound of the gale. Forty-two hours they had been without a morsel, and long weeks without anything like proper rations. Only two—Long and Brainard—were able to walk. These went forth to ascertain the cause of the noise. Brainard reported nothing in sight, but Long lingered outside. The poor wretches in the tent discussed the strange shriek with pathetic garrulity, finally deciding that it must have been the wind blowing across the edge of a tin can. At this juncture Connell showed the familiar touch of death in his slightly swollen appearance, cold and paralyzed extremities, and aimless mumbling. "Death," says Greely, "kindly took away all pain," and Connell, like those stricken before him, was tranquil. Greely crawled toward the light with a Testament, while Brainard pressed the little remaining brandy to the dying man's lips. He only murmured, "Let me die in peace."

On reaching her objective the Thetis despatched Lieutenant Colwell in the cutter to find out the worst. At Wreck Cache no life appeared. As they rounded the next point the silhouette of a human figure was seen against the dull sky. Instantly the boat's flag was brandished. Painfully the figure stooped, picked up a flag, evidently the Greely distress-flag, and waved an answer. Then, half-walking, half-falling down the slope, Long approached his saviours. "He was a ghastly sight," says Schley. "His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. His army blouse, covering several thicknesses of shirts and jack-



Thomas A. Hendricks.

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ets, was ragged and dirty. He wore a little fur cap, and rough moccasins of untanned leather tied around the legs. His utterance was thick and mumbling, and in his agitation his jaws worked in convulsive twitches." He was conveyed to the ward-room of the Bear, where he described the party's plight, pausing and often repeating himself. "We've had a hard winter—a hard winter—and the wonder is how in God's name we pulled through." The rest, he said, were on shore in "sore distress — sore distress."

George William Curtis.

After placing Long in the cutter, Colwell's party had hurried forward. "They saw spread out before them a desolate expanse of rocky ground. Back of the level space was a range of hills rising up eight hundred feet, with a precipitous face, broken in two by a gorge, through which the wind was blowing furiously. On a little elevation directly in front was the tent." Lowe and Norman were ahead, and were greeting a soldierly man [Brainard] who had come out from the tent. As Colwell approached, Norman said to the man:

"There is the lieutenant," and he added to Colwell:

"This is Sergeant Brainard."

Brainard drew himself up and was about to salute, when Colwell took his hand. At that moment a feeble voice within the tent was heard:

"Who's there?"

"It's Norman—Norman who was in the Proteus."

Cries of "Oh, it's Norman!" were followed by a feeble cheer.

Greely says of this moment: "We had resigned ourselves to despair, when suddenly, strange voices were heard calling me; and in a frenzy of feeling as vehement as our enfeebled condition would permit, we realized that our country had not failed us, that the long agony was over, and the remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was saved."

Colwell cut a slit in the tent and looked in. He was enjoined by an inmate to be careful not to step upon Connell, who lay under the very hand of death, his jaw drooping, his eyes glazed. Directly opposite, on hands and knees, was a dark man with a matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, a little red skull-cap on his head, who, as Colwell appeared, looked up from his Testament and vacantly adjusted his eyeglasses to his brilliant, staring eyes. Twice Colwell asked, "Who are you?" but got no answer. One of the men said: "That's the Major—Major Greely." Colwell took him by the hand, saying, "Greely, is this you?" "Yes," said Greely. "Yes—seven of us left —here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record." Here he fell back exhausted. His indomitable spirit had thus far conquered despair for himself and his companions. He had not ceased to exhort them to "Die like men, not like dogs," ever telling them the story of those British soldiers who stood at parade on deck till their ship went under, while the women and children put off in boats. Forty-eight hours later not a man of the seven would have been alive. Connell afterward said: "Death had me by the heels, boys, when you pulled me back by the neck." They were in the dotage of starvation. Some refused to believe that relief was at hand, and had to be humored in their scepticism. The craving of hunger, lately blunted, reawoke, when their entreaties for food were the more touching in that they could not be granted.

Greely protested against moving the

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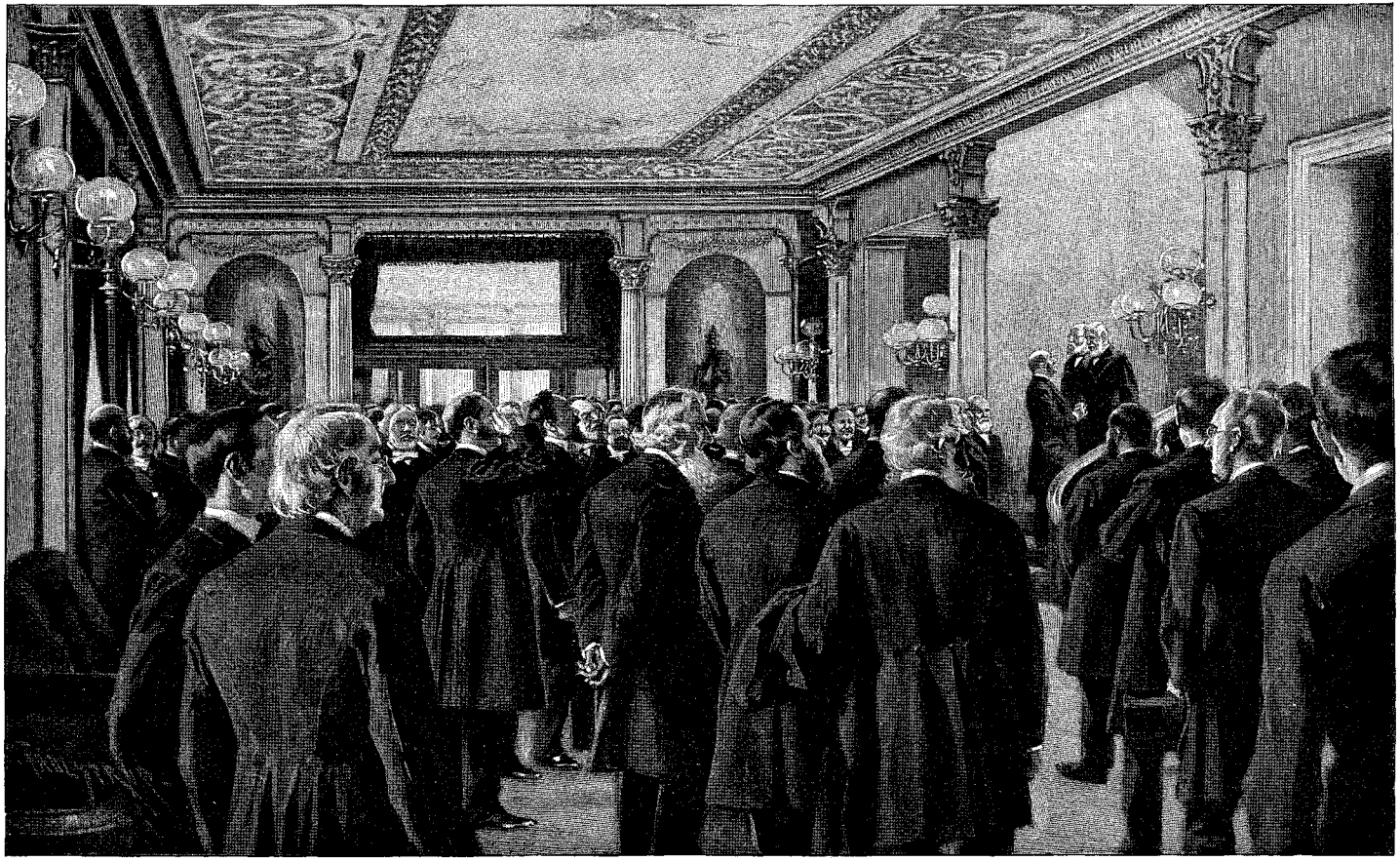

S. D. Burchard.
J. M. King. J. G. Blaine.

"The Party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

The Reception given by Ministers to Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, October 29, 1884, at which the "Burchard Incident" took place.

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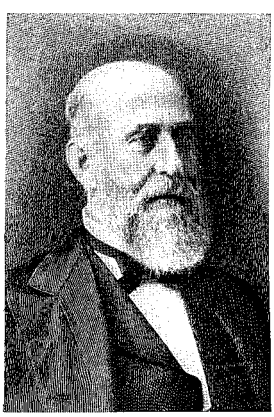
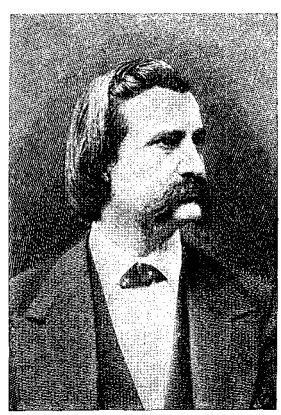
dead. He felt about them as Chief Engineer Melville about De Long and his comrades: "There, in sight of the spot where they fell, the scene of their suffering and heroic endeavor, where the everlasting snows would be their winding-sheet and the fierce polar blasts which pierced their poor unclad bodies in life would wail their wild dirge through all time — there we buried them, and surely heroes never found fitter resting-place." But the feelings of the dead men's friends must be consulted, and such bodies as could be recovered were brought to America. Elison died on the voyage.

FLOOD AND RIOT

THE months so agonizing to Greely and his braves saw the people at home in unusual peace and prosperity. Cincinnati offered the sole striking exception. Freshets in February, 1884, had induced an unprecedented rise in the Ohio River, submerging country and city along the banks. At Cincinnati houses were wrecked, lives lost, destitution and suffering the lot of thousands. To add to the horrors, the gasworks were under water, and night whelmed the city in Cimmerian darkness. As the news spread, practical responses came from all quarters, in the shape of food and clothing, which steamers distributed up and down the swollen stream. Highest water was reached on February 14th, the highest ever recorded, the river at Cincinnati standing on that date at seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch. Riot followed flood. In March two confessed murderers had come off with a conviction for mere manslaughter. As twenty other murderers were in prison, respectable citizens assembled to demand reform in murder trials. Noisy leaders of the mob element tried to capture the meeting, which was adjourned to prevent mischief. A young man rushing out shouted, "To the jail! Come on! Follow me, and hang Berner." The door was burst open, but Berner had been smuggled to Columbus at the first alarm. Meantime the militia were secretly introduced through the same tunnel which afforded him exit. After a skirmish the rioters were driven out, leaving some prisoners. Partly from chagrin, partly to secure the release of the captured leaders, and partly to indulge their lawless humor, the hoodlums set the court-house on fire, robbing an armory and two gun-stores to provide themselves arms. Other shops were broken into and sacked. They fired volley after volley of musketry at the militia, and fiercely attacked barricades which these had erected against them. After repeated warnings retaliation was meted out with terrible effect. The disorders continued six days, when the law was so far vindicated that business could be resumed. The most authentic list puts the killed in this riot at forty-five, the wounded at one hundred and thirty-eight.



George F. Edmunds.



John A. Logan.

Stephen B. Elkins.

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THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION

THANKS to the "New Departure" of 1872, the South had ceased to be a political storm centre. Early in 1881 Rev. Dr. Haygood, President of Emory College, in Georgia, preached a sermon, published by the unanimous request of the congregation, in which he expressed rejoicing at the abolition of slavery as a blessing. In 1881 a successful industrial exposition had been held in Atlanta, and in 1883 another in Louisville, both revealing much progress in business at the South. Of wider interest than either was the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition of 1884. This date was chosen because a bale of cotton, the first, so far as known, was shipped to England from Charleston in 1784. Congress incorporated the Exposition and authorized a loan to it of $1,000,000. Private parties subscribed half a million more. New Orleans, selected as the most suitable location, gave $100,000 to erect Horticultural Hall. Louisiana appropriated for the enterprise $100,000, and some contributions were made by other States.

Upper City Park, two hundred and forty-five acres in extent, on the river, above the city, was artistically laid out and adorned. The most characteristic feature connected with the Exposition was to be found in the avenues winding through vistas of live-oaks festooned with Spanish moss, or through groves of banana, lemon, orange, mesquite and maguey, varied with beds of brilliant tropical flowers and with fountains. By night electric lights, then a novelty to many visitors, added to the fascination of the place. The Exposition opened on December 16th. The Governor of Louisiana was present, as were also Postmaster-General Hatton and Secretary Teller representing the Cabinet. Dignitaries from distant States in the Union honored the occasion by attending. At the same moment a distinguished company, including a committee from each house of Congress, was assembled in the East Room of the Presidential Mansion at Washington. The preliminary exercises in full were telegraphed to President Arthur, who telegraphed back a fitting response. At the pressure of a button in the White House the mazes of machinery began to move, and the Exposition was declared formally in operation.

The Main Building was the largest structure which had then been erected for exhibition purposes, having an area of 1,656,030 square feet. The Government Building, containing the exhibits of the national and State governments, was 885 feet long by 565 wide, while Horticultural Hall, of iron and glass, and designed to be permanent, was 600 feet by 100. The Art Building was large and admirably adapted for its purpose, being lighted from the roof. The Mexican Government, at great expense, put up a large building as quarters for a detachment of infantry and cavalry, and for offices. There was a Woman's Department, under the supervision of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; also an exhibit of negroes' handiwork. The displays from tropical or semi-tropical countries were naturally the most profuse. Mexico erected a tasteful octagonal edifice expressly for its wealth of minerals. Its exhibits together covered 160,000 square feet, surpassing in extent and variety those from any other foreign country. Central America was represented more completely than at any previous exposition, and the products of its curious civilization interested all visitors.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

GIVING the South a sense of its importance and strength, and making friendly a host of guests from the North, the Exposition had influence upon the national election soon to occur. Of this none could forecast the issue with any certainty, but the canvass was sure to be interesting. The Republicans were much divided. President Arthur announced himself a candidate for re-election. Numerically, his support was considerable, but it proved a broken reed. Preceding State elections ominously favored the Democrats. In 1882, both Pennsylvania and Massachusetts

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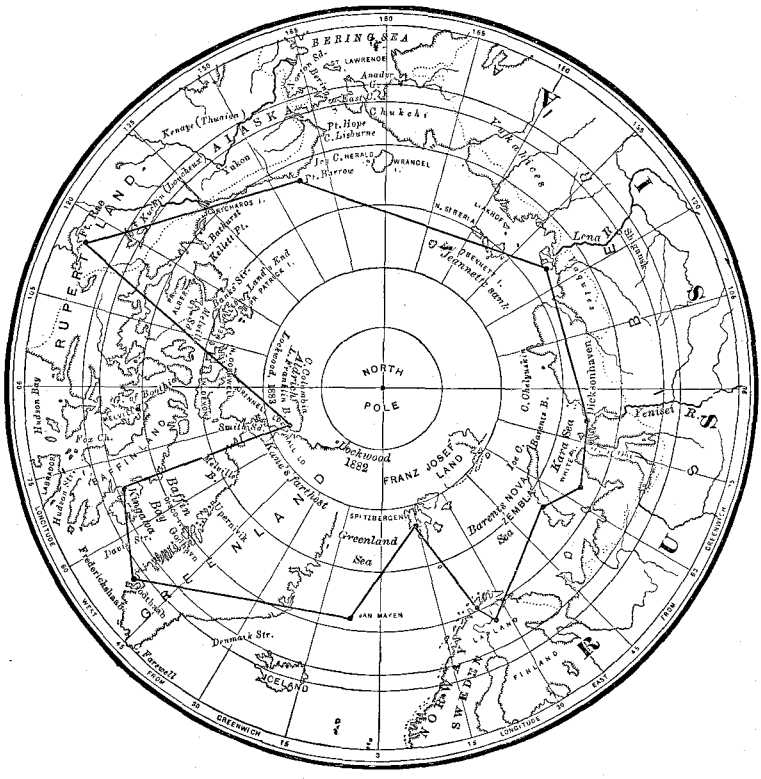
elected Democratic governors. The same year, owing to "Half-breed" defection from Folger, the Republican candidate, New York, which in 1880 Garfield had carried against Hancock by a plurality of over 21,000, chose Grover Cleveland its governor by a plurality of more than 190,000 and a majority of 150,000.



Map of the Arctic Regions, showing Location of Circumpolar Stations, 1881–1883.

Illinois put forward as a presidential candidate General Logan, so popular with the old soldiers. A "compact body of Ohio Republicans" adhered to Senator Sherman. Senator Edmunds, thought of as a champion of Civil Service Reform, was strong in Massachusetts and Vermont. General J. R. Hawley had succeeded Marshall Jewell as Connecticut's favorite son. But the spontaneous, widespread, persistent, often delirious enthusiasm for James G. Blaine, of Maine, made it clear that unless his opponents early united upon some other candidate "the Plumed Knight" would sweep the field.

Mr. Blaine, long and prominently in the public eye, had been born in Washington County, Pa., January 31, 1830, a great grandson of Commissary-General Blaine, who during the terrible winter at Valley Forge made from his private substance advances to keep Washington's soldiers from starvation. The lad was educated with great care by his father and his maternal grandfather, Neal Gillespie, a Roman Catholic gentleman of wealth, character, and ability. In his fourteenth year young Blaine entered Washington College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated with honors. After being some time instructor in the Western Military Institute, Kentucky, and three years in Philadelphia, teaching, and writing editorials, he in 1854 assumed the management of the *Kennebec Journal*, Augusta, Me. He rapidly familiarized himself with Maine politics and became a power in the Whig and Republican councils of the State. His skill as a debater gave him fame. From 1862 to 1876 he served in the national House of Representatives, being Speaker from 1869 to 1875. From 1876 to 1881 he was United States Senator. In Congress he distinguished himself by his familiarity with parliamentary tactics and his unequalled readiness in debate. He left the Senate to enter Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State.

On February 28, 1876, Mr. Blaine was informed of a rumor, traceable to J. S. C. Harrison, a director of the Union Pacific Railroad, to the effect

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that said Harrison, shortly after he became a director, found seventy-five worthless Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds among the assets of the Union Pacific, said by the treasurer, Rollins, to have been received from James G. Blaine as security for $64,000, loaned him and never repaid. On April 24th Mr. Blaine read before the House a letter from Rollins, one from Morton, Bliss & Co., through whom the draft for $64,000 was said to have been cashed, and one from Thomas A. Scott, who had been president of the Union Pacific at the time, acquitting him of the deed charged, and denying that he had had any other business transactions with them.

At the same time the ex-Speaker denied the further rumor that he was the owner of Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds received without consideration, explaining his relations with that road, all which he declared "open as the day" and perfectly proper. For the time Mr. Blaine stood exculpated. He desired, then, to avoid a congressional investigation, as it could not possibly end by the time of the Republican Convention (of 1876), a body not likely to nominate a man "under investigation," however innocent. Nevertheless an investigation, by the Judiciary Committee, was ordered and began on May 15th. The statements and testimony already offered by Mr. Blaine were repeated under oath, Scott swearing that the bonds in question were his, received from Josiah Caldwell, and that he, Scott, had shifted them upon the company.

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS

A FORTNIGHT remained before the 1876 Convention, and State delegations kept cropping up for Blaine. A rumor arose implicating him in corrupt connection with the Northern Pacific. Three witnesses came from Boston: Elisha Atkins, a director of the Union Pacific; Warren Fisher, a former business relative of Blaine, who had found the relations unsatisfactory and terminated them long before; and James Mulligan, once a clerk of Jacob Stanwood, Blaine's brother-in-law, and afterwards of Fisher. Mulligan testified that he had understood Atkins to say that seventy-five bonds went from Blaine to Scott, who "worked them off upon the Union Pacific." Atkins testified that he never said it to Mulligan, but that Mulligan said it to him; also that Mulligan had an old grudge against Blaine.

Upon their arrival, Blaine had sent to have Fisher and Mulligan come to his house. Only Fisher came, who admitted letting Mulligan have a number of letters from the ex-Speaker to himself. Blaine went to Mulligan and demanded the letters. Mulligan declared that "he would not give them up to God Almighty or his father." Blaine, however, managed to get possession of them, calling upon Fisher and Atkins to witness his act. Next morning he submitted to the investigators the written opinion of Hon. J. S. Black, a Democrat; and Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter, a Republican, to the effect that the letters had "no relevancy whatever to the matter under inquiry," and that "it would be most unjust and tyrannical as well as illegal to demand their production."

The Judiciary Committee was now in utmost perplexity. The witnesses were discharged and the matter laid over. Some proposed to bring it before the House, but this plan was given up as dangerous, one member remarking that they at least knew what not to do, and that was, "not to have Blaine cavorting round on the floor of the House."

The interim was Blaine's opportunity. A foregleam of what followed is given by some doggerel which a newspaper of the time represented Confederate Brigadiers (a majority of the sub-committee investigating Blaine had been in the Southern army) as reciting in Democratic caucus.

He is always in the way—
Blaine of Maine;
And in session every day
Raises Cain;
When his prodding makes us roar,
Then he lacerates the sore,
Till we holler more and more—
Blaine of Maine.

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How he boxes us around—
Blaine of Maine ;
Now and then we're on the ground,
Half insane ;
Frequently to grass we go ;
This is temporary though,
For we rally from the blow,
And prepare to eat our crow,
But he stands us in a row,
And he smites us high and low,
Till we shiver in our woe,
And he keeps us whirling so,
That we have the vertigo—
Blaine of Maine.

After the morning hour on Monday, June 5th, Mr. Blaine rose to a question of privilege. He began his remarks by observing that the investigation, though authorized in general terms, was aimed solely and only at himself. "The famous witness, Mulligan," he said, had selected out of years of correspondence letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to him, Blaine, but they had nothing to do with that investigation. He, Blaine, obtained them under circumstances known to everybody, and defied the House to compel him to produce them. Had Mr. Blaine stopped here his enemies could have made him bite the dust. Apparently he had allowed himself to be driven into a fatal *cul-de-sac*. Not so. Having vindicated his right to the letters, he proceeded, in his most dramatic manner: "Thank God Almighty, I am not afraid to show them. There they are (holding up a package of letters). There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk." For the moment triumph turned to dismay, dismay to triumph. The audience was electrified. The letters seemed to show Mr. Blaine, in one case, at least, high-minded and generous in assuming the losses of "innocent persons who invested on his request."

After summing up, Mr. Blaine continued:

"Now, gentlemen, those letters I have read were picked out of correspondence extending over fifteen years. The man did his worst, the very worst he could, out of the most intimate business correspondence of my life. I ask, gentlemen, if any of you—and I ask it with some feeling—can stand a severer scrutiny of or more rigid investigation into your private correspondence? That was the worst he could do." A pause ensued. Then, resuming, he said: "There is one piece of testimony wanting. There is but one thing to close the complete circle of evidence. There is but one witness whom I could not have, to whom the Judiciary Committee, taking into account the great and intimate connection he had with the transaction, was asked to send a cable despatch—and I ask the gentleman from Kentucky if that despatch was sent to him?"

"Who?" asked Mr. Frye, in an undertone.

"Josiah Caldwell."

Mr. Knott responded, "I will reply to the gentleman that Judge Hunton and myself have both endeavored to get Mr. Caldwell's address and have not yet got it."

"Has the gentleman from Kentucky *received a despatch from Mr. Caldwell?*"

"I will explain that directly," replied Mr. Knott.

"I want a categorical answer."

"I have received a despatch purporting to be from Mr. Caldwell."

"You did!"

"How did you know I got it?"

"*When* did you get it? I want the gentleman from Kentucky to answer when he got it."

"Answer my question first."

"I never heard of it until yesterday."

"How did you hear it?"

Ignoring the question Mr. Blaine strode down the aisle holding up a despatch, and turning to Mr. Knott said, with stinging deliberation:

"You got a despatch last Thursday morning at eight o'clock from Josiah Caldwell completely and absolutely exonerating me from this charge—*and you have suppressed it!*"

The sensation up to that moment had been great, but to what now occurred it was as the fuse to the explosion. General Garfield "never saw such a scene in the House." Mr. Blaine had run the blockade, and for the moment the block-

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aders seemed likely to be "swamped in the wash" as he passed.

Mr. Blaine's failure, after all, to be nominated in 1876, his lively career as Garfield's Secretary of State, and his life and travels from 1881 to 1884 cannot be remarked upon here. Though the year 1884 found him in private station, he was not forgotten.

BLAINE NOMINATED

THE Convention of 1884 met in Chicago on June 3d. The delegates committed to Blaine were nearly all present by the 2d and in jubilant mood. The despatches of that day strongly indicated that Blaine would win; but the New York *Times*, Blaine's doughtiest foe among the Republican papers, would not admit this. It urged Edmunds for nomination, or, in case he proved unavailable, Robert T. Lincoln, a man owing no political debts. The *Times* pointed out that men born after Gettysburg and Vicksburg could vote this year, and that, therefore, even a sound candidate, to win, needed something besides fame won in debating war issues.

It was eleven o'clock on the 3d before any number of delegates entered the vast hall. Crowds — smaller, indeed, than in 1880—filled the galleries. The New York delegation formed at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and marched two by two to the wigwam. The gazing populace fell back to let them pass, while cheering lustily for the Empire State. First came George William Curtis, chairman, arm in arm with Mr. Sheard; next Theodore Roosevelt paired with President Andrew D. White, of Cornell. Beneath the blue ensign, bearing in great gold letters the legend "New York," Curtis took his seat. On the same row, but as far from Curtis as he could get, sat ex-Senator Platt, "devoting his time chiefly to the stroking of his short, silky beard." The band played "Pretty, pretty maiden, will you marry me," as General Mahone, at the head of his Virginia delegation, came in, wearing his broad-brimmed white hat and his curiously fashioned trousers and coat, an immense yellow rose adorning the lapel of the last-named garment. Order was called at a quarter past twelve.

Most of the Arthur delegates, before the proceedings began, considered their candidate beaten; yet the Convention's first act heartened them a little. Stephen B. Elkins, managing for Blaine, had worked up a Blaine-Logan combination, influenced by which the National Committee was induced to recommend to the Convention Blaine's friend, Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, for temporary chairman. This Henry Cabot Lodge opposed by nominating the Honorable J. R. Lynch, a colored Senator from Mississippi, George William Curtis and Theodore Roosevelt seconding the nomination in telling speeches. On roll-call, Lynch was found to have defeated Clayton by a number of votes. The Blaineites received another slight snub. A resolution like that which Conkling invented in 1880 was introduced at their instance, that every delegate taking part in the convention was "bound in honor to support the nominee." Against this George William Curtis protested, saying, "A Republican and a free man I came to this convention, and by the grace of God a Republican and a free man will I go." The resolution was withdrawn.

Notwithstanding all this, Blaine's star was clearly in the ascendant. To defeat his nomination all his opponents needed to unite upon Arthur. The Arthur men pleaded with Curtis, Cabot Lodge, and Roosevelt, who did their best against Blaine, to turn from Edmunds to Arthur. "Clinging to Edmunds you will surely nominate Blaine," they said. But between Blaine and Arthur the Edmunds men saw little to choose. They tried to bring out Robert T. Lincoln, a dark horse groomed by the New York *Times*. All in vain. At each ballot Blaine gained, while Arthur lost. Edmunds, Logan, and John Sherman also lost. Hawley gained two votes on the fourth ballot. Lincoln jumped from four to eight on the third, but sank to two on the fourth. There was "noted a curious tendency in the knees of some of the Edmunds men, particularly those from Massachusetts, to knock together audibly whenever

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the name of Blaine was mentioned in their hearing," and they, little by little, deserted their favorite. Under the management of Powell Clayton, Arkansas started a bolt of Southern delegates away from Arthur. Assured that himself could not win, Logan turned over to Blaine his Illinois delegation. Upon the fourth ballot "the Plumed Knight" was nominated. The name of John A. Logan, "the Black Eagle," occupied the second place upon the ticket.

The announcement of Blaine's nomination unleashed the latent insanity of ten thousand people within the hall. Hats were thrown high in air, umbrellas whirled around, the State shields torn down and borne proudly upon filial breasts. The crowd outside caught the contagion, and soon a shrill chorus of tug whistles could be heard from the Chicago River. The climax was reached when some one brought and laid upon the chairman's desk a floral helmet, with snowy plume of finest imported horse-hair. The noise redoubled, men took off their coats and waved them, women laughed, or cried, or fainted, impartially. Thus was sounded the key-note of the Republican campaign. A spectator might have noticed one or two silent patches in the great hall in the midst of the overwhelming enthusiasm. These patches, flouted at the time, grew more significant when immediately after the Convention many conspicuous party men, especially in the East, and several considerable party organs, led by the New York *Times*, declared that they would not support the ticket.

THE MUGWUMP BOLT

"I was at the birth of the Republican party," remarked Curtis, "and I fear I am to witness its death." On June 5th the *Times* said editorially, "The thoughtful opponents of Blaine have seen with alarm that he is supported by all the political adventurers, star-route sympathizers, and admirers of loose methods in government." On June 7th, the morning after the nomination, it added: "The *Times* will not support Mr. Blaine for the presidency. It will advise no man to vote for him." After boldly predicting his defeat, it further declares: "That defeat will be the salvation of the Republican Party. It will arouse its torpid conscience, it will stir it to self-purification, it will depose the false leaders who have fastened themselves upon it, it will send the rogues to the background, and will make the party once more worthy of honor and of power in the republic it has so nobly served." The New York *Evening Post*, the Boston *Advertiser*, the Boston *Herald*, and the Springfield *Republican* also joined the bolt.

As early as December, 1883, certain Republicans of Boston had started a movement "in behalf of the adoption of measures and the nomination of men fitted to command the hearty approval and support of the independent, thoughtful, and discriminating voters of the United States." As a result a conference of Independent Republicans was called in New York, on February 23d, which "*Resolved*, That it is indispensable to the success of the Republican Party that the character, record, and associations of its candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States should be such as to warrant entire confidence in their readiness to defend the advance already made toward divorcing the public service from party politics, and to continue these advances until the separation has been made final and complete."

General Francis C. Barlow, of New York, was made chairman of a committee "to provide for the interchange and practical expression of opinion in harmony with the foregoing resolution, and to continue such action in relation thereto as they may deem expedient." On May 12th the committee sent a circular to the Republican National Convention. Being ignored in the Convention, a conference of Independent Republicans, held in New York on June 16th, and presided over by George William Curtis, adopted the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, We are met in conference as Republicans and Independents to take action in opposition to the nominations of James G. Blaine for President,

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and John A. Logan for Vice-President of the United States; and

"*Whereas*, These candidates were named in absolute disregard of the reform sentiment of the nation, and representing political methods and principles to which we are unalterably opposed:

"*Resolved*, That it is our conviction that the country will be better served by opposing these nominations than by supporting them.

"*Resolved*, That we look with solicitude to the coming nominations by the Democratic Party; they have the proper men, we hope they will put them before the people for election."

CLEVELAND'S CAREER

This overture had a profound effect upon the Democratic managers. By pitting against Blaine a man hostile to machine politics and committed to administrative reform, they had a clear chance to win. Such a man was Grover Cleveland. He had been born in Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837, his father a Presbyterian clergyman. When the future President was four years old his father removed to Fayetteville, N. Y. Here the lad found employment in the "general store" at $50 a year, sweeping and cleaning out, opening and closing the store, and waiting on customers. Young Cleveland's education, so far as it went, was completed at Clinton, N. Y. In his seventeenth year he became a clerk and an assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind. In 1855 he started West to secure more lucrative employment, but was induced to stop at Buffalo. He was soon at work in a law office there, as clerk and copyist, at $4 per week. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, retaining for some time his clerkship, first at $600 a year, then at $1,000. In 1863 he was chosen Assistant District Attorney of Erie County, in 1870 Sheriff of the County. In 1881, by a union of Republicans, Democrats, Independents, and "Reformers," he was elected Mayor of Buffalo.

In his inaugural he said: "The affairs of the city should be conducted as far as possible upon the same principle as a good business man manages his private concerns." Pursuing this policy he soon became known as the "Veto Mayor," saving the city much money by his fearless use of the negative. In 1882, as we have seen, by the support of the same elements which elected him Mayor, Mr. Cleveland was triumphant in his canvass for the governorship. As Governor he practised a strict Jeffersonian simplicity, keeping no carriage and living within his official salary. To each public question on which he had to act he gave personal attention and study, thus performing an amount of work which would have killed a weaker man.

The Democratic Convention met in Chicago on July 8th. The call had "cordially invited" "all Democratic Conservative citizens of the United States, irrespective of past associations and differences," who could unite "in the effort for pure, economical, and constitutional government," to join in sending delegates. Democratic public opinion had fixed upon Cleveland as the party's standard-bearer, and its mandate to nominate him was strengthened by the Republican revolt against Blaine. Tammany vehemently opposed Cleveland, Thomas F. Grady making before the Convention a long tirade against him, which, however, quickened the cause it was meant to kill. General Bragg, of Wisconsin, speaking for the young men of his State, said: "They love Cleveland and respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies he has made." Though requiring a two-thirds vote, Cleveland's nomination necessitated but a second ballot, this giving him 683 votes in a total of 820. His closest competitor, Thomas A. Hendricks, received the nomination for Vice-President.

On July 22d, the Independents issued an address recommending Republican and Independent voters to support Cleveland. The response was wide and enthusiastic. The Independents took an active part in the canvass, distributing innumerable documents and furnishing many of the best speakers. In this service Carl Schurz was foremost.

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George William Curtis, too, who had not followed Greeley in 1872, threw the weight of his influence for the Democratic nominee. It is to be noted, however, that by no means all Republicans of independent tendencies took this course. A great number, men of eminence and spotless integrity, deemed Blaine the object of unjust attacks, and warmly espoused his cause. Such were Senator Hoar, William Walter Phelps, and the poet Whittier. Many other Reform Republicans regarded the Democracy with such distrust that they supported Blaine when nominated, though opposing his nomination. Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge represented this class. Senator Edmunds, while doing naught to hinder Blaine's election, could not be led to speak or write a word in his behalf. Even the anti-Blaine Republicans took pains to advertise that they supported Cleveland not as a Democrat, but as "a platform in himself" and "better than his party." They wished not so much to put the Democratic party in power as to put Cleveland personally in power. They supported Cleveland not because he was a Democrat, but because he was Cleveland, rejecting Blaine not as a Republican, but simply as Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's nomination made the campaign personal. To balance the hard things said of him, the early pages of Cleveland's life were searched for blots. A few were perhaps found, yet the general fruitlessness of the quest was impressively in the candidate's favor. With aught of corruption in public life no one thought of charging him, his record in this particular being absolutely stainless. Blaine was less happy here. If he was far from being the unprincipled trickster so often pictured, he had been less scrupulous in office than his best admirers could have wished.

Mr. Blaine took an intensely practical view of politics. With the "sublimated theories of so-called reformers" he never sympathized. Of these "unco good," as he called them, he wrote Garfield, in 1880: "They are to be treated with respect, but they are the worst possible political advisers — upstarts, conceited, foolish, vain, without knowledge of measures, ignorant of men, shouting a shibboleth which represents nothing of practical reform that you are not a thousand times pledged to! They are noisy, but not numerous; pharisaical, but not practical; ambitious, but not wise; pretentious, but not powerful!" Over Blaine men went insane in pairs, for his "magnetism" either strongly attracted or strongly repelled whatever came within his field. Hatred of him was rancorous, and it usually told, since his long public career, like an extended sea-coast, was at a disadvantage on the defensive. Love for the man was equally uncompromising, most so at the West, while the defection from him was most pronounced in the East. People not the reverse of sensible likened him to Clay, some of them to Washington. In West Virginia a man risked his life by hanging to the rear platform of Blaine's private car as it left the station, begging for some memento of the hero to hang in his house and show his children.

It was recited that in 1869, when a bill to renew a land grant for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad was to be saddled with a fatal amendment, Speaker Blaine, at the request of Arkansas members, had Logan make, while he sustained, a point of order removing the incubus; that he subsequently called the promoters' attention to his agency in the matter, endeavoring to be let into the enterprise "on the ground floor," in which he failed, though appointed selling agent of the bonds with a large commission. Blaine's friends replied that the ruling was proper, being made to frustrate a vicious lobby job and save a desirable piece of legislation which had passed the Senate unanimously. Judge Black, a Democrat, deemed the refutation of the charge wholly satisfactory. Unfortunately, Mr. Blaine's assertion that the Little Rock Road derived all its benefits from Arkansas and not from Congress was inaccurate, since the bill so narrowly saved was one renewing the land grant to the State for the railroad. Blaine's assailants considered this clearly a falsehood. Harder to justify is Mr. Blaine's denial of 'any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott" con-

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cerning Little Rock bonds or railway business. That, through Scott and Caldwell, he put off upon the Union Pacific some Little Rock bonds at a high price, seems certain from a letter which he received from Fisher, with his reply.

A Tammany orator had said that no Irishman or Catholic would vote for Cleveland. Mr. Blaine was hostile to the political solidarity of any race or religion, and in this respect his influence—attracting Romanists to his party and repelling anti-Catholic zealots—has been wholly good. His religion, he said, was Christianity tinctured with the Presbyterianism of the Blaines and the Catholicism of the Gillespies. "I would not for a thousand presidencies," he declared, "speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion." Had he lived and continued dominant in Republican councils, neither "A. P. A-ism" nor any Romish counterpart thereof could have arisen.

Whether or not any influence for Blaine emanated from the Catholic clergy, many Irishmen and Catholics sedulously wrought to elect him. This drove some Protestant voters to Cleveland. Nevertheless the vast majority of the Protestant clergy throughout the North strongly favored Blaine. As the campaign drew to its close a goodly party of them waited on their candidate at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to assure him of their unwavering devotion. One, Dr. Burchard, made the address-in-chief. Apparently holding the Democracy responsible for all the evils of intemperance, religious bigotry, and the war, he ascribed to it the three damning "R's," "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." The ridiculous alliteration "stuck" in an ugly way in people's minds, and, much as was done to show its insignificance, no doubt lost Blaine many votes. Some thought these enough, if saved, to have made him President.

The Tammany men, after all, mostly voted for Cleveland. Many Democrats foresaw that without Tammany's support New York would be lost, and with it the election. Governor Hendricks, candidate for the vice-presidency, strongly felt this, and, though a thousand miles away, decided to visit the Empire State as a peace-maker. He sought John Kelly, then the absolute chief of Tammany Hall, finding him greatly alienated from the party. Kelly insisted that Grover Cleveland was not a Democrat, that he had no claim upon true Democrats for their support, and that if he should be elected he would betray his party. Their conference lasted far into the night. Mr. Hendricks employed all his eloquence and art to persuade Mr. Kelly to favor the ticket. Finally the chief said: "Governor Hendricks, for your sake we will do it. You may go home with my assurance that Tammany Hall will do its duty."

The early returns gave Cleveland the solid South, besides Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. The rest of the North was Republican, save New York, which was in painful doubt and remained so for days. The Empire State was the umpire State. The excitement pending conclusive returns exceeded even that of 1876. Good-humored bluff and chaffing gave way to dangerous irritation as the suspense dragged on. Thursday, November 6th, saw an outbreak in Indianapolis, when the loyal hosts of Democracy sought to carry their banner into the post-office. This premature effort to capture that citadel failed, and the banner was torn to bits, which Republican defenders wore as badges. In Kansas, St. John, the Prohibitionist candidate for President, was burned in effigy. The "Rebel Brigadiers" were the most hilarious, making the Southern sky lurid with fireworks, and the air vocal with salutes, none under a hundred guns. Montgomery on November 6th, doubled the number of guns in each salute, and on the 7th, four hundred were required to voice her joy. In Boston the streets near newspaper offices were packed solid. Every new bulletin evoked cheers and hoots. A picture, now of Blaine, now of Cleveland, would be raised in air only to be at once seized and shredded. A crowd threw stones and rotten eggs at the *Journal* Building, breaking a large plate-glass window. In New York conflicting statements given out by the great dailies inflamed the populace. The *Tribune* and the *Mail and Express* early ceased to issue bulletins, but the *Herald* and the *World* kept on,

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showing majorities for Cleveland. The *Sun* office, where Associated Press despatches favorable to Blaine alternated with the Sun's own despatches giving the State to Cleveland, drew the vastest throngs. Six hundred men marched down Broadway shouting "No, no, Blaine won't go!" It being suspected that Jay Gould and the Associated Press were withholding or perverting returns, a crowd demonstrated in front of the Western Union Building with the yell, "Hang Jay Gould!" but policemen soon dispersed them. Some two hundred men before the *Tribune* office burned copies of that paper. So threatening did the excitement become in Chicago, that on November 7th Mayor Harrison requested the papers to cease issuing bulletins. In Boston bulletins were discontinued. In Philadelphia political clubs were directed not to parade, persons blowing horns or masquerading on the streets being liable to arrest.

The Democratic managers professed apprehension lest the "fraud of '76" should be repeated in a new guise, and were determined to prevent this. The Electoral Commission, however, now proved to be, to the Democracy, a blessing in disguise. Its rule, "not to go behind the returns," had been made the New York law for procedure like that in hand, and as, upon a count under the most rigid scrutiny, the New York returns footed up a Cleveland plurality of 1,149 votes, post-election manipulation was impossible. Including those of New York, Cleveland received 219 electoral votes to Blaine's 182. The popular vote was the largest ever cast, reaching beyond 10,000,000, of which 4,911,000 were for Cleveland, giving him a plurality over Blaine of 62,000.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

A POEM

READ BEFORE THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT ITS TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION, NEW LONDON, CONN., JUNE 18, 1895

By H. C. Bunner

FRIENDS—for we all are friends in one great bond—
That, born in death, shall go death's power beyond,
That shall endure so long as love shall twine
The first Spring blossoms for the patriot shrine;
So long as men shall deck with living green
The dust of friends unknown, unmet, unseen;
So long as Love shall quicken Memory's birth,
Each year to seek the consecrated earth,
To wreathe the tombs among the fresh Spring showers,
With heaven's own banner, and with earth's own flowers—
So long the sacred tie that makes us kin
Shall know no petty bonds of time or space,
But hold us in the friendship of one race—
The friendship that our dead have knit us in.

Here I am come to speak to you, my brothers—
My elder brothers—of a long-passed day
When you were fighting for this flag; when others
Remained at home to watch—to yearn—to pray.
What shall I tell to you who truly followed
The troublous path my young soul longed to go?
You know that for your help God's palm was hollowed,
And how His strength prevailed against the foe.

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But, may I tell the tale of those who waited
Patient at home—the old, the infirm, the young—
Watching the strife wherein they were not fated
Even to die unhonored and unsung?

What does the boy do who goes to bed
In the great third year of the war,
With the farm-house roof hanging low over head,
And the path of the moon stretching out before,
Out over the road and over the lake,
To the dusty highway the soldiers take
When they march on their way to the South?

What does he do when he goes to bed?—
He lays on the pillow a tousled head,
And the tired eyelids that all the day
Have been with the face of the world at play;
Watching the birds and the swing of the trees,
Watching the chipmunks more quick than the breeze,
Watching the melons a-taking on green,
Watching the myriad things to be seen—

—They close for a moment and open again,
For he hears the tramp of the marching men
Southward and ever south;
And he swallows a sob, and shuts tight his mouth,
And orders his heart to the right-about,
But even in slumber his tears slip out,
That the sound of the drum and the fife
Is slipping away to the strife,
Where he may not go
Till sun and snow
Have carried his eager young spirit—say—
A couple of years on its patriot way.

Oh, how he yearns for it,
How his heart burns for it—
How the shrill music of drum and of fife
Thrills through the whole of him,
Wakes the young soul of him—
Oh, to be with them and pay with his life!
What does the boy do who goes to bed
In the great third year of the war?
Wakes in the morn when the east is red,
And the west is silvered o'er;
Wakes in the morning and goes to work,
Eating his heart, but too proud to shirk,
Dropping the corn in the heart of the hill,
Plying his spade and his hoe with a will;
And his mother looks from the kitchen stoop,
With reddened eyelids that quiver and droop,
At the one boy left her—oh, friends in blue—
Wasn't he fighting as well as you?

Oh, let me not by any doubtful word
Question your mighty service: what you wrought
Was wrought forever, and the eternal years
Shall not undo it. But we all have seen
The glory of that mighty miracle.

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The foulest of foul stains you washed with blood,
From off your country's shield: your strong hand rent
The chains ourselves had forged ourselves to fetter,
But, oh! remember that no fleshly wound
Fell crueler than the blows the true hearts bore
You left behind you when you took your way.

Do you know how they looked in our eyes, do you know how they looked as they went?—
The picture is ever before me—friends, will you look at yourselves?
See how they swing down the street with the glint of the sun,
Silvering the steel of the gun.
With an easy swing to the hips, as they march on, shoulder to shoulder,
Doubtful, uncertain at first, and then growing firmer and bolder
As the cheers of the crowd rise round them, and run in a rattling roar
Down on each side of the column and out like a fire before.
It swells by their side to a thunder that hushes the beat of their feet,
It catches their cadence of marching and rolls it ahead down the street;
Down the whole length of the roadway, through the throng of the thousands that wait,
Down goes the heralding thunder as the troops march on in state.
And down where the Battery breezes are blowing through Bowling Green
The men of New York are cheering the troops that they have not seen.
Oh, glorious pageant of war that shall sweep you along amid cheers!—
But the wife you have left is this moment thanking God for the blindness of tears.

She kissed you and she raised unclouded eyes
That hid the unspeakable pain of unshed tears,
She kissed you, and she lifted up your child
For she had taught him to be brave like you—
Or her—how shall we put it, oh, my friend?
She kissed you and she sent you on your way,
Her noble wifehood strengthening you for fight,
And turned her patient face toward home to stay
And bear the wound that aches from morn to night.
Oh, trust me, if I speak of those who shared
Your pain and not your glory, it is not
To rob your laurels of a single leaf,
But to proclaim how that close tie of grief
Bound you in bonds of love to childish hearts
That in these days, grown closer to the age
Of those they honor, still recall the past—
Recall the past, and how you met the task
You found set for you—and not newly set,
But waiting for the work of men like you,
But waiting for the faith of men like you—
Waiting through centuries of wrong and shame
Since Christ decreed the brotherhood of Man,
For it was as His soldiers that they went,
Who being dead, have left their trust to us.

I was not of you, but that tie still binds
My childish memories unto unborn minds,
And I shall teach *my* boy the way to go
By paths your fearless footsteps served to show,
And, if he serves his country firm and true.
'Tis that his father learned to serve from *you*.

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FREDERICK MACMONNIES *

By Will H. Low

CAPACITY, opportunity, and youth form a strong combination with which to play at the game of life, and possessing this trinity of qualities, the subject of this sketch may be considered, without diminution of his personality, a type. In art, as in other walks of life, the field is filled with men whose capacity is doubtful, whose opportunities remain inchoate, and whose youth—*eheu, fugaces*—is past; hence, when this thrice happy combination exists, it is well to stop and consider the interesting problem it presents. MacMonnies's youth—he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1863—is, when we consider that "art is long," self-evident. The first of a long series of brilliant opportunities came to him when, in 1880, he was admitted to the studio of Augustus St. Gaudens in a manner too infrequent in these days of wholesale art instruction, when propagating plants, known as schools of art, numbering their pupils by tens of hundreds, turn out annually shoals of small-fry artists. Of MacMonnies's capacity, the works which have won him recognition here and abroad, many of them reproduced in these pages, bear eloquent witness. They will be considered more fully as this paper proceeds, but meanwhile, to seek the cause of this success it is well to return to a consideration of the first step of importance in his career, his entrance as apprentice to St. Gaudens. The qualification of apprentice is used advisedly, for by it we return to an epoch when art, if less "on the town," to use Mr. Whistler's witty phrase, than it is at present, if less in everybody's mouth and masquerading less in the garb of importance than to-day, was a craft exercised by those who were specially endowed with temperaments which found their natural means of expression through the artifices of their craft. Such was the school of Raphael—the shop (*bottega*) of Perugino; thus, and not otherwise, was the genius of Leonardo developed and trained by the goldsmith sculptor-painter Verrocchio. It stands to reason that the busy producing artist preoccupied with his work will not admit to his studio the trifler, who like Paul Somerset of joyous memory "had embraced the art of Raphael from a notion of its ease," or the sentimental yearner with vague longings for the infinite and little love for the precise and mechanical details of artistic execution. On the contrary, the relation between a master and an intelligent pupil is one of the most charming results of human intercourse. The master, rich in experience, almost unconsciously answers the eager, though unuttered questions of his young pupil, while the novice, rich in undeveloped energy, performs prodigies of execution when brought face to face with problems which, to the older man, seem tiresome repetitions, but which with the infusion of young blood take on new life. It is not often possible to-day, when we paint less by rule than did the old masters, that a painter can thus employ an apprentice pupil—never, perhaps, except in the execution of a large decoration, where the scheme is developed in advance, and where the actual execution of the definite work is a copy of the design previously conceived and executed on a smaller scale

Seal for the Cataract Construction Company (from the silver).

* With the exception of the Statue of Nathan Hale all the illustrations in this article are from photographs made under the supervision of Mr. MacMonnies.

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by the master. A picture is, and must be, according to the canons of our later enlightenment, an individual product of the master, differing from his preceding work and conforming to the always varying conditions of light and atmosphere. In sculpture, however, there is much that can at least be established and commenced by a clever pupil, and in decorative sculpture especially there is much repetition of detail which is tiresome to execute to the mind that has conceived it, but which is a task eminently fitted to the eager fingers and unquestioning joy of production of the younger spirit. In tasks like this, in forming the carefully designed characters which go to make up the inscriptions which are used with such effect in St. Gaudens's work, in carefully copying under the sculptor's eye the cunningly arranged folds of drapery disposed on the lay-figure, and later in building up whole figures from his master's studies, MacMonnies passed a number of years. Meanwhile at night he was at work in the life classes of the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, laying the foundation for that knowledge of the human figure which, developed by later study abroad, now stands him in such stead, when he welds together great masses of figures as in the fountain for the Columbian Exposition, or plants a man firmly on his feet as in the Nathan Hale. In addition to the absolute technical knowledge imbibed through his close association with his eminent master, MacMonnies profited largely by the thousand and one demonstrations of art which both practically and theoretically had the studio of St. Gaudens for their theatre, and the sculptor and his intimates — sculptors, painters, and architects—for actors.

Victory, for West Point.
(Stanford White, Architect of Monument.)

All of this fell on fruitful soil, so that when, in 1884, MacMonnies went for the first time to Europe, he carried with him a knowledge gained through this experience such as few boys—at the time he was naught else in age — possess. The first visit to Paris was shortened by the appearance of the cholera, before which, in obedience to his parents' request, he retreated to Munich. A few months' work in Munich was done chiefly in the painting-school, for MacMon-

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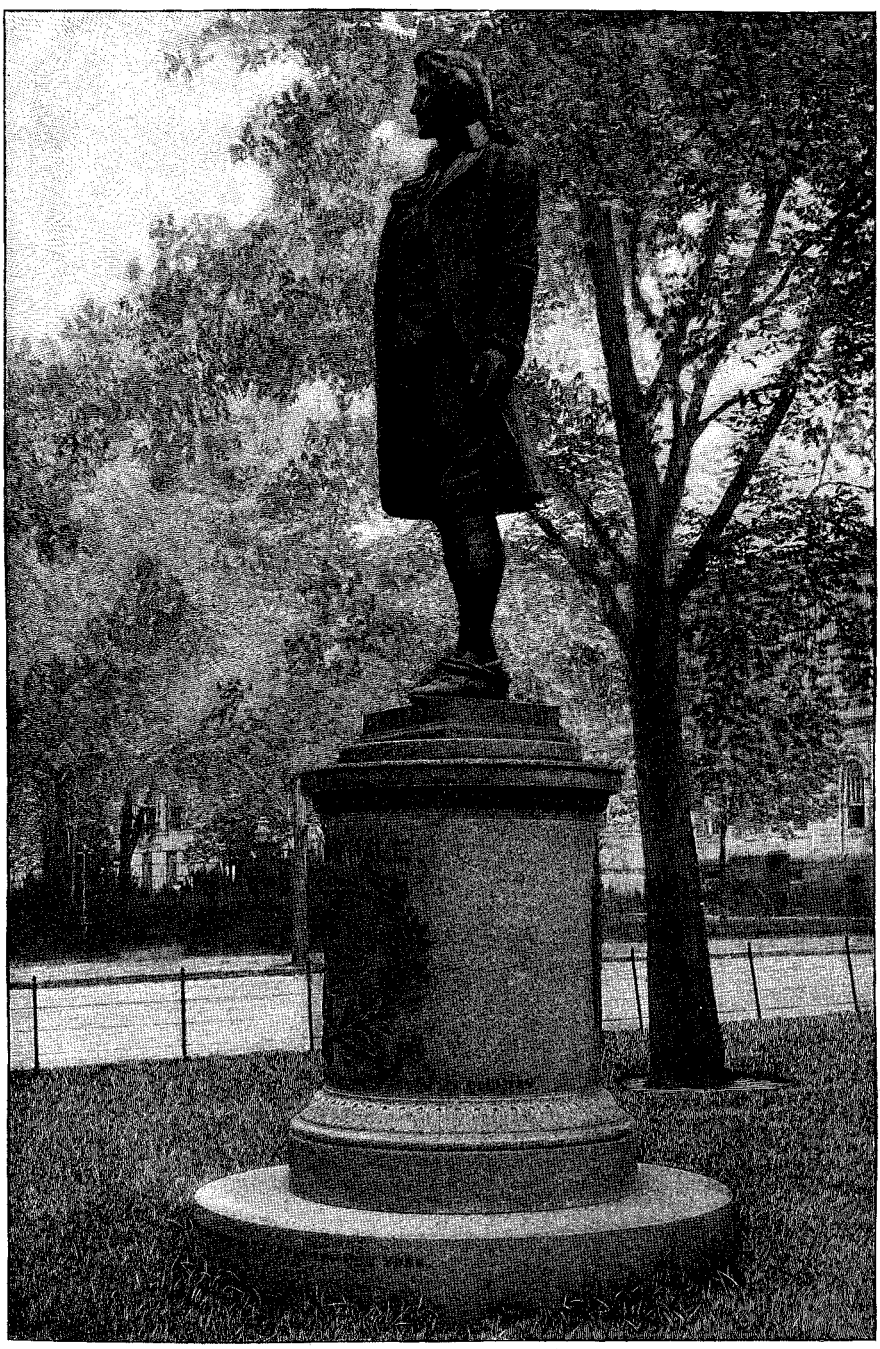

Nathan Hale.

(Bronze Statue in City Hall Park, New York City.)

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nies has, in common with the artists of the Renaissance, an all-round interest in art, and painting and architecture are closely allied to sculpture in his artistic ideal. Then, after a long pedestrian tour over the Alps, he returned to Paris, from which place he was soon after summoned by St. Gaudens back to New York. Enriched artistically by his sojourn in Europe, he proved a valuable assistant in the execution of several important works by St. Gaudens, and after a year was enabled to return to Paris. Here he entered the atelier Falguière in the École des Beaux-Arts, working a portion of the time in the private studio of Antonin Mercié, the sculptor of the *Vae Victis*. In the atelier Falguière he bore off, for two successive years, the highest prize open to foreigners, ranking next to the Prix de Rome, the Prix d'Atelier, which is given at the end of the year for the cumulative effort of the period. By Falguière's advice MacMonnies now left the school, working a portion of the time on his master's works in his private studio and commencing in his own studio his first figure, a Diana, which, exhibited at the Salon of 1889, brought him an Honorable Mention. About this time he received his first commission, an order for three life-sized angels, which in bronze now decorate St. Paul's Church, New York. In 1889 his statue of Nathan Hale [Page 619], and in 1890 that of James S. T. Stranahan [Page 621], the first of which is now erected in City Hall Park, New York, and the second in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, were ordered, and on their completion they were both exhibited in the Salon of 1891. For the Stranahan MacMonnies was awarded a second medal, the first and only time that an American sculptor has been so honored. The following year saw the execution of two charming figures, life size, Pan of Rohallion [Page 622] and Faun with Heron, both intended for fountains, essays *in petto*, which in a degree prepared him for the next work undertaken, the colossal fountain of the World's Columbian Exposition. At the time of the Exposition it was my privilege to write of this work in these pages, and since then, like all the glories of the Exposition, the work has been gradually returning to the dust from which it sprung. This is much to be deplored, for independently of the charm of its execution, the fountain was finely typical of the purpose of the Exposition. It was pre-eminently the conception for a festal day, and might well have remained to remind the great West, when seated on her throne, deploring the lack of intellectual worlds to conquer, that she gave at her majority a brave feast, of which the MacMonnies fountain would serve for typical remembrance. For the statistically minded it is well to recall that the fountain contained twenty-seven colossal figures, together with sea-horses, the admirably decorative ship, garlands, and various emblems, all exceedingly well distributed, chosen, and executed. Taken altogether, the career of MacMonnies offers this particularity, that both by temperament and training he is able to undertake and carry through a vast amount of work, and the list of his completed undertakings is already longer than that of many men of twice his age. In 1894 the group "Bacchante with Infant Faun" [Page 623] was executed. This group is to be placed in the centre of the fountain in the court of the new Public Library at Boston, and a replica has been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg galleries; again an honor which, accorded to MacMonnies, comes for the first time to an American sculptor. The Boston Public Library is to be further enriched by a figure of Governor Sir Henry Vane [Page 625], part of the work executed in 1894, the list of which comprises two pediments for the Bowery Savings Bank in New York, and the models for four spandrils for the Washington Memorial Arch. It is difficult to more than mention the colossal groups representing the Army and Navy for the Indiana State Soldiers and Sailors' Monument at Indianapolis, the studies for which are made, and which, when the completed models are finished, will be as stupendous in size as they promise to be brilliant in execution. In addition to this enumeration of MacMonnies's completed works, there must be added a number of

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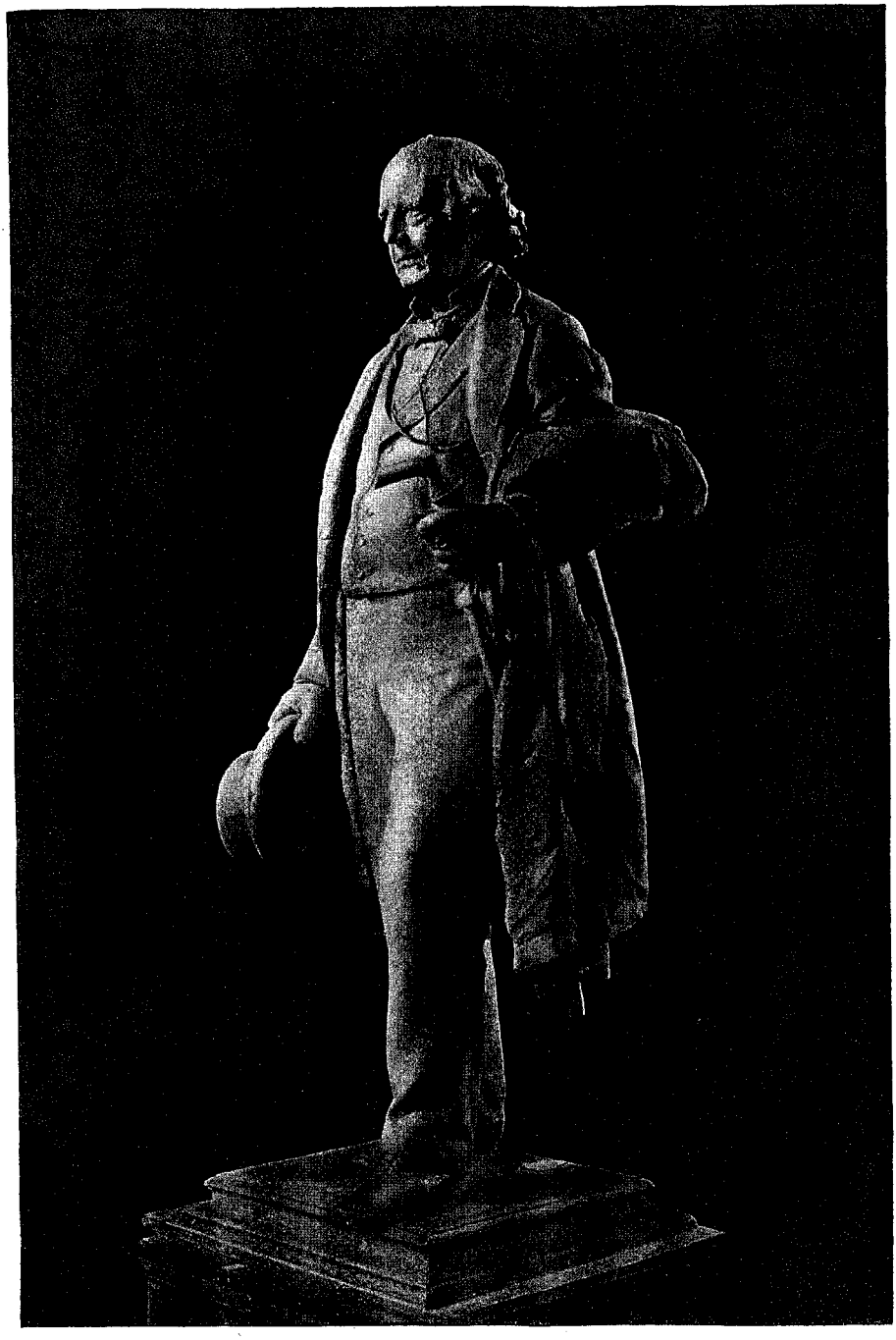

James S. T. Stranahan.

(From the bronze—now in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. For this figure Mr. MacMonnies was awarded the second medal at the Paris Salon of 1891.)

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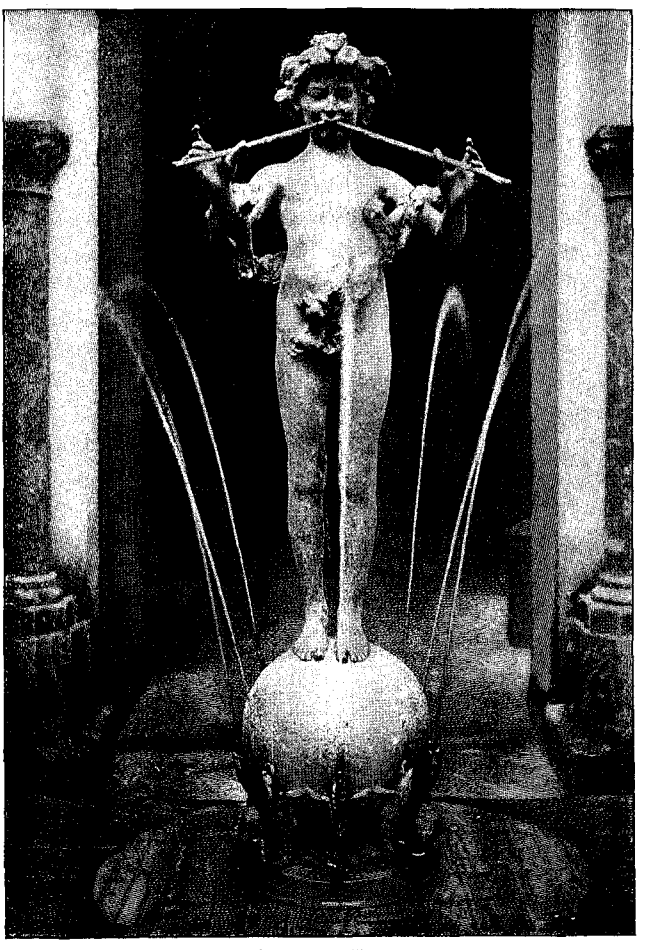
medallions, notably the seal, medal, and sculptured keystone for the Cataract Construction Company, Niagara [Page 617], a charming statuette of Cupid [Page 628], several memorial tablets for various public institutions, bust and bas-relief portraits. These with the models for the central pair of bronze doors for the Congressional Library at Washington, and a figure of Shakespeare for the same place [Page 627], complete the list of finished work, and present unaided a tolerably accurate portrait of one endowed with youth and capacity who has found and made use of opportunity.



Pan of Rohallion.

(Photographed in Paris—designed for the residence of Mr. Edward S. Adams, Seabright, N. J.)

When we consider that this almost enormous contribution of completed work has been given to the world in less than a decade—since 1888, in fact—it becomes little less than phenomenal. Naturally MacMonnies has in the past set himself a pace which, happily endowed though he be, no one could hope to keep up, and something of this haste has left its impress on certain of his conceptions, though rarely or never on his execution—a fact which might be enlarged upon if the purpose of this paper was to any intent critical. There are already signs of moderation of this gait in his last completed work, the figure of Shakespeare above mentioned, where it is evident that perhaps for the first time a larger measure of reflection has wisely restrained the effervescent quality of execution heretofore predominant. Brought face to face with the problem of representing the one man who to all English-speaking people stands as the highest exponent of its poetic expression, the task has appeared other than those previously encountered. The engraving in these pages serves to show in what degree he has acquitted himself of his difficult task. He has at least left the temptation to be theatrical, to which Roubillac in his figure for Garrick's tomb succumbed, on one side, and has avoided the sickly sentimental conceptions of certain contemporaneous sculptors on the other. It is impossible to adequately judge a work in the round from any representation on a plane surface, but MacMonnies's Shakespeare has the appearance of a thoughtful man, simple and dignified, dressed like a gentleman of the period at which he lived, standing firmly on extremely well-drawn

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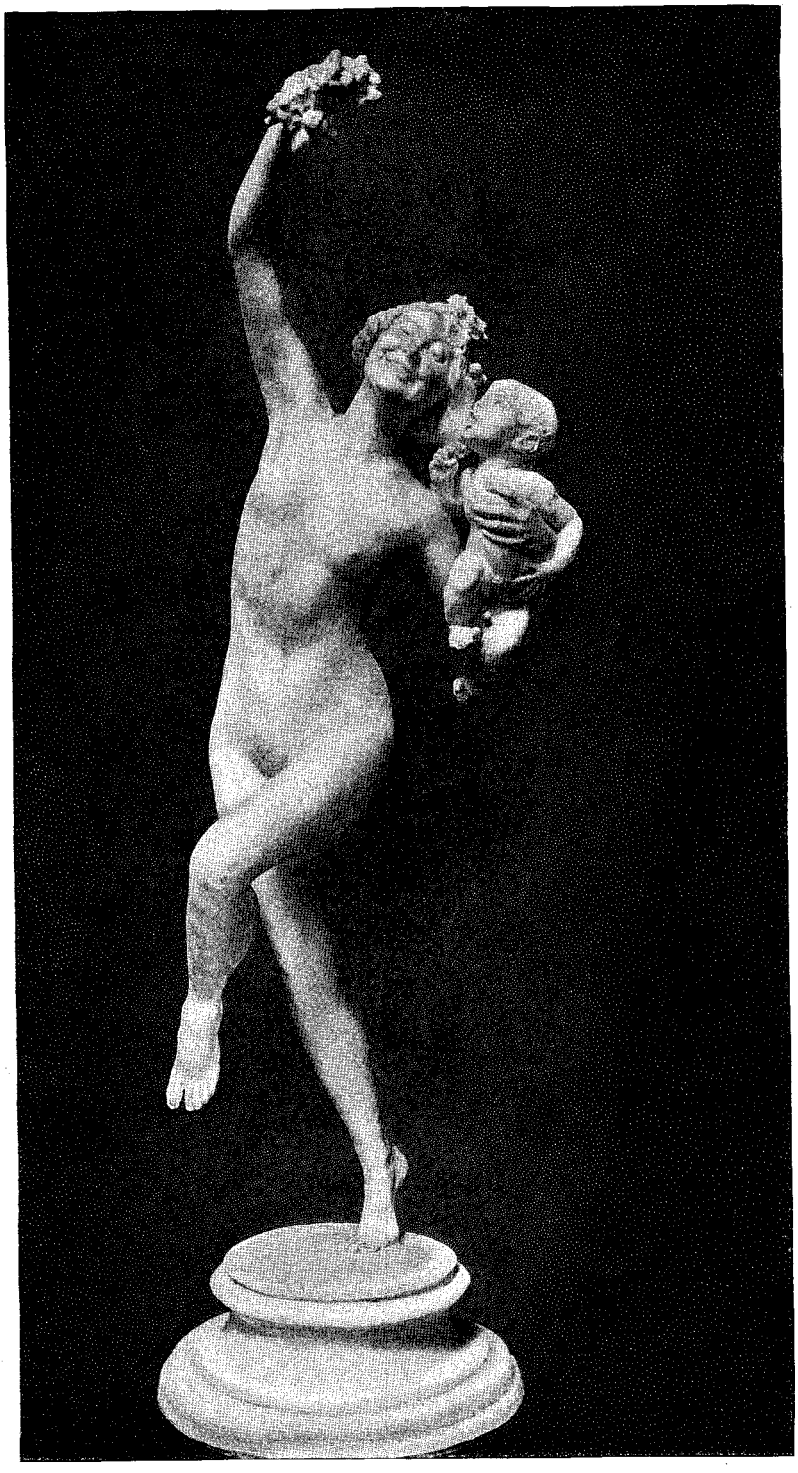

Bacchante.

(Purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum.)

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legs, and the head, while presenting a certain variance to the popularly conceived Shakespearian type, has points of resemblance in common with the bust at Stratford, which from critical examination MacMonnies believes to be a cast from nature, retouched in the parts which the cast would not give, the eyes and flexible portions of the face, by some sculptor of Shakespeare's time. For the bony portions of the head, therefore, MacMonnies has followed the bust, and for other portions the Droeshout portrait to which Jonson gave his approval in the well-known lines. In the absence of any more exact representation of the poet's appearance these documents, consulted from this point of view, constitute, when used as the sculptor has apparently used them, with intelligent discrimination, the best possible authority, and the whole work produces an impression of reality which is convincing. Altogether it is conceived on a much more humanistic and thoughtful plane than any preceding work, and may well mark, in the artistic growth of the young sculptor, the first step (which has taken him far) toward a graver, more soberly conceived sculpture than his youth and ardent delight in execution have allowed him heretofore to conceive. Mention must be made *en passant* of the work which, together with the execution of the Indianapolis Army and Navy groups, occupies the sculptor at this time. In his studio in the rue de Sèvres in Paris, where all his work has been executed, are being made the models for a bronze quadriga which on a colossal scale is to decorate the top of the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Arch in Brooklyn. This, together with a bronze figure of "Victory" [Page 618] for the battle monument at West Point, closes the long list of work accomplished and is of a character with which the young sculptor has abundantly proved himself able to cope. It is impossible even now, when in point of time MacMonnies is hardly more than on the threshold of his career, to refuse to one who has accomplished so much and has won such recognition at home and abroad the title of master, and yet it can be fancied that the sculptor would be the first to reject any such assumption. The nervous force which is behind all the apparent exuberance of his work is not likely to sit down *en route* and placidly savor the fruits of early success. It is far more likely to serve as an incentive to put by each accomplished work and seek in fresh fields new problems; and with changing ideals, as years bring the burden which they always bring and the compensating depth of perception which is granted to serious minds, we can fairly look for works which both in the accrued surety of execution and the seriously considered conception will assure MacMonnies a place among the few great masters of the age. Leaving all that is problematic in such a forecast we can for work already accomplished regard MacMonnies as a most happy exponent of the happy conjunction of capacity, opportunity, and youth. Given his undeniable gifts, granted the fervor of ambitious youth, he is yet fortunate to come upon the scene when our civil war has left great deeds to perpetuate, when the people of these States have relaxed their toil to look about them and seek to beautify their surroundings.

In so far as we have done anything of importance in the fine arts, we have followed the traditions which have governed every movement of like character in the past. With lands to reclaim and render habitable, with a form of government which if inspired was nevertheless experimental, it is small wonder that the rude forefathers of our country had little time and less thought to devote to æsthetic questions. "I would have you know, young man, that Boston is not Athens," was the form of encouragement which Trumbull is said to have received from his father when proposing to follow the career of an artist. When we finally halted for a moment about the time that we had completed our first century, our natural impulse was to add beauty to the comfort of our homes, and the architectural achievement of the subsequent period up to the present is notable. To the practical mind, undoubtedly, the objective character of this "mother of arts" appealed, giving as it does a solid evidence in stone and brick of the effort made and the money spent. Sculpture

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Sir Harry Vane.

(From the plaster of the statue at the Boston Public Library.)

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had its turn next in the many memorials inspired by the civil war. Rising from and returning to the midst of our people our army claimed a just recognition, and of all our towns none were so poor as to deny reverence to the memory of the townsmen fallen in battle or risen to eminence in its ranks. A wiser judgment or a greater knowledge of the possibilities of art would have undoubtedly dictated modest memorial tablets, minor works in stained glass, or mosaic in churches or town-halls, in place of the abortive attempts at soldiers' monuments which disfigure our smaller towns, but where the population was greater and where a larger amount of money could be devoted to the work, the results have been correspondingly better. This popular demand for sculpture, not so much for itself as for the memories it embalms, has been of great value in developing the talent of some of our foremost men, and as an added factor in the encouragement of the art it has become the custom within a very few years of adorning buildings not only of a public character but the great business edifices with sculptured work of a decorative character. In tasks dictated by one or the other of these demands MacMonnies has found employment, and the work achieved, both in quality and quantity, emphasizes the value of opportunity. It would seem as though the whole future of art in this country depends on a solution of the question of supply and demand. It is certain that we can never have the benefits which a different system of government has given to French art, and from the temper of our national mind the artist can never prove his right of existence until some public necessity calls him into active production. Painting, for instance, has with us as yet no status comparable with that of architecture and sculpture, and only exists as an adjunct of luxury which ministers to few, and this condition bids fair to continue until the day when it also may be found useful, to register historical events and, in the form of decorative painting, preserve memories of our past or symbolize the future of our national life.

Mention has been made of the great numbers of works of sculpture which have been erected in the past twenty-five years, and though, as was to be expected, there are few masterpieces to be counted among them, no better general criticism can be made than that they lack as a rule imagination and decorative quality. The modern man clothed in his habit as he lives is not particularly decorative, and hence it has been questioned if it would not be better in a majority of cases to make a monument symbolizing the deeds done, the work accomplished, rather than a presentment of the man. With most of his work MacMonnies has not been called upon to decide this question, as of his four portrait statues three are in a costume which lends itself more readily to decorative treatment than our modern dress. Of the fourth, a simple citizen, he has made a work which is modern to the last degree. The statue of J. S. T. Stranahan, which the gratitude of his fellow-citizens of Brooklyn decreed should be erected during his life, shows the subject standing, an overcoat thrown across his arm, with cane and gloves grasped in his left hand and the high hat of civilization in his right. Such will the statue appear two hundred years hence, an uncompromising portrayal of the man of our time, but whether it is the touch of high benevolence which MacMonnies has succeeded in imparting to the head, or the cleverly adjusted mass of the overcoat on the left arm, it is distinctly sculptural and a work of imagination, as was the Lincoln of St. Gaudens with even fewer adjuncts to give it mass and weight. Hence it may be concluded that such a question is rather one of the man than of his methods, especially as with different material MacMonnies has given us in his Nathan Hale another work of art by treatment where imagination plays the greater and observation the lesser part. The Hale has been criticised as being over-picturesque, presumably by those to whom a dash of romance disfigures a page of history. When we consider, however, that no portrait of Hale exists, and that the task allotted MacMonnies might well mean to one of imagination an embodiment in a

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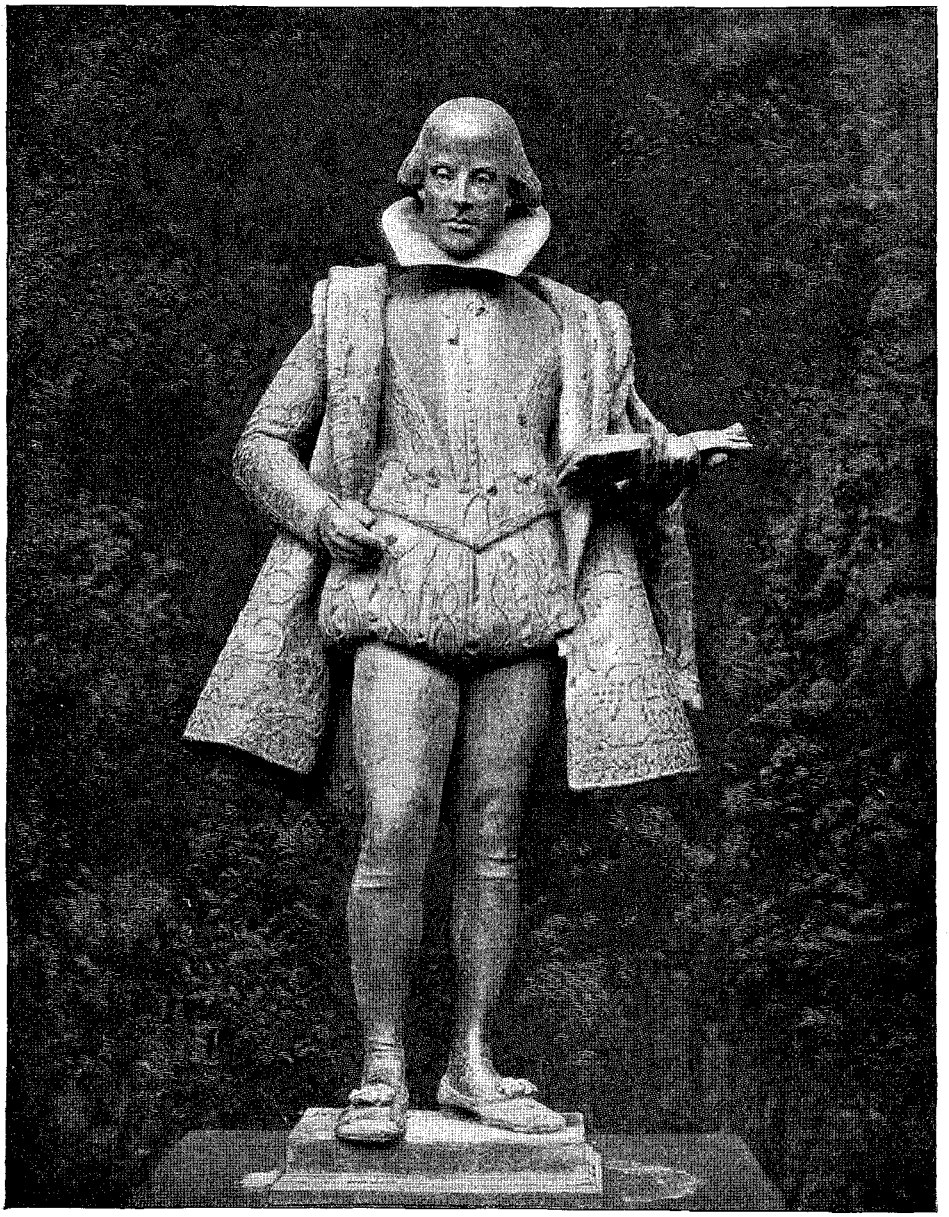

Shakespeare.

(Designed for the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. The face follows the Droeshout print of 1623.)

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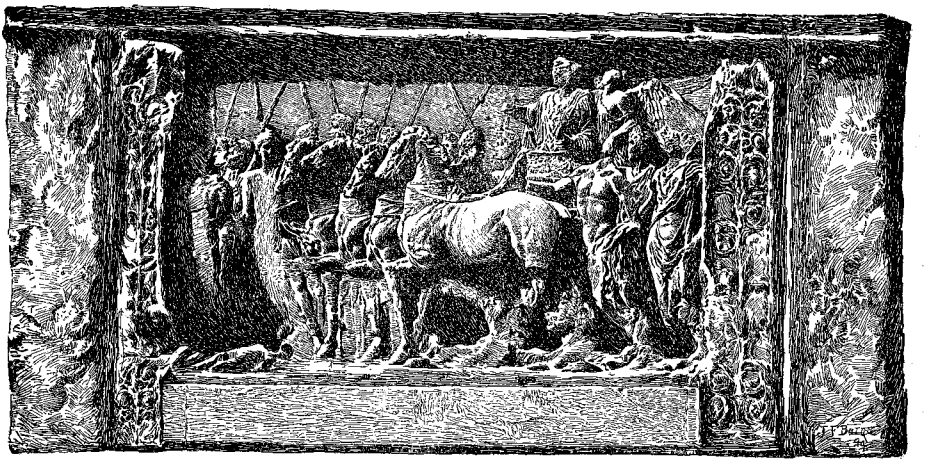
single figure of the spirit of the youth who, having but one life to give to his country, gave it gladly, the emphasis laid on the spiritual character of the work seems fitting. It is, by the manner in which the feet are shackled, by the suggestive rope, a figure which might well cause the passing child to stop, and there receive, perhaps for the first time, an object lesson in history. The consideration of such prolific accomplishment as that of MacMonnies, if taken *seriatim*, would far exceed the limits of these pages, and fortunately the moment has not arrived when a conclusive judgment may be formed. In the heat and fervor of production, with work which reaches as high a plane as his, it is but fair to reserve all classification until the last word of progress has been spoken and the definite form of expression adopted. It is evident that with the fair fields of art open before him such definite expression is yet far distant with MacMonnies, but it may be said that so far in his career he has worked wisely and well, so well that at thirty-two he has already behind him a past which augurs happily for his future.

Cupid on Ball.
(Study for a statuette.)



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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XL

IN WHICH THE FATES ARE SEEN AND A CHOICE OF THE REFUGES FROM THEM

THE home of husband and wife was under one roof at last. Fleetwood went like one deported to his wing of the house, physically sensible, in the back turned to his wife's along the corridor, that our ordinary comparison for the division of a wedded twain is correct. She was Arctic, and Antarctic he had to be, perforce of the distance she put between them. A removal of either of them from life—or from "the act of breathing," as Gower Woodseer's contempt of the talk about death would call it—was an imaginable way of making it a wider division. Ambrose Mallard was far enough from his fatal lady now; farther than the poles asunder; Ambrose, if the clergy will allow him, has found his peace. But the road and the means he chose were a madman's.

The blotting of our character to close our troubles is the final proof of our being "sons of vapor," according to Gower Woodseer's heartless term for poor Ambrose and the lot. They have their souls; and above philosophy, "natural" or unnatural, they may find a shelter. They can show in their desperation that they are made of blood, as philosophers rather fail of doing. An insignificant brainless creature like Feltre had wits, by the aid of his religion, to help or be charitable to his fellows, particularly the sinners, in the crisis of life, surpassing any philosopher's.

Information of her ladyship's having inspected the apartments, to see to the minutest of his customary luxuries, cut at him all round. His valet had it from the footman and maids; and their speaking of it meant a liking for their mistress; and that liking, added to her official solicitude on his behalf, touched a soft place in him and blew an icy wind: he was frozen where he was warmed. Here was evidence of her intending the division to be a fixed gap. She had entered this room and looked about her. He was to feel her presence in her absence.

Someone or something had schooled her, too. Her large-eyed directness of gaze was the same as at that inn and in Wales, but her easy sedateness was novel, her English almost the tone of the English world: he gathered it, at least, from the few remarks below stairs.

His desire to be with her was the desire to escape the phantasm of the woman haunting to subjugate him when they were separate. He could kill illusion by magnifying and clawing at her visible angles and audible false notes; and he did it until his recollections joined to the sight of her, when a clash of the thought of what she had been and the thought of what she was had the effect of conjuring a bitter-sweet image that was a more seductive illusion. Strange to think, this woman once loved the man who was not half the value of the man she no longer loved. He took a shot at cynicism, but hit no mark. This woman protected her whole sex.

They sat at the dinner-table alone, thanks to a handsome wench's attractions for a philosopher. Married, and parents of a lusty son, this was their first sitting at table together. The mouth that said, "I guard my rooms," was not obtruded; she talked passingly of her brother, much of Lady Arpington and of old Mr. Woodseer; and though she reserved a smile, there was no look of a lock on her face. She seemed pleased to be treated very courteously; she returned the stately politeness in exactest measure; very simply, as well.

They passed into the drawing-room. She had heard of the fate of the poor child in Wales, she said, without a comment.

"I see now, I ought to have backed

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your proposal," he confessed, and was near on shivering. She kept silent, proudly or regretfully.

She was inquisitive for accounts of Spanish history and the land of Spain.

Open on her work-basket was a Spanish guide-book and a map attached to it. She listened to descriptions of Cadiz, Malaga, Seville, Granada. Her curiosity was chiefly for detailed accounts of Catalonia and the Pyrenees.

"Hardly the place for you; there's a perpetual heaving of Carlism in those mountains; your own are quieter for travellers," he remarked; and for a moment her lips moved to some likeness of a smile—a dimple in a flowing thought.

He marked the come and go of it.

He regretted his inability to add to her knowledge of the Spanish Pyrenees.

Books helped her at present, she said.

Feeling acutely that hostility would have brought them closer than her uninviting civility, he spoke of the assault on Mr. Wythan, and Gower Woodseer's conjecture, and of his having long since discharged the rascal Ines.

To which, her unreproachful answer: "You made use of those men, my lord," sent a cry ringing through him, recalling Feltre's words, as to the vise men progressively are held in by their deeds done.

"Oh, quite true, we change our views and ways of life," he said, thinking she might set her considerations on other points of his character. But this reflection was a piece of humility not yet in his particular estimates of his character, and he spurned it; an act of pride that drove his mind, for occupation, to contemplate hers; which speedily became an embrace of her character; until he was asking whether the woman he called wife and dared not clasp was one of those rarest, who can be idealized *by virtue* of their being known.

For the young man embracing a character loses grip of his own, is plucked out of himself, and passes into it, to see the creature he is with the other's eyes, and feel for the other as a very self. Such is the privilege and the chastisement of the young.

Gower Woodseer's engagement with the girl Madge was a happier subject for expatiation and agreement. Her deeper tones threw a light on Gower, and where she saw goodness he could at least behold the natural philosopher practically philosophizing.

"The girl shall have a dowry from me," he said; and the sum named was large. Her head bent acknowledgingly: money had small weight with her now. His perception of it stripped him and lamed him.

He wished her ladyship good-night. She stood up and performed a semi-ceremonious obeisance, neatly adapted to their mutual position. She had a well-bred mother.

Probably she would sleep. No such expectation could soothe the friend, and some might be thinking misleader, of Ambrose Mallard before he had ocular proof that the body lay underground. His promise was given to follow it to the grave, a grave in consecrated earth. Ambrose died of the accidental shot of a pocket pistol he customarily carried loaded. Two intimate associates of the dead man swore to that habit of his. They lied to get him undisputed Christian burial. Aha! the Earl laughed outright at Chummy Potts's nursery qualms. The old fellow had to do it, and he lied like a man, for the sake of Ambrose Mallard's family. So much is owing to our friend.

Can ecclesiastical casuists decide upon cases of conscience affecting men of the world?

A council sat upon the case the whole night long. A committee of the worldly held argumentation in a lower chamber.

These are nights that weaken us to below the level of women. A shuttle worked in Fleetwood's head. He defended the men of the world. Lord Feltre oiled them, damned them. Kindled them to a terrific expiatory blaze, and extinguishable salved and wafted aloft the released essence of them. Maniacal for argument, Fleetwood rejected the forgiveness of sins, if sins they be. Prove them sins, and the suffering is of necessity everlasting, his insomnia logic insisted. Whichever side he took, his wife was against him: not in speech, but in her look. She was a dumb figure among the wranglers, clouded up to the neck. Her

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look said she knew more of him than they knew.

He departed next day for London, after kissing his child; and he would have done wisely to abstain from his exhibition of the paternal. Knowing it a step to conciliation, he checked his impulsive warmth, under the apprehension that the mother would take it for a piece of acting to propitiate—and his lips pecked the baby's cheek. Its mother held arms for it immediately. Not without reason did his heart denounce her as a mere mother, with little of a mind to see.

The recent series of feverishly sleepless nights disposed him to snappish irritability or the thirst for tenderness. Gower had singular experiences of him on the drive northwestward. He scarcely spoke; he said once: "If you mean to marry, you'll be wanting to marry soon, of course," and his curt nod before the reply was formulated appeared to signify, the sooner the better and deliverance for both of us. Honest though he might be, sometimes deep and sometimes picturesque, the philosopher's day had come to an end. How can philosophy minister to raw wounds, when we are in a raging gale of the vexations, battered to right and left? Religion has a nourishing breast; philosophy is breastless; religion condones offences; philosophy has no forgiveness, is an untenanted confessional—"wide air to a cry in anguish," Feltre says.

All the way to London, Fleetwood endured his companion, letting him talk when he would.

He spent the greater part of the night discussing human affairs and spiritual with Lord Feltre, whose ointment for raw wounds was an excellent pot in feeble hands. His dialectical exhortations and insinuations were of the feeblest, but to an isolated young man yearning for the tenderness of a woman, thinking but of her grievances, the ointment brought comfort.

It soothed him during his march to and away from Ambrose Mallard's grave; where it seemed to him curious and even pitiable that Chumley Potts should be so inconsolably shaken. Well, and if the priests have the secret of strengthening the backbone for a bend of the knee in calamity, why not go to the priests, Chummy? Potts's hearing was not addressed; nor was the chief person in the meditation affected by a question that merely jumped out of his perturbed interior.

Business at Calesford kept Fleetwood hanging about London several days further, and his hatred of a place he wasted time and money to decorate grew immeasurable; it distorted the features of the beautiful woman for whose pleasure the grand entertainments to be held there had, somewhere or other—when felon spectres were abroad over earth—been conceived.

He could then return to Esslemont. Gower was told kindly, with intentional coldness, that he could take a seat in the phaeton if he liked; and he liked, and took it. Anything to get to that girl of his!

Fleetwood broke a prolonged silence by remarking to Gower: "You haven't much to say to-day;" and the answer was: "Very little. When I'm walking, I'm picking up; and when I'm driving, I'm putting together."

"Ideas in gestation are the dullest matter you can have."

"There I quite agree with you," said Fleetwood. Abrane, Chummy Potts, Brailstone, little Corby, were brighter comrades. And these were his Ixionides! Hitherto his carving of a way in the world had been sufficiently ill-considered. Was it profitable to be a loutish philosopher? Since the death of Ambrose Mallard, he felt Woodseer's title for that crew grind harshly; and he tried to provoke a repetition of it, that he might burst out in wrathful defence of his friends - to be named friends when they were vilified; defence of poor Ambrose at least, the sinner who, or one as bad, might have reached to pardon through the priesthood. Gower offered him no chance.

Entering Esslemont air, Fleetwood tossed his black mood to the winds. She breathed it. She was a mountain girl, and found it hard to forgive our lowlands. She would learn tolerance, taking her flights at seasons. The yacht, if she is anything of a sailor, may give her a taste of England's pleasures. She

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will have a special allowance for distribution among old Mr. Woodseer's people. As to the rest of the Countess of Fleetwood's wishes, her family ranks with her husband's in claims of any kind on him. There would be—she would require and had a right to demand—say, a warm half-hour of explanations; he knew the tone for them, and so little did he resolve it apprehensively that his mind sprang beyond, to the hearing from her mouth of her not intending further to "guard her rooms." How quietly the words were spoken! There was a charm in the retrospect of her mouth and manner. One of the rare women who never pout or attitudinize, she could fling her glove gracefully—one might add, capturingly; under every aspect she was a handsome belligerent. The words he had to combat pleased his memory. Some good friend, Lady Arpington probably, had instructed her in the art of dressing to match her color.

Concerning himself he made no stipulation, but he reflected on Lord Feltre's likely estimate of her as a bit of a heathen. And it might be to her advantage, were she and Feltre to have some conversations. Whatever the Faith, a faith should exist, for without the sentiment of religion, a woman, he says, is where she was when she left the gates of Eden. A man is not much farther. Feltre might have saved Ambrose Mallard. He is, however, right in saying that the woman with the sentiment of religion in her bosom is a box of holy incense distinguishing her from all other women. Empty of it, she is devil's bait. At best she is a creature who cannot overlook an injury, or must be exacting God knows what humiliations before she signs the treaty.

Informed at the house that her ladyship had been staying up on Croridge for the last two days, Fleetwood sent his hardest shot of the eyes at Gower. Let her be absent: it was equal to the first move of war, and absolved him from contemplated proposals to make amends. But the enforced solitary companionship with this ruminator of a fellow set him asking whether the godless dog he had picked up by the wayside was not incarnate another of the sins he had to expiate. Day after day, almost hourly, some new stroke fell on him. Why? Was he selected for persecution because he was wealthy? The Fates were driving him in one direction, no doubt of that.

This further black mood evaporated, and, like a cessation of English storm-weather, bequeathed him gloom. Four days of desolate wanderings over the estate were occupied chiefly in his decreeing the fall of timber that obstructed views, and was the more imperatively doomed for his bailiff's intercession. "Sound wood" the trees might be: they had to assist in defraying the expense of separate establishments. A messenger to Queeney from Croridge then announced the Countess's return "for a couple of hours." Queeney said it was the day when her ladyship examined the weekly bills of the household. That was in the early morning. The post brought my lord a letter from Countess Livia, a most infrequent writer. She had his word to pay her debts; what next was she for asking? He shrugged, opened the letter, and stared at the half-dozen lines. The signification of them rapped on his consciousness of another heavy blow before he was perfectly intelligent.

All possible anticipation seemed here outdone: insomuch that he held palpable evidence of the Fates at work to harass and drive him. She was married to the young Earl of Cressett.

Fleetwood printed the lines on his eyeballs. They were the politely flowing feminine of a statement of the fact, which might have been in one line. They flourished wantonly: they were deadly blunt. And of all men, this youngster, who struck at him through her lips with the reproach that he had sped the good-looking little beast upon his road to ruin—perhaps to Ambrose Mallard's end!

CHAPTER XLI

THE RETARDED COURTSHIP

Carinthia reached Esslemont near noon. She came on foot, and had come unaccompanied, stick in hand, her dress looped for the roads. Madge bustled

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her shorter steps up the park beside her; Fleetwood met her on the terrace.

"No one can be spared at Croridge," she said. "I go back before dark." Apology was not thought of; she seemed wound to the pitch.

He bowed: he led into the morning room. "The boy is at Croridge?"

"With me. He has his nurse. Madge was at home here more than there."

"Why do you go back?"

"I am of use to my brother."

"Forgive me—in what way?"

"He has enemies about him. They are the workmen of Lord Levellier. They attacked Lekkatts the other night, and my uncle fired at them out of a window, and wounded a man. They have sworn they will be revenged. Mr. Wythan is with my brother to protect him."

"Two men, very well; they don't want, if there's danger, a woman's aid in protecting him?"

She smiled, and her smile was like the hint of the steel-blade an inch out of sheath.

"My brother does not count me a weak woman."

"Oh, no! No one would think that," Fleetwood said, hurriedly and heartily. "Least of all men, I, Carinthia. But you might be rash."

"My brother knows me cautious."

"Chillon?"

"It is my brother's name."

"You used to call him by his name."

"I love his name."

"Ah! Well, I may be pardoned for wishing to hear what part you play there."

"I go the rounds with my brother."

"Armed?"

"We carry arms."

"Queer sight to see in England. But there are rascals in this country, too."

She was guilty of saying, though not pointedly: "We do not hire defenders."

"In civilized lands . . ." he began and stopped. "You have Mr. Wythan?"

"Yes, we are three."

"You call him, I think, Owain?"

"I do."

"In your brother's hearing?"

"Yes, my lord; it would be in your hearing if you were near."

"No harm, no doubt."

"There is none."

"But you will not call your brother Chillon to me."

"You dislike the name."

"I learn to like everything you do and say; and every person you like."

"It is by Mr. Wythan's dead wife's request that I call him by his name. He is our friend. He is a man to trust."

"The situation . . ." Fleetwood hung swaying between the worldly view of it and the white light of this woman's nature flashed on his emotion into his mind. "You shall be trusted for judging. If he is your friend he is my friend. I have missed the sight of our boy. You heard I was at Esslemont?"

"I heard from Madge."

"It is positive you must return to Croridge?"

"I must be with my brother, yes."

"Your ladyship will permit me to conduct you."

Her head assented. There was nothing to complain of, but he had not gained a step.

They passed out of Esslemont gates together at that hour of the late afternoon when southwesterly breezes, after a summer gale, drive their huge white flocks over blue fields fresh as morning, on the march to pile the crown of the sphere, and end a troubled day with grandeur. Up the lane by the park, they had open land to the heights of Croridge.

"Splendid clouds," Fleetwood remarked.

She looked up, thinking of the happy long day's walk with her brother to the Syrian Baths. Pleasure in the sight made her face shine superbly. "A flying Switzerland, Mr. Woodseer says," she replied. "England is beautiful on days like these. For walking, I think the English climate very good."

He dropped a murmur: "It should suit so good a walker," and burned to compliment her spirited, easy stepping, and scorned himself for the sycophancy it would be before they were on the common ground of a restored understanding. But an approval of any of

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her acts threatened him with enthusiasm for the whole of them, her person included; and a dam in his breast had to keep back the flood.

"You quote Woodseer to me, Carinthia. I wish you knew Lord Feltre. He can tell you of every cathedral, convent, and monastery in Europe and Syria. Nature is well enough; she is, as he says, a savage. Men's works, acting under Divine direction to escape from that tangle, are better worthy of study, perhaps. If one has done wrong, for example."

"I could listen to him," she said.

"You would not need—except, yes, one thing. Your father's book speaks of not forgiving an injury."

"My father does. He thinks it weakness to forgive an injury. Women do, and are disgraced, they are thought slavish. My brother is much stronger than I am. He is my father alive in that."

"It is anti-Christian, some would think."

"Let offending people go. He would not punish them. They may go where they will be forgiven. For them our religion is a happy retreat; we are glad they have it. My father and my brother say that injury forbids us to be friends again. My father was injured by the English Admiralty; he never forgave it; but he would have fought one of their ships and offered his blood any day, if his country called to battle."

"You have the same feeling, you mean?"

"I am a woman. I follow my brother, whatever he decides. It is not to say he is the enemy of persons offending him; only that they have put the division."

"They repent?"

"If they do, they do well for themselves."

"You would see them in sackcloth and ashes?"

"I would pray to be spared seeing them."

"You can entirely forget—well, other moments, other feelings?"

"They may heighten the injury."

"Carinthia, I should wish to speak plainly, if I could, and tell you. . . ."

"You speak quite plainly, my lord."

"You and I cannot be strangers or enemies."

"We cannot be, I would not be. To be friends, we should be separate."

"You say you are a woman; you have a heart, then?" for if not, what have you, was added in the tone.

"My heart is my brother's," she said.

"All your heart?"

"My heart is my brother's until one of us drops."

"There is not another on earth beside your brother Chillon?"

"There is my child."

The dwarf square tower of Croridge village church fronted them against the sky, seen of both.

"You remember it?" he said, and she answered: "I was married there."

"You have not forgotten that injury, Carinthia?"

"I am a mother."

"By all the saints, you hit hard. Justly. Not you. Our deeds are the hard hitters. We learn when they begin to flagellate, stroke upon stroke. Suppose we hold a costly thing in the hand and dash it to the ground—no recovery of it, none! That must be what your father meant. I can't regret you are a mother. We have a son, a bond. How can I describe the man I was," he muttered—"possessed, sort of wehrwolf! You are my wife?"

"I was married to you, my lord."

"It's a tie, of a kind."

"It binds me."

"Obey, you said."

"Obey *it*. I do."

"You consider it holy?"

"My father and my mother spoke to me of the marriage-tie. I read the service before I stood at the altar. It is holy. It is dreadful. I will be true to it."

"To your husband?"

"To his name, to his honor."

"To the vow to live with him?"

"My husband broke that for me."

"Carinthia, if he bids you—begs you to renew it? God knows what you may save me from!"

"Pray to God. Do not beg of me, my lord. I have my brother and my little son. No more of husband for me! God has given me a friend, too—a man of humble heart, my brother's friend, my dear Rebecca's husband. He can

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take them from me: no one but God. See the splendid sky we have."

With those words she barred the gates on him; at the same time she bestowed the frank look of an amiable face brilliant in the lively red of her exercise; in its bent-bow curves along the forehead, out of the line of beauty, touching, as her voice was, to make an under-note of anguish swell an ecstasy. So he felt it, for his mood was now the lover's. A torture smote him, to find himself transported by that voice at his ear to the scene of the young bride in the thirty-acre meadow.

"I propose to call on Captain Kirby-Levellier to-morrow, Carinthia," he said. "The name of his house?"

"My brother is not now any more in the British army," she replied. "He has hired a furnished house named Stoneridge."

"He will receive me, I presume?"

"My brother is a courteous gentleman, my lord."

"Here is the church, and here we have to part, for to-day. Do we?"

"Good-by to you, my lord," she said.

He took her hand and dropped the dead thing.

"Your idea is to return to Esslemont some day or other?"

"For the present," was her strange answer.

She bowed, she stepped on. On she sped, leaving him at the stammered beginning of his appeal to her.

Their parting by the grave-yard of the church that had united them, was what the world would class as curious. To him it was a further and a well-marked stroke of the fatality pursuing him. He sauntered by the grave-yard wall until her figure slipped out of sight. It went like a puffed candle, and still it haunted the corner where last seen. Her vanishing seemed to say that less of her belonged to him than the phantom his eyes retained behind them somewhere.

There was in his pocket a memento of Ambrose Mallard that the family had given him at his request. He felt the lump. He had an answer for all perplexities. It had been charged and emptied since it was in his possession; and it could be charged again. The thing was a volume as big as the world to study. For the touch of a finger, one could have its entirely satisfying contents, and fly and be a raven of that night wherein poor Ambrose wanders lost, but cured of human wounds.

He leaned on the church-yard wall, having the graves to the front of eyes bent inward. They were Protestant graves, not so impressive to him as the wreathed and gilt of those under dedication to Feltre's Madonna. But whatever they were, they had ceased to nurse an injury or feel the pain for having inflicted it. Their wrinkles had gone from them, whether of anger or suffering. Ambrose Mallard lay as peaceful in consecrated ground, and Chumley Potts would be unlikely to think that the helping to lay Ambrose in his quiet last home would cost him a roasting until priestly intercession availed. So Chummy continues a Protestant: dull consciences can! But this is incomprehensible, that she, nursing her injury, should be perfectly civil. She is a woman without emotion. She is a woman full of emotion, one man knows. She ties him to her, to make him feel the lash of his remorse. He feels it because of her casting him from her—and so civilly. If this were a Catholic church, one might go in and give the stained soul free way to get a cleansing. As it is, here are the graves; the dead everywhere have their sanctity, even the heathen.

Fleetwood read the name of the family of Meek on several boards at the heads of the graves. Jonathan Meek dies at the age of ninety-five. A female Meek had eighty-nine years in this life. Ezra Meek gave up the ghost prematurely with a couplet at eighty-one. A healthy spot, Croridge, or there were virtues in the Meek family, he reflected, and had a shudder that he did not trace to its cause, beyond an acknowledgment of a desire for the warm smell of incense.

CHAPTER XLII

ON THE ROAD TO THE ACT OF PENANCE

His customary wrestle with the night drove Lord Fleetwood, in the stillness of the hour after matins, from his hated

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empty Esslemont up again to the village of the long-lived people, enjoying the moist earthiness of the air off the ironstone. He rode fasting, a good preparatory state for the simple pleasures, which are virtually the Great Nourisher's teats to her young. The Earl was relieved of his dejection by a sudden filling of his nostrils. Fat Esslemont underneath had no such air. Except on the mornings of his walk over the Salzkammergut and Black Forest regions, he had never consciously drawn that deep breath of the satisfied rapture, charging the whole breast with thankfulness. Huntsmen would know it, if the chase were not urgent to pull them at the tail of the running beast. Once or twice on board his yacht he might have known something like it, but the salt sea-breeze could not be disconnected from his companion Lord Feltre, and a thought of Feltre swung vapor of incense all about him. Breathing this air of the young sun's kiss of earth, his invigoration repelled the seductions of the burnt Oriental gums.

Besides, as he had told his friend, it was the sincerity of the Catholic religion, not the seductiveness, that won him to a form of homage—the bend of the head of a foreign observer at a midnight mass. Asceticism, though it may not justify error, is a truth in itself, it is the essence extracted of the scourge, flesh vanquished; and it stands apart from controversy. Those monks of the forested mountain heights, rambling for their herbs, know the blessedness to be found in mere breathing; a neighbor readiness to yield the breath inspires it the more. For when we do not dread our end, the sense of a free existence comes back to us; we have the prized gift to infancy under the piloting of manhood. But before we taste that happiness we must perform our penance; "No living happiness can be for the unclean," as the holy father preached to his flock of the monastery dispersing at matins.

Ay, but penance? penance? Is there not such a thing as the doing of penance out of the church, in the manly fashion? So to regain the right to be numbered among the captains of the world's fighting men, incontestably the best of comrades, whether or no they led away on a cataract leap at the gates of life. Boldly to say we did wrong will clear our sky for a few shattering peals.

The penitential act means, youth put behind us, and a steady course ahead. But, for the keeping of a steady course, men made of blood in the walks of the world must be steadied. Say it plainly—mated. There is the humiliating point of our human condition. We must have beside us and close beside us the woman we have learned to respect; supposing ourselves lucky enough to have found her;—"that required other scale of the human balance," as Woodseer calls her now he has got her, wiser than Lord Feltre in reference to men and women. We get no balance without her. That is apparently the positive law; and by reason of men's wretched enslavement, it is the dance to dissolution when we have not honorable union with women. Feltre's view of women sees the devilish or the angelical; and to most men women are knaves or ninnies. Hence do we behold rascals or imbeciles in the offspring of most men.

Along the heights, outside the village, some way below a turn of the road to Lekkatts, a gentleman waved hand. The Earl saluted with his whip, and waited for him.

"Nothing wrong, Mr. Wythan?"

"Nothing to fear, my lord."

"I get a trifle uneasy."

"The Countess will not leave her brother."

A glow of his Countess's friendliness for this open-faced, prompt-speaking, good fellow of the faintly inky eyelids, and possibly sheepish inclinations, melted Fleetwood. Our downright repentance of misconduct toward a woman binds us at least to the tolerant recognition of what poor scraps of consolement she may have picked up between then and now—when we can stretch fist in flame to defy it on the oath of her being a woman of honor.

The Earl alighted and said: "Her brother, I suspect, is the key of the position."

"He's worth it — she loves her brother," said Mr. Wythan, betraying a feature of his quick race, with whom the reflection upon a statement is its lightning in advance.

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Gratified by the instant apprehension of his meaning, Fleetwood interpreted the Welshman's. "I have to see the brother worthy of her love. Can you tell me the hour likely to be convenient?"

Mr. Wythan thought an appointment unnecessary: which conveyed the sufficient assurance of audience granted.

"You know her brother well, Mr. Wythan?"

"Know him as if I had known him for years. They both come to the mind as faith comes — no saying how one swears by them."

Fleetwood eyed the Welsh gentleman, with an idea that he might readily do the same by him.

Mr. Wythan's quarters were at the small village inn, whither he was on his way to breakfast. The Earl slipped an arm through the bridle reins and walked beside him, listening to an account of the situation at Lekkatts. It was that extraordinary complication of moves and checks which presents in the main a knot, for the powers above to cut. A miserly old lord withholds arrears of wages; his workmen strike at a critical moment; his nephew, moved by common humanity, draws upon crippled resources to supply their extremer needs, though they are ruining his interests. They made one night a demonstration of the terrorizing sort round Lekkatts, to give him a chorus; and the old lord fired at them out of window and wounded a man. For that they vowed vengeance. All the new gunpowder milled in Surrey was, for some purpose of his own, stored by Lord Levellier on the alder island of the pond near his workshops, a quarter of a mile below the house. They refused, whatever their object, to let a pound of it be moved, at a time when at last the Government had undertaken to submit it to experiments. And there they stood on ground too strong for "the Captain," as they called him, to force, because of the quantity stored at Lekkatts being largely beyond the amount under cover of Lord Levellier's license. The old lord was very ill, and he declined to see a doctor, but obstinately kept from dying. His nephew had to guard him, and at the same time support an enemy having just cause of complaint. This, however, his narrow means would not much longer permit him to do. The alternative was then offered him of either siding arbitrarily against the men and his conscience, or of taking a course "imprudent on the part of a presumptive heir," Mr. Wythan said hurriedly at the little inn's doorsteps.

"You make one of his lordship's guard?" said Fleetwood.

"The Countess, her brother, and I, yes."

"Danger at all?"

"Not so much to fear while the Countess is with us."

"Fear is not a word for Carinthia."

Her name on the Earl's lips drew a keen shot of the eye from Mr. Wythan, and he read the signification of the spoken name. "You know what every Cambrian living thinks of her, my lord."

"She shall not have one friend the less for me."

Fleetwood's hand was out for a good-by, and the hand was grasped by one who looked happy in doing it. He understood and trusted the man after that, warmed in thinking how politic his impulses could be.

His intention of riding up to Croridge at noon to request his interview with Mr. Kirby-Levellier was then stated.

"The key of the position, as you said," Mr. Wythan remarked, not proffering an opinion of it more than was expressed by a hearty, rosy countenance, that had to win its way with the Earl before excuse was found for the venturesome repetition of his phrase.

Cantering back to that home of the loves of Gower Woodseer and Madge Winch, the thought of his first act of penance done, without his feeling the poorer for it, reconciled Fleetwood to the aspect of the hollow place.

He could not stay beneath the roof. His task of breakfasting done, he was off before the morning's delivery of letters, riding round the country under Croridge, soon up there again. And Henrietta might be at home, he was reminded by hearing band-music as he followed the directions to the house named Stoneridge. The band consisted of eight wind instruments; they played

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astonishingly well for itinerant musicians. By curious chance, they were playing a selection from the "Pirata;" presently he heard the notes to "*il mio tradito amor.*" They had hit upon Henrietta's favorite piece!

At the close of it he dismounted, flung the reins to his groom, and, addressing a compliment to the leader, was deferentially saluted with a "My lord." Henrietta stood at the window, a servant held the door open for him to enter; he went in, and the beautiful young woman welcomed him: "Oh, my dear lord, you have given me such true delight! How very generous of you!" He protested ignorance. She had seen him speak to the conductor and receive the patron's homage; and who but he knew her adored of operas, or would have had the benevolent impulse to think of solacing her exile from music in the manner so sure of her taste! She was at her loveliest; her features were one sweet bloom, as of the sunny flower-garden; and, touched to the heart by the music and the kindness, she looked the look that kisses; innocently, he felt, feeling himself on the same good ground while he could own he admired the honey creature, much as an amateur may admire one of the pictures belonging to the nation.

"And you have come?—" she said. "We are to believe in happy endings?"

He shrugged, as the modest man should, who says: "If it depends on me;" but the words were firmly spoken and could be credited.

"Janey is with her brother down at Lekkatts. Things are at a deadlock. A spice of danger, enough to relieve the dulness; and where there is danger Janey's at home." Henrietta mimicked her Janey. "Parades with her brother at night; old military cap on her head; firearms primed; sings her Austrian mountain song, or the Light Cavalry call, till it rings all day in my ears—she has a thrilling contralto. You are not to think her wild, my lord. She's for adventure or domesticity, 'whichever the Fates decree.' She really is coming to the perfect tone."

"Speak of her," said the Earl. "She can't yet overlook——?"

"It's in the family. She will overlook anything her brother excuses."

"I'm here to see him."

"I heard it from Mr. Wythan."

"'Owain,' I believe?"

Henrietta sketched apologies, with a sidled head, soft pout, wavy hand. "He belongs to the order of primitive people. His wife—the same pattern, one supposes—pledged them to their Christian names. The man is a simpleton, but a gentleman; and Janey holds his dying wife's wish sacred. We are all indebted to him."

"Whatever she thinks right!" said Fleetwood.

The fair young woman's warm nature flew out to him on a sparkle of grateful tenderness in return for his magnanimity, oblivious of the inflamer it was: and her heart thanked him more warmly, without the perilous show of emotion, when she found herself secure.

She was beautiful, she was tempting, and probably the weakest of players in the ancient game of two; and clearly she was not disposed to the outlaw game; she was only a creature of ardor. That he could see, seeing the misinterpretation a fellow like Brailstone would put upon a temporary flush of the feminine, and the advantage he would take of it, perhaps not unsuccessfully—the dog! He committed the absurdity of casting a mental imprecation at the cunning tricksters of emotional women, and yelled at himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake. But letting his mind run this way, the *tradito amor* of the band outside the lady's window was instantly traced to Lord Brailstone; so convictingly, that he now became a very counsel for an injured husband in denunciation of the seductive compliment.

Henrietta prepared to conduct him to Lekkatts; her bonnet was brought. She drew forth a letter from a silken work-bag, and raised it—Livia's handwriting.

"I've written my opinion," he said.

"Not too severe, pray."

"Posted."

"Livia wanted a protector."

"And chose—what on earth are you saying?"

Livia and her boyish lord were aban-

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doned on the spot, though Henrietta could have affirmed stoutly that there was much to be pleaded, if a female advocate dared it, and a man would but hear.

His fingers were at the leaves of a Spanish dictionary.

"Oh, yes, and here we have a book of travels in Spain," she said. "Everything Spanish for Janey now. You are aware?—no?"

He was unaware and desired to be told.

"Janey's latest idea; only she would have conceived the notion. You solve our puzzle, my lord."

"Tell me—I solve?" he said.

Henrietta spied the donkey-basket bearing the two little ones.

"Yes, I hope so—on our way down," she made answer. "I want you to see the pair of love-birds in a nest."

The boy and girl were seen lying side by side, both fast asleep; fair-haired girl, dark-haired boy, faced to one another.

"Temper?" said Fleetwood, when he had taken observation of them.

"Very imperious—Mr. Boy!" she replied, straightening her back under a pretty frown, to convey the humor of the infant tyrant.

The father's mind ran swiftly on a comparison of the destinies of the two children, from his estimate of their parents; many of Gower Woodseer's dicta converging to reawaken thoughts upon Nature's laws, which a knowledge of his own nature blackened. He had to persuade himself that this child of his was issue of a loving union; he had to do it violently, conjuring a vivid picture of the mother in bud, and his recognition of her young charm; the pain of keeping to his resolve to quit her, lest she should subjugate him and despoil him of his wrath; the fatalism in his coming and going; the romantic freak it had been—a situation then so clearly wrought, now blurred past comprehension. But there must have been love, or some love on his part. Otherwise he was bound to pray for the mother to predominate in the child, all but excluding its father.

Carinthia's image, as a result, ascended sovereignly, and he hung to it.

He had forgotten the puzzle spoken of by Henrietta, when she used the word again and expressed her happiness in the prospect before them—caused by his presence, of course.

"You are aware, my dear lord, Janey worships her brother. He was defeated, by some dastardly contrivance, in a wager to do wonderful feats – for money! money! money! a large stake. How we come off our high horses! I hadn't an idea of money before I was married. I think of little else. My husband has notions of honor; he engaged himself to pay a legacy of debts; his uncle would not pay debts long due to him. He was reduced to the shift of wagering on his great strength and skill. He could have done it. His enemy managed—enemy there was! He had to sell out of the army in consequence. I shall never have Janey's face of suffering away from my sight. He is a soldier above all things. It seems hard on me, but I cannot blame him for snatching at an opportunity to win military distinction. He is in treaty for the post of aide to the Colonel, the General of the English contingent bound for Spain, for the cause of the Queen. My husband will undertake to be at the orders of his chief as soon as he can leave this place. Janey goes with him, according to present arrangements."

Passing through a turnstile, that led from the road across a meadow-slope to the broken land below, Henrietta had view of the Earl's hard, white face, and she hastened to say: "You have altered that, my lord. She is devoted to her brother; and her brother running dangers, . . . and danger in itself is an attraction to her. But her husband will have the first claim. She has her good sense. She will never insist on going if you oppose. She will be ready to fill her station. It will be her pride and her pleasure."

Henrietta continued in the vein of these assurances; and Carinthia's character was shooting lightnings through him, withering that of the woman who referred to his wife's good sense and her station; and certainly would not have betrayed herself by such drawlings if she had been very positive that Carinthia's disposition toward wealth and

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luxury resembled hers. She knew the reverse; or so his contemptuously generous effort to frame an apology for the stuff he was hearing considered it. His wife was lost to him. That fact smote on his breast the moment he heard of her design to go with her brother.

Half of our funny heathen lives we are bent double to gather things we have tossed away! was one of the numbers of opposite sayings that hummed about him, for a chorus of the world's old wisdom in derision, when he descended the heathy path and had sight of Carinthia beside her Chillon. Would it be the same thing if he had it in hand again? Did he wish it to be the same? Was not he another man? By the leap of his heart to the woman standing down there, he was a better man! But recent spiritual exercises brought him to see superstitiously how by that sign she was lost to him; for everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse; thus is the better a proved thing.

Both Chillon and Carinthia, it is probable, might have been stirred to deeper than compassion, had the proud young nobleman taken them into his breast to the scouring of it; exposing the grounds of his former brutality, his gradual enlightenment, his ultimate acknowledgment of the pricelessness of the woman he had won to lose her. An imploring of forgiveness would not have been necessary with those two, however great their—or the woman's—astonishment at the revelation of an abysmal male humanity.

A complete exposure of past meanness is the deed of present courage certain of its reward without as well as within; for then we show our fellows that the slough is cast But life is a continuous fight; and members of the social world display its degree of civilization by fighting in armor; most of them are born in it; and their armor is more sensitive than their skin. It was Fleetwood's instinct of his inability to fling it off utterly which warned him of his loss of the wife, whose enthusiasm to wait on her brother in danger might have subsided into the channel of duty, even tenderness, had he been able resolutely to strip himself bare. This was the further impossible to him, because of a belief he now imposed upon himself, to cover the cowardly shrinking from so extreme a penitential act, that such confessions are due from men to the priest only, and that he could confess wholly and absolutely to the priest—to heaven, therefore, under seal, and in safety, but with perfect repentance.

So, compelled to keep his inner self unknown, he fronted Chillon; courteously, in the somewhat lofty seeming of a guarded manner, he requested audience for a few minutes; observing the princely figure of the once hated man, and understanding Henrietta's sheer womanly choice of him; Carinthia's idolatry, too, as soon as he had spoken. The man was in his voice.

Chillon said: "It concerns my sister, I have to think. In that case, her wish is to be present. Your lordship will shorten the number of minutes for the interview by permitting it."

Fleetwood encountered Carinthia's eyes. They did not entreat or defy. They seconded her brother, and, were a civil, shining nought on her husband. He bowed his head, constrained, feeling heavily the two to one.

She replied to the look: "My brother and I have a single mind. We save time by speaking three together, my lord."

Why had she primed her brother to propose this? Addressing them separately, he could have been his better or truer self. The sensation of the check imposed on him was instructive as to her craft and the direction of her wishes.

She preferred the braving of hazards and horrors beside her brother, in scorn of the advantages he could offer; and he yearned to her for despising by comparison the bribe he proposed in the hope he might win her to him. She was with religion to let him know the meanness of wealth.

Thus, at the edge of the debate, or contest, the young lord's essential nobility disarmed him; and the revealing of it, which would have appealed to Carinthia and Chillon both, was forbidden by its constituent pride that helped him to live and stood obstructing explanatory speech.

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CHAPTER XLIII

BETWEEN THE EARL, THE COUNTESS, AND HER BROTHER, AND OF A SILVER CROSS

CARINTHIA was pleased by hearing Lord Fleetwood say to her: "Your Madge and my Gower are waiting to have the day named for them."

She said: "I respect him so much for his choice of Madge. They shall not wait, if I am to decide."

"Old Mr. Woodseer has undertaken to join them."

"It is in Whitechapel they will be married."

The blow that struck was not intended, and Fleetwood passed it, under her brother's judicial eye. Any small chance word may carry a sting for the neophyte in penitence.

"My lawyers will send down the settlement on her, to be read to them today or to-morrow. With the interest on that and the sum he tells me he has in the Funds, they keep the wolf from the door—a cottage door. They have their cottage. There's an old song of love in a cottage. His liking for it makes him seem wiser than his clever sayings. He'll work in that cottage."

"They have a good friend to them in you, my lord. It will not be poverty for their simple wants. I hear of the little cottage in Surrey where they are to lodge at first, before they take one of their own."

"We will visit them."

"When I am in England I shall visit them often."

He submitted.

"The man up here wounded is recovering?"

"Yes, my lord. I am learning to nurse the wounded, with the surgeon to direct me."

"Matters are sobering down?—The workmen?"

"They listen to reason so willingly when we speak personally, we find."

The Earl addressed Chillon. "Your project of a Spanish expedition reminds me of favorable reports of your chief."

"Thoroughly able and up to the work," Chillon answered.

"Queer people to meddle with."

"We're on the right side in the dispute."

"It counts, Napoleon says. A Spanish civil war promises bloody doings."

"Any war does that."

"In the Peninsula it's war to the knife, a merciless business."

"Good schooling for the profession."

Fleetwood glanced: she was collected and attentive. "I hear from Mrs. Levellier that Carinthia would like to be your companion."

"My sister has the making of a serviceable hospital nurse."

"You hear the chatter of London?"

"I have heard it."

"You encourage her, Mr. Levellier?"

"She will be useful—better there than here, my lord."

"I claim a part in the consultation."

"There's no consultation; she determines to go."

"We can advise her of all the risks."

"She has weighed them, every one."

"In the event of accidents, the responsibility for having persuaded her would rest on you."

"My brother has not persuaded me," Carinthia's bell-tones intervened. "I proposed it. The persuasion was mine. It is my happiness to be near him, helping, if I can."

"Lady Fleetwood, I am entitled to think that your brother yielded to a request urged in ignorance of the nature of the risks a woman runs."

"My brother does not yield to a request without examining it all round, my lord, and I do not. I know the risks. An evil that we should not endure—life may go. There can be no fear for me."

She spoke plain truth. The soul of this woman came out in its radiance to subdue him, as her visage sometimes did; and her voice enlarged her words. She was a warrior woman, Life her sword, Death her target, never to be put to shame, unconquerable. No such symbolical image smote him, but he had an impression, the prose of it. As in the scene of the miners' cottages, her lord could have knelt to her; and for an unprotesting longer space now. He choked a sigh, shrugged, and said, in the world's patient manner with mad people: "You have set your mind on it; you see it rose-colored. You

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would not fear, no, but your friends would have good reason to fear. It's a menagerie in revolt over there. It is not really the place for you. Abandon the thought, I beg."

"I shall, if my brother does not go," said Carinthia.

Laughter of spite at a remark either silly or slyly defiant was checked in Fleetwood by the horror of the feeling that she had gone, was ankle-deep in bloody mire, captive, prey of a rabble soldiery, meditating the shot or stab of the blessed end out of woman's half of our human muddle.

He said to Chillon: "Pardon me, war is a detestable game. Women in the thick of it add a touch to the brutal hideousness of the whole thing."

Chillon said: "We are all of that opinion. Men have to play the game; women serving in hospital make it humaner."

"Their hospitals are not safe."

"Well! Safety!"

For safety is nowhere to be had. But the Earl pleaded: "But least in our country."

"In our country women are safe?"

"They are, we may say, protected."

"Laws and constables are poor protection for them."

"The women we name ladies are pretty safe, as a rule."

"My sister, then, was the exception."

After a burning half-minute the Earl said: "I have to hear it from you, Mr. Levellier. You see me here."

That was handsomely spoken. But Lord Fleetwood had been judged and put aside. His opening of an old case to hint at repentance for brutality annoyed the man who had let him go scathless for a sister's sake.

"The grounds of your coming, my lord, are not seen; my time is short."

"I must, I repeat, be consulted with regard to Lady Fleetwood's movements."

"My sister does not acknowledge your claim."

"The Countess of Fleetwood's acts involve her husband."

"One has to listen at times to what old sailors call Caribbee!" Chillon exclaimed impatiently, half aloud. "My sister received your title; she has to support it. She did not receive the treatment of a wife—or lady, or woman, or domestic animal. The bond is broken, as far as it bears on her subjection. She holds to the rite, thinks it sacred. You can be at rest as to her behavior. In other respects your lordship does not exist for her."

"The father of her child must exist for her."

"You raise that curtain, my lord!"

In the presence of three it would not bear a shaking.

Carinthia said, in pity of his torture: "I have my freedom, and am thankful for it, to follow my brother, to share his dangers with him. That is more to me than luxury and the married state. I take only my freedom."

"Our boy? You take the boy?"

"My child is with my sister Henrietta."

"Where?"

"We none know yet."

"You still mistrust me?"

Her eyes were on a man that she had put from her peaceably; and she replied, with sweetness in his ears, with shocks to a sinking heart, "My lord, you may learn to be a gentle father to the child. I pray you may. My brother and I will go. If it is death for us, I pray my child may have his father, and God directing his father."

Her speech had the clang of the final.

"Yes, I hope—if it be the worst happening, I pray, too," said he, and drooped and brightened desperately. "But you, too, Carinthia, you could aid by staying, by being with the boy and me. Carinthia!" he clasped her name, the vapor left to him of her: "I have learnt—learnt what I am, what you are; I have to climb a height to win back the wife I threw away. She was unknown to me; I to myself nearly as much. I sent a warning of the kind of husband for you—a poor kind; I just knew myself well enough for that. You claimed my word—the blessing of my life, if I had known it! We were married; I played—I see the beast I played. Money is power, they say. I see the means it is to damn the soul, unless we—unless a man does what I do now."

Fleetwood stopped. He had never spoken such words—arterial words, as

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they were, though the commonest; and with moist brows, dry lips, he could have resumed, have said more, have taken this woman, this dream of the former bride, the present stranger, into his chamber of the brave aims and sentenced deeds. Her brother in the room was the barrier; and she sat mute, large-eyed, expressionless. He had plunged low in the man's hearing; the air of his lungs was thick, hard to breathe, for shame of a degradation so extreme.

Chillon imagined him to be sighing. He had to listen further. "Soul" had been an uttered word. When the dishonoring and mishandling brute of a young nobleman stuttered a compliment to Carinthia on her "faith in God's assistance and the efficacy of prayer," he jumped to his legs, hot to be shouting "Hound" at him. He said, under control: "God's name shall be left to the Church. My sister need not be further troubled. She has shown she is not persuaded by me. Matters arranged here quickly, I expect—we start. If I am asked whether I think she does wisely to run the risks in an insurrectionary country rather than remain at home exposed to the honors and amusements your lordship offers, I think so; she is acting in her best interests. She has the choice of being abroad with me or staying here unguarded by me. She has had her experience. She chooses rightly. Paint the risks she runs, you lay the colors on those she escapes. She thanks the treatment she has undergone for her freedom to choose. I am responsible for nothing but the not having stood against her most wretched marriage. It might have been foreseen. Out there in the war she is protected. Here she is with—I spare your lordship the name."

Fleetwood would have heard harsher had he not been Carinthia's husband. He withheld his reply. The language moved him to proud hostility; but the speaker was Carinthia's brother.

He said to her: "You won't forget Gower and Madge?"

She gave him a smile in saying: "It shall be settled for a day after next week."

The forms of courtesy were exchanged.

At the closing of the door on him, Chillon said: "He did send a message; I gathered it—without the words—from our Uncle Griphard. I thought him in honor bound to you—and it suited me that I should."

"I was a blindfold girl, dearest; no warning would have given me sight," said Carinthia. "That was my treachery to the love of my brother. I dream of father and mother reproaching me."

The misery of her time in England had darkened her mind's picture of the early hour with Chillon on the heights above the forsaken old home; and the enthusiasm of her renewed devotion to her brother giving it again, as no light of a lost Eden, as the brilliant step she was taking with him from their morning eastern Alps to smoky-crimson Pyrenees and Spanish sierras; she could imagine the cavernous interval her punishment for having abandoned a sister's duties in the quest of personal happiness.

But, simultaneously, the growing force of her mind's intelligence, wherein was no enthusiasm to misdirect by over-coloring, enabled her to gather more than a suspicion of comparative feebleness in the man stripped of his terrors. She penetrated the discrowned tyrant's nature some distance, deep enough to be quit of her foregoing alarms. These, combined with his assured high style, had woven him the magical coat, threadbare to quiet scrutiny. She matched him beside her brother. The dwarfed object was then observed; and it was not for a woman to measure herself beside him. She came, however, of a powerful blood, and he was pressing her back on her resources: without the measurement or a thought of it, she did that which is the most ordinary and the least noticed of our daily acts in civilized intercourse, she subjected him to the trial of the elements composing him, by collision with what she felt of her own; and it was because she felt them strongly, aware of her feeling them but unaware of any conflict, that the wrestle occurred. She flung him, pitied him, and passed on along her path elsewhere. This can be done when love is gone. It is done more or less at every meeting of men and men; and men and women who love not are perpetually doing it, uncon-

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sciously or sensibly. Even in their love, a time for the trial arrives among certain of them ; and the leadership is assumed, and submission ensues, tacitly, nothing of the contention being spoken, perhaps nothing definitely known.

In Carinthia's case, her revived enthusiasm for her brother drove to the penetration of the husband pleading to thwart its course. His offer was wealth ; that is, luxury, amusement, ease. The sub-audible "himself" into the bargain was disregarded, not counting with one who has an upward rush of fire at the thought that she was called to share her brother's dangers.

Chillon cordially believed the Earl to be the pestilent half madman, junction with whom is a constant trepidation for the wife, when it is not a screaming plight. He said so, and Carinthia let him retain his opinion. She would have said it herself to support her scheme, though "mad" applied to a man moving in the world with other men was not understood by her.

With Henrietta for the Earl's advocate, she was patient as the deaf rock-wall enthusiasm can be against entreaties to change its direction or bid it disperse. The "private band of picked musicians" at the disposal of the Countess of Fleetwood, and opera-singers (Henrietta mentioned resonant names) hired for wonderful nights at Esslemont and Calesford, or on board the Earl's beautiful schooner-yacht, were no temptation. Nor did Henrietta's allusions to his broken appearance move his wife, except in her saying, regretfully : "He changes."

On the hall table at Esslemont, a letter from his bankers informed the Earl of a considerable sum of money paid in to his account in the name of Lord Brailstone. Chumley Potts, hanging at him like a dog without a master since the death of his friend Ambrose, had journeyed down : "Anxious about you," he said. Anxious about or attracted by the possessor of Ambrose Mallard's "clean sweeper," the silver-mounted small pistol ; sight of which he begged to have ; and he lengthened his jaw on hearing it was loaded. A loaded pistol, this dark little one to the right of the Earl's blotting-pad and pens, had the look of a fearful link with his fallen chaps and fishy hue. Potts maundered moralities upon "life," holding the thing in his hand, weighing it, eying the muzzle. He "couldn't help thinking of what is going to happen to us *after* it all ;" and "Brosey knows now !" was followed by a twitch of one cheek and the ejaculation : "Forever !" Fleetwood alive and Ambrose dead were plucking the startled worldling to a peep over the verge into our abyss ; and the young lord's evident doing of the same commanded Chumley Potts's imitation of him under the cloud Ambrose had become for both of them.

He was recommended to see Lord Feltre, if he had a desire to be instructed on the subject of the mitigation of our pains in the regions below. Potts affirmed that he meant to die a Protestant Christian. Thereupon, carrying a leaden burden of unlaughed laughable stuff in his breast, and Chummy's concluding remark to speed him : "Damn it, no, we'll stick to our Religion !" Fleetwood strode off to his library, and with the names of the Ixionides of his acquaintance ringing round his head, proceeded to strike one of them off the number privileged at the moment to intrude on him. Others would follow ; this one must be the first to go. He wrote the famous letter to Lord Brailstone, which debarred the wily pursuer from any pretext to be running down into Mrs. Levellier's neighborhood, and also precluded the chance of his meeting the fair lady at Calesford. With the brevity equivalent to the flick of a glove on the cheek, Lord Brailstone was given to understand by Lord Fleetwood that relations were at an end between them. No explanation was added ; a single sentence executed the work, and in the third person. He did not once reflect on the outcry in the ear of London coming from the receiver of such a letter upon payment of a debt.

The letter posted and flying, Lord Fleetwood was kinder to Chumley Potts ; he had a friendly word for Gower Woodseer ; though both were heathens, after their diverse fashions, neither of them likely ever to set out upon the grand old road of Rome : Lord Feltre's

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"Appian Way of the Saints and Comforters."

Chummy was pardoned when they separated at night for his reiterated allusions to the temptation of poor Ambrose Mallard's conclusive little weapon lying on the library table within reach of a man's armchair: in its case, and the case locked, yes, but easily opened, "provoking every damnable sort of mortal curiosity!" The soundest men among us have their fits of the blues, Fleetwood was told. "Not wholesome!" Chummy shook his head resolutely, and made himself comprehensibly mysterious. He meant well. He begged his old friend to promise he would unload and keep it unloaded. "For I know the infernal worry you have —deuced deal worse than a night's bad luck!" said he; and Fleetwood smiled sourly at the world's total ignorance of causes. His wretchedness was due now to the fact that the aforetime huntress refused to be captured. He took a silver Cross from a table-drawer and laid it on the pistol case. "There, Chummy," he said; that was all; not sermonizing or proselytizing. He was partly comprehended by Chumley Potts fully a week later. The unsuspecting fellow, soon to be despatched in the suite of Brailstone, bore away an unwontedly affectionate dismissal to his bed, and spoke some rather squeamish words himself, as he recollected with disgust when he ran about over London repeating his executioner's.

The Cross on the pistol-case may have conduced to Lord Fleetwood's thought, that his days among unrepentant ephemeral Protestant sinners must have their immediate termination. These old friends were the plague-infected clothes he flung off his body. But the Cross where it lay, forbidding a movement of the hand to that box, was authoritative to decree his passage through a present torture, by the agency of the hand he held back from the solution of his perplexity, at the cost which his belief in the Eternal would pay. Henrietta had mentioned her husband's defeat, by some dastardly contrivance. He had to communicate, for the disburdening of his soul, not only that he was guilty, but the meanest of criminals, in being no more than half guilty. His training told him of the contempt women entertain toward the midway or cripple sinner, when they have no special desire to think him innocent. How write, or how phrase his having merely breathed in his ruffian's hearing the wish that he might hear of her husband's defeat! And with what object? Here, too, a woman might, years hence, if not forgive, bend her head resignedly over the man's vile nature, supposing strong passion his motive. But the name for the actual motive? It would not bear writing, or any phrasing round it. An unsceptred despot bidden take a fair woman's eyes into his breast, saw and shrank. And now the eyes were Carinthia's: he saw a savage bridegroom, and a black ladder-climber, and the sweetest of pardoning brides, and the devil in him still insatiate for revenge upon her who held him to his word.

He wrote, read, tore the page, trimmed the lamp, and wrote again. He remembered Gower Woodseer's having warned him he would finish his career a monk. Not, like Feltre, an oily convert, but under the hood, yes, and extracting a chartreuse from his ramble through woods richer far than the philosopher's milk of Mother Nature's bosom. There flamed the burning signal of release from his torments; there his absolving refuge, instead of his writing fruitless, intricate, impossible stuff to a woman. The letter was renounced and shredded; the dedicated ascetic contemplated a hooded shape, washed of every earthly fleck. It proved how men may by power of grip squeeze raptures out of pain.

CHAPTER XLIV

CONTAINS A RECORD OF WHAT WAS FEARED, WHAT WAS HOPED, AND WHAT HAPPENED

THE Dame is at her thumps for attention to be called to "the strangeness of it," that a poor small, sparse village, hardly above a hamlet, on the most unproductive of Kentish heights, part of old forest land, should at this period become "the cynosure of a city beautifully named by the poet Great Augusta, and truly indeed the world's metropolis."

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Put aside her artful pother to rouse excitement at stages of a narrative, London's general eye upon little Croridge was but another instance of the extraordinary, and not so wonderful. Lady Arpington, equal to a Parliament in herself, spoke of the place and the Countess courted by her repentant lord. Brailstone and Chumley Potts were town-criers of the executioner letter each had received from the Earl; Potts with his chatter of a suicide's pistol kept loaded in a case under a two-inch-long silver Cross, and with sundry dramatic taps on the forehead, dottings over the breast, an awful grimace of devoutness. There was no mistaking him. The young nobleman of the millions was watched; the town spy-glass had him in its orbit. Tales of the ancestral Fleetwoods ran beside rumors of a Papist priest at the bedside of the Foredoomed to Error's dying mother. His wealth was counted, multiplied by the ready noughts of those who know little and dread much. Sir Meeson Corby referred to an argument Lord Fleetwood had held on an occasion hotly against the logical consistency of the Protestant faith; and to his alarm lest some day "all that immense amount of money should slip away from us to favor the machinations of Roman Catholicism!" The Countess of Cressett, Livia, anticipated her no surprise at anything Lord Fleetwood might do: she knew him.

So thereupon, with the whirr of a covey on wing before the fowler, our crested three of immemorial antiquity and a presumptive immortality, the Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry, shot up again, hooting across the dormant chief city Old England's fell word of the scarlet shimmer above the nether pit-flames, Rome. An ancient horror in the blood of the population, conceiving the word to signify beak, fang, and claw, the fiendish ancient enemy of the roasting day of yore, heard and echoed. Sleepless at the work of the sapper, in preparation for the tiger's leap, Rome is keen to spy the foothold of English stability, and her clasp of a pillar of the structure sends tremors to our foundations.

The coupling of Rome and England's wealthiest nobleman struck a match to terrorize the Fire Insurance of Smithfield. That meteoric, intractable, perhaps wicked, but popular, reputedly clever, manifestedly evil-starred, enormously wealthy, young Earl of Fleetwood, wedded to an adventuress, and a target for the scandals emanating from the woman, was daily, without omission of a day, seen walking Piccadilly pavement in company once more with the pervert, the Jesuit agent, that crafty Catesby of a Lord Feltre, arm in arm the pair of them, and uninterruptedly conversing utterly unlike Englishmen. Mr. Rose Mackrell passed them, and his breezy salutation of the Earl was unobserved in my lord's vacant glass optics, as he sketched the scene. London had reports of the sinister tempter and the imperilled young probationer undisguisedly entering the Roman Catholic chapel of a fashionable district—chapel erected on pervert's legacies, down a small street at the corner of a grandee square, by tolerance or connivance of our constabulary—entering it linked; and linked they issued, their heads bent; for the operation of the tonsure, you would say. Two English noblemen! But is there no legislation to stop the disease? Our female government asks it vixenly of our impotent male; which pretends, beneath an air of sympathy, that we should abstain from any compulsory action upon the law to interfere, though the situation is confessedly grave; and the aspect men assume is correspondingly, to the last degree provokingly, grave—half alive that they are, or void of patriotism, or Babylonian at heart!

Lord Fleetwood's yet undocked old associates vowed he "smelt strong" of the fumes of the whirled silver censer-balls. His disfavor had caused a stoppage of supplies, causing vociferous abomination of their successful rivals, the Romish priests. Captain Abrane sniffed, loud as a horse, condemnatory as a cat, in speaking of him. He said: "By George, it comes to this: we shall have to turn Catholics for a loan!" Watch-dogs of the three repeated the gigantic gambler's melancholy roar. And, see what gap, cried the ratiocination of alarm, see the landslip it is in

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our body, national and religious, when exalted personages go that way to Rome.

The three guardian Ladies and their strings of followers headed over the fevered and benighted town, as the records of the period attest, windpiping Solan notes from the undigested cropful of alarms Lord Fleetwood's expected conduct crammed into them. They and all the world traced his present madness to the act foregoing: that Marriage! They reviewed it to deplore it, every known incident and the numbers imagined; yet merely to deplore: frightful comparisons of then with now rendered the historical shock to the marriage market matter for a sick smile. Evil genius of some sort beside him the wealthy young nobleman is sure to have. He has got rid of one to take up with a viler. First, a sluttish trollop of German origin is foisted on him for life; next, he is misled to abjure the Faith of his fathers for Rome. But patently, desperation in the husband of such a wife weakened his resistance to the Roman Catholic pervert's insinuations. There we punctuate the full stop to our inquiries; we have the secret.

And upon that, suddenly comes a cyclonic gust; and gossip twirls, whines, and falls to the twanging of an entirely new set of notes, that furnish a tolerably agreeable tune, on the whole. Oh, hear! The Marchioness of Arpington proclaims not merely acquaintanceship with Lord Fleetwood's Countess, she professes esteem for the young person. She has been heard to say, that if the Principality of Wales were not a Royal title, a dignity of the kind would be conferred by the people of those mountains on the Countess of Fleetwood: such unbounded enthusiasm there was for her character when she sojourned down there. As it is, they do speak of her in their Welsh by some title. Their Bards are offered prizes to celebrate her deeds. You remember the regiment of mounted Welsh gentlemen escorting her to her Kentish seat, with their band of the three-stringed harps! She is well-born, educated, handsome, a perfectly honest woman, and a sound Protestant. Quite the reverse of Lord Fleetwood seeking to escape her, it is she who flies; she cannot forgive him his cruelties and infidelities; and that is the reason why he threatens to commit the act of despair. Only she can save him! She has flown for refuge to her uncle, Lord Levellier's house, at a place named Croridge, not in the gazetteer, hard of access, and a home of poachers, where shooting goes on hourly; but most picturesque and romantic, as she herself is! Lady Arpington found her there, nursing one of the wounded, and her uncle on his death-bed; obdurate all around against her husband, but pensive when supplicated to consider her country endangered by Rome. She is a fervent patriot. The tales of her Whitechapel origin, and heading mobs wielding bludgeons, are absolutely false, traceable to scandalizing anecdotists like Mr. Rose Mackrell. She is the beautiful example of an injured wife doing honor to her sex in the punishment of a faithless husband, yet so little cherishing her natural right to deal him retribution, that we dare hope she will listen to her patriotic duty in consenting to the reconcilement, which is Lord Fleetwood's alternative:—his wife or Rome! They say she has an incommunicable charm, accounting for the price he puts on her now she holds aloof and he misses it. Let her but rescue him from England's most vigilant of her deadly enemies, she will be entitled to the nation's lasting gratitude. She has her opportunity for winning the Anglican English, as formerly she won the Dissenter Welsh. She may yet be the means of leading back the latter to our fold.

Carinthia meanwhile had a study of the humorous of English character in the person of the wounded man she nursed on little Croridge, imagining it the most unobserved of English homes, and herself as unimportant an object. Daniel Charner took his wound, as he took his medicine and his posset from her hand, kindly, and seemed to have a charitable understanding of Lord Levellier now that the old nobleman had driven a pellet of lead into him and laid him flat. It pleased him to assure her that his mates were men of their word, and had promised to pay the old lord with "a rouse" for it, nothing worse. Her father used to speak of the "clean

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hearts of the English" as to the husbanding of revenge; that is, the "no spot of bad blood" to vitiate them. Captain John Peter seconded all good-humored fighters "for the long account:" they will surely win; and it was one of his maxims: "*My foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper.*"

Recalling the scene of her bridal day —the two strong Englishmen at the shake of hands, that had spoiled one another's faces, she was enlightened with a comprehension of her father's love for the people; seeing the spiritual of the gross, ugly picture, as not every man can do, and but a warrior Joan among women. Chillon shall teach the Spanish people English heartiness, she thought. Lord Fleetwood's remarks on the expedition would have sufficed to stamp it righteous with her; that was her logic of the low valuation of him. She fancied herself absolutely released at his departure. Neither her sister Riette nor her friend Owain, administering sentiment and common sense to her by turns, could conceive how the passion for the recovery of her brother's military name fed the hope that she might aid in it, how the hope fed the passion. She had besides her hunger to be at the work she could do; her Chillon's glory for morning sky above it.

Such was the mind Lady Arpington brought the world's wisdom to bear upon; deeming it in the end female only in its wildness and obstinacy. Carinthia's answers were few, barely varied. Her repetition of "my brother" irritated the great lady, whose argument was directed to make her see that these duties toward her brother were primarily owing to her husband, the man she would reclaim and could guide. And the Countess of Fleetwood's position, her duty to society, her dispensing of splendid hospitality, the strengthening of her husband to do his duty to the nation, the saving of him from a fatal step—from Rome; these were considerations for a reasonable woman to weigh before she threw up all to be off on the maddest of adventures. "Inconceivable, my dear child!" Lady Arpington proceeded until she heard herself as droning.

Carinthia's unmoved aspect of courteous attention appeared to invoke the prolongation of the sermon it criticised. It had an air of reversing their positions while she listened to the charge of folly, and incidentally replied.

Her reason for not fearing Roman Catholic encroachments was, she said, her having known good Catholics in the country she came from. For herself, she should die professing the faith of her father and mother. Behind her correct demeanor a rustic intelligence was exhibited. She appreciated her duty to her marriage oath: "My husband's honor is quite safe with me." Neither England nor religion, nor woman's proper devotion to a husband's temporal and spiritual welfare, had claims rivalling her devotion to her brother. She could not explain a devotion that instigated her to an insensate course. It seemed a kind of enthusiasm; and it was coldly spoken; in the tone referring to "her husband's honor." Her brother's enterprise had her approval because "her mother's prayer was for him to serve in the English army." By running over to take a side in a Spanish squabble? she was asked, and answered: "He will learn war; my Chillon will show his value; he will come back a tried soldier."

She counted on his coming back? She did.

"I cannot take a step forward without counting on success. We know the chances we are to meet. My father has written of Death. We do not fear it, so it is nothing to us. We shall go together; we shall not have to weep for one another."

The strange young woman's avoidance of any popular sniffle of the pathetic had a recognized merit.

"Tell me," Lady Arpington said abruptly; "this maid of yours, who is to marry the secretary, or whatever he was—you are satisfied with her?"

"She is my dear servant Madge." A cloud opened as Carinthia spoke the name. "She will be a true wife to him. They will always be my friends."

Nothing against the Earl in that direction, apparently; unless his Countess was blessed with the density of frigidity.

Society's emissary sketched its perils for unprotected beautiful women; an

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outline of the London quadrille Henrietta danced in; and she glanced at Carinthia and asked: "Have you thought of it?"

Carinthia's eyes were on the great lady's. Their meaning was, "You hit my chief thought." They were read as her farthest thought. For the hint of Henrietta's weakness deadened her feelings with a reminder of warm and continued solicitations rebutted; the beautiful creature's tortures at the idea of her exile from England. An outwearied hopelessness expressed a passive sentiment very like indifference in the clear wide gaze. She replied: "I have. My proposal to her was Cadiz, with both our young ones. She will not."

And there is an end to that part of the question! Lady Arpington interpreted it, by the gaze more than the words, under subjection of the young woman's character. Nevertheless, she bore away Carinthia's consent to a final meeting with the Earl at her home in London, as soon as things were settled at Croridge. Chillon, whom she saw, was just as hard, unforgiving, careless of his country's dearest interests; brother and sister were one heart of their one blood. She mentioned the general impression in town, that the Countess, and only she, could save the Earl from Rome. A flash of polite laughter was Chillon's response. His callousness to the danger of his country's disintegration, from the incessant, becoming overt, attacks of a foreign priesthood might—an indignant great lady's precipitation to prophecy said, would—bring chastisement on him.

Gossip fed to the starvation bone of Lady Arpington's report, until one late afternoon, memorable for the breeding heat in the van of elemental artillery, newsboys waved damp sheets of fresh print through the streets, and society's guardians were brought to confess, in shame and gladness, that they had been growing sceptical of the active assistance of Providence. At first the "Terrible explosion of gunpowder at Croridge" alarmed them lest the timely power should have done too much. A day later the general agitation was pacified; Lady Arpington circulated the word "safe," and the world knew the disaster had not engulphed Lady Fleetwood's valuable life. She had the news by word of mouth from the lovely Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, sister-in-law to the Countess. We are convinced we have proof of Providence intervening when some terrific event of the number at its disposal accomplishes the thing and no more than the thing desired. Pitiful though it may seem for a miserly old Lord to be blown up in his bed, it is necessarily a subject of congratulation if the life, or poor remnant of a life, sacrificed was an impediment to our righteous wishes. But this is a theme for the Dame, who would full surely have committed another breach of the treaty, had there not been allusion to her sisterhood's view of the government of human affairs.

On the day preceding the catastrophe Chillon's men returned to work. He and Carinthia and Mr. Wythan lunched with Henrietta at Stoneridge. Walking down to Lekkatts, they were astounded to see the figure of the spectral old Lord on the plank to the powder-store, clad in his long, black cloak, erect. He was crossing, he told them, to count his barrels; a dream had disturbed him. Chillon fell to rapid talk upon various points of business, and dispersed Lord Levellier's memory relating to his errand. Leaning on Carinthia's arm, he went back to the house, where he was put to bed in peace of mind. His resuscitated physical vigor blocked all speculation for the young people assembled at Stoneridge that night. They hardly spoke; they strangled thoughts forming as larvæ of wishes. Henrietta would be away to Lady Arpington's next day, Mr. Wythan to Wales. The two voyagers were sadder by sympathy than the two whom they were leaving to the clock's round of desert sameness. About ten at night Chillon and Mr. Wythan escorted Carinthia, for the night's watch beside her uncle, down to Lekkatts. It was midway that the knocks on air, as of a muffled mallet at a door and at farther doors of caverns, smote their ears and shook the ground.

After an instant of the silence following a shock, Carinthia touched her brother's arm; and Chillon said: "Not my powder!"

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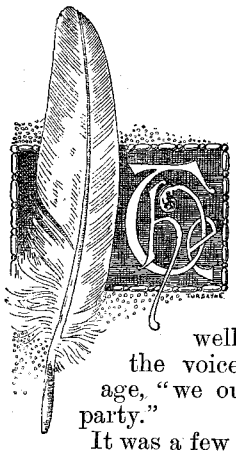
They ran till they had Lekkatts in sight. A half moon showed the house; it stood. Fifty paces below, a column of opal smoke had begun to wreathe and stretch a languid flag. The "rouse" promised to Lord Levellier by Daniel Charner's humorous mates had hit beyond its aim. Intended to give him a start—or "Oner in return," it surpassed his angry shot at the body of them in effect.

Carinthia entered his room and saw that he was lying stretched restfully. She whispered of this to Chillon, and began upon her watch, reading her Spanish phrase-book; and she could have wept, if she had been a woman for tears. Her duty to stay in England with Chillon's fair wife crossed the reckoning pages like a black smoke. Her passion to go and share her brother's dangers treacherously left the question of its righteousness at each fall of the big breath.

Her uncle's gray head on his pillow was like a flint-stone in chalk under her look by light of dawn; the chin had dropped.

(To be concluded.)



THE COLONEL'S TEA-PARTY

By Bessie Chandler

The Colonel put down the village paper and looked up over his spectacles at his wife.

"Harriet," he said, in a clear, well-modulated voice, the voice of well-bred old age, "we ought to have a tea-party."

It was a few seconds before she answered. She was a sweet-looking, sad-faced woman of seventy. Her hair, which was an even, dark gray in color, was smoothed plainly and gathered into quite a large braided coil. This was surmounted by a comb of carved tortoise-shell. She wore no cap, but smaller combs were placed on either side and served to hold her still abundant locks in place. Her dress was black, not especially modern in cut nor yet noticeably old-fashioned. There was white muslin around her throat, clasped in front by a gold brooch, and gold ball earrings hung in her ears. She was knitting an indefinite rectangle of white that might be anything. She held the needles still a minute, and looking at her husband, said, simply, "Why?"

The Colonel rose. He was a tall, spare man, whose long, ample trousers flapped a little around his thin, straight legs. He stooped a trifle, not with the crook of old age, but with the stoop of a man who for many years has carried his head too far forward. His face was well modelled and full of spirit. The eyes were still vividly blue, although the eyebrows that shaded them were white as snow. His cheeks were rosy, and the teeth which gleamed from under his gray mustache were well set and fine.

Altogether, he was a man whom one looked at twice, and followed up the second glance by asking who he was.

Just now he was possessed of an idea. He was very much in earnest, and his seriousness made his beautiful old face more than usually attractive.

"My dear," he said, slowly, "how long is it since we have given an entertainment? Not since Adelaide was married. Is there any reason why we shouldn't?"

"No," answered his wife, shortly; "nor any reason why we should."

He looked at her keenly. After a long life spent with her, he knew it was useless to combat her serious opposition.

He also knew that there was a surface stratum of objections through which he could successfully fight his way to approval and even hearty co-operation. It only required a little

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judgment to decide which class of resistance confronted him.

"Don't you read the papers?" he said; "they are full of accounts of social gayeties. Here's the list—dinners and receptions and dances and a pink tea. What is a pink tea?"

"I don't know," she answered. "It sounds unwholesome."

"I don't think they drink it," he said, vaguely. "I think the term refers to the surroundings, to the a—decorations and environments."

He picked up the brass-headed tongs and lifted a fallen log into place. The fire caught it and flared up brightly for a few minutes, bringing out the colors in the rich old mahogany furniture and shining in the faces of the two old people.

"We're getting to be old-fashioned, Harriet, you and I," the Colonel continued. "There isn't any use of it. Of course we can't expect to mould ourselves over to suit the modern taste, but at the same time there is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy what we can of modern life as it exists in the village around us." He waved his hands a little as he spoke.

Her knitting lay untouched in her lap as she looked at him. Her face grew full of the memory of old trouble, and her voice was not natural when she spoke.

"Cornelius, you know how it has been with me. I don't think there ever was a happier bride or wife or mother, but it has all been different since the boys died. I think I could have given one, or both of them, if they had been men, but they were nothing but boys—nothing but my little boys. Then they went away with you, and you know I never saw them again until you brought them home, one after Gettysburg, one after Cedar Creek. It has never been the same since."

There was a little silence full of sadness, and then she continued:

"I tried to rally for the girls' sake; but then Laura died and Adelaide married and went to New York, and sometimes I think she is the farthest off of any."

She stopped; the tears were running down her face. She tried to find her handkerchief, but the tears were gaining on her, and she pressed her piece of knitting against her eyes.

The Colonel blew his nose loudly.

"I know, I know," he said.

"How could I care for anything after that?" she said between her sobs. "What were people to me any more? Besides, I am not like these modern women. I never could go to clubs and classes. I don't like to study. I don't like to read much, except the *Tribune* a little in the evening. I only cared for my children and my house, and I lost the children. Then there was nothing left but the house, and you don't know what a comfort it's been to me. I've kept right on in my old ways — in my mother's ways. There are no modern improvements in this house, there are no patent egg-beaters, or carpet-sweepers, or a bit of baking-powder. And, Cornelius, you don't know—a man can't understand—the real pleasure it's been to me to brown my own coffee and make my own soap and have *real* calves'-foot jelly, instead of this isinglass stuff. I know I'm old-fashioned and queer. I think these young housekeepers think I'm a little crazy, but my house is all I've ever cared for since the children went."

"You're the best housekeeper in the State, Harriet. I've always said so, and I say so still. That's the reason I want these new people that have come here to know you and to see you in your own house. It isn't fair to them for you to keep so by yourself."

She smiled indulgently at his folly, although it really pleased her.

"They aren't my kind, Cornelius. I don't believe they want to know me. I see them in church, and they seem so dressy, and then they drive these bobtailed horses on the street, and I've heard them talking so loud on their front piazzas. How can a lady sit and sew, almost on the street, like that? I'd as soon sit on the horse-block and done with it. I suppose they think you and I are sort of curiosities, Cornelius."

"What nonsense, dear," said the Colonel, indignantly, throwing out his chest and inflating it. "If they think anything of that kind, it's because they don't know us. Let us invite them here and get better acquainted."

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"I'm sure I don't mind," said his wife, "if you think they'd like to come."

"Of course they would—of course they would. Let me see—why not have, as I suggested in the first place, a tea-party?"

He was rubbing his hands together with pleasure over the success of his plans.

"I'll write the invitations," he said; "I always used to. How shall they go—'Colonel and Mrs. Allen request the honour of your company from four to six?' How's that?"

"I don't like the six. It seems like telling them when to go home. I don't think it's polite. Besides, I shall have tea at six, and we can play cards afterward."

"Capital! capital!" cried the Colonel. "And jumbles and wine in the evening. My dear, it will be delightful. Well, then, I'll just say 'at four o'clock' and put the date. Now let's make out the list."

And so it happened that a few days afterward all Greenfield society was agitated by invitations to the Colonel's tea-party.

The Allen house stood back from the street fully a hundred and fifty feet. It was an imposing old place—white with green blinds, and with a beautiful high white fence composed of slender round pickets. These were graded so that each panel formed a deep scallop, and each post bore aloft a small white Grecian urn. The gate, which formed a deep bay, opened upon a straight gravel walk which led to the broad piazza. The fluted pillars rose above the second story and supported the projecting roof. There were two wings exactly alike and each equipped with pillars, steps, a door, and two windows. In the peak of the roof above the central piazza was a small oval window with a sash composed of many radiating gilded bars. It was the one touch of decoration in the somewhat severe architecture. Altogether the house, with its two wings exactly alike, looked like a stately old lady who had placed a gold brooch at her throat and was stepping forth, leading her twin daughters by the hand. It was the only house of its kind left in Greenfield. The others, for there were others, had been torn down long ago and the spacious lawns cut up into sites for dozens of Queen Anne cottages. A long narrow lane ran by the Colonel's property. Close beside it, in the corner of the yard, stood a little white building which looked like a small Grecian temple. It had been the Colonel's law office, and was still filled with the books that he had used. Back of it, down the lane a little, stood his wood-pile. It was the only wood-pile left in Greenfield, and it stood, as it had stood for fifty years, mathematically exact and square.

The present generation did not understand the Colonel and his wife. They were "out of touch," as the saying is.

Two women came up the street one afternoon soon after the Colonel had sent out his invitations. They were pretty women, stylishly dressed in all the extravagancies of the prevailing fashion. They looked at the Colonel's house and smiled a little as they passed it.

"Shall you give them the 'honour,' spelt with a u, of your company on Saturday, Marion?" asked the smaller of the two.

"I don't know," answered her companion. "What do you suppose it's going to be, anyway?"

"Oh, another everlasting tea."

"I wish I could help Mrs. Allen," the other said. "I don't believe she knows how to give a tea at all. And Jack's invited. Is Ned?"

"Yes. Fancy their appearing at four o'clock!" And she laughed so loudly at the idea that a handsome young man who was passing on the other side of the street heard her voice and looked across and bowed. Perhaps this was what she wanted, for at the next corner he crossed over and found her, and they walked on together.

"What are you going to have for them?" the Colonel asked one day.

His wife's face brightened, and there was the liveliest interest in her manner as she answered: "Raised biscuit, and fried oysters and chicken-salad, coffee, brandy peaches with whipped cream,

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queen's cake, and sponge cake and jumbles."

There was no hesitation in her answer, but it was the Colonel's turn to appear doubtful and undecided.

"Harriet," he said, slowly, "are you sure that that's the proper entertainment?"

"Why not?" she asked, proudly, confident in her housewife's skill.

"Because, I have a feeling—it seems as if I'd heard—that they don't have all those things nowadays—just a cup of tea, as it were, and a cracker, or a wafer—I'm sure I've heard wafers mentioned."

She looked at him with cold disdain.

"If you think I am going to ask people into my house and feed them *crackers* you're very much mistaken. I'm not entertaining Poll parrots, but ladies and gentlemen."

The Colonel's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Of course you are, my dear, of course you are. I was merely suggesting, merely consulting, as it were."

His wife's preparations for the party occupied a number of days and were of the most thorough and systematic sort. They began in the garret and ended in the cellar. To be sure the guests were not expected to visit either of these places, but that was no reason why they shouldn't be in immaculate order. The rag-bags were emptied, the potatoes picked over, and a loose picket at the extreme end of the garden was nailed in place. Mrs. Allen was the kind of housekeeper who preferred dust on the parlor table to a fly-speck in the pantry. The brass-knocker on the front door was never polished without its humble brother on the kitchen door receiving a rub at the same time. She seeded her raisins, and got out her old-fashioned silver, counted her napkins and had some bleached, made her queen's cake, and watched over the baking as anxiously as if it had been a birth.

Sometimes she sighed a little wearily. She was a lonely old lady, and this unusual social effort made her realize deeply how lonely her life was. Her only living child was, as she had told the Colonel, more of a stranger than her buried ones. It was no one's fault perhaps. When Adelaide Allen married a rich and money-making man, she accepted his position, with all its cares and responsibilities, she claimed a place in the foremost rank, and won it. She had held her own remarkably well in the social vortex, and was proud of it.

The rich society woman, with her houses at Newport and Lenox, her yearly trips to Europe, and the thousand entangling duties of her social life, could not give more than a short yearly visit to the old homestead at Greenfield.

Sometimes her father and mother visited her, and she did her best to make their visits pleasant. Her husband was rather proud of the Colonel, and liked to take him around with him and introduce him to people. But Mrs. Allen felt, with a woman's intuition, that the machinery of Adelaide's life stopped while they were with her and went on again after they left, and this was in a sense true.

The children came to Greenfield oftener. They were pretty, delicate little things, wearing white dresses beautifully laundered, and always accompanied by a French nurse. They ran up and down the box-bordered paths of the old garden, smelled cautiously of the annunciation lilies, which grew in tall, straight rows, and chatted incessantly in French. Mrs. Allen looked at them longingly. They were fair and sweet and precious, but somehow not the grandchildren that she could take to her sad old heart and love. She never knew how their mother sometimes used to close her eyes and smell the box in that same old garden and see again the tall white lilies with their powdery yellow anthers.

The day of the tea-party finally came. Every preparation had been made, every last touch given. Mrs. Allen was all ready herself at three o'clock. She was handsomely dressed in rich gros-grain black silk. There was real lace at her neck and a little glimmer of diamonds. She sat by the fireplace, in her own easy-chair, with a little dainty work in her hands. It was the kind of work she always kept for company.

Her maid was waiting in the hall, ready to hear the first approaching footstep. The fires in three fireplaces were

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burning brightly, and there was a sort of hush of expectancy over the whole house.

The Colonel wandered aimlessly around. Mrs. Allen had insisted that he should have his hair cut, and consequently he looked a little unnatural, like a vine trimmed too closely. He was very nervous, and when four o'clock came and no guests, he become positively restless.

At half-past four Mrs. Allen spoke to him sharply,

"Cornelius, what did you say in those invitations?"

"I said four o'clock," he answered; "I remember it distinctly."

"And you're sure you said to-day?"

"Perfectly sure."

"It's very strange, I don't understand it. Hannah," she called, raising her voice, "go and tell Catherine to put on some fresh wood. I want all the fires burning brightly when they come."

So the minutes dragged on. At five Mrs. Allen looked at the Colonel reproachfully.

"Something has happened," she said; "I know it has. Those invitations couldn't have been right."

"They were, my dear; they certainly were," said the Colonel, thrumming with his long thin fingers on the mantel-piece.

Just then a figure flitted up the long gravel path.

"Hannah," called Mrs. Allen, "open the door. One of my guests is arriving. I do not wish her to knock."

The newcomer bustled in without going up to the stately front chamber, which had been prepared for the use of the guests. She was a pretty little woman, wearing a very full and spangled cape.

Mrs. Allen rose to meet her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "won't you take off your hat?"

The little woman smiled.

"No indeed," she answered; "not when it's my new one, and very becoming, isn't it, Colonel?"

She looked at him with a little smile and pout.

"Indeed it is, madam," he answered, gallantly. "But I think anything that Mrs. Morris chose to wear would be that."

He bowed with much dignity as he spoke, but she laughed merrily.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Allen? I have always wanted to have a flirtation with the Colonel, and I consider that a challenge."

She moved over to him, laughing as she went, and Mrs. Allen's eyes followed her. They looked troubled and puzzled.

Another arrival claimed her attention, and soon the rooms were filled with a mass of chattering high-voiced women who moved rapidly about and eyed keenly the old-fashioned furniture of the old-fashioned house. Not a man appeared, and Mrs. Allen, after making six or seven solicitous inquiries and receiving what seemed to her very frivolous excuses, said nothing more about them.

It worried Mrs. Allen that all the ladies kept their hats on. In vain she urged them to lay them aside. They looked as if they were going every minute, and it made her uneasy.

She had put down her sewing, for none of the ladies seemed to have brought theirs, and she moved among them, trying to speak to each one and saying all sorts of courteous things in her sweet, gracious way. But the ladies would not "visit." They were hardly still a minute.

The Colonel went from one to another, determined to be entertaining. Finally he disappeared with two ladies, whom he took into the library, and there proceeded to exhibit some of his choicest treasures.

"This," he said, holding out a curiously shaped piece of iron, "is part of a shell picked up after Shiloh."

"Indeed!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "How interesting."

"And this," he went on, "is a small torpedo from the James River."

He turned away for some other object, which he seemed to have difficulty in finding.

The ladies scarcely noticing his relics, looked at each other and began talking.

The Colonel turned toward them again, but neither of them noticed him. He stood looking from one to the other, with a beautiful smile of courtesy upon his fine old face.

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One of them recollected herself suddenly.

"Some day, Colonel," she said, "I want you to tell me all about the war. It must have been so interesting. I suppose it would take too long today?"

"Yes, madam," he said, gently, "I think it would."

Then they all went back into the drawing-room together, where the guests seemed to be getting a little uneasy. To tell the truth, it was six o'clock. The bells of all the factories had rung, and Greenfield was regulated by them, and as yet there had been no sign of tea. They knew there was to be some, for delicious whiffs of aromatic coffee and the fragrance of hot bread floated in now and then as distant doors were opened.

Mrs. Allen appeared undisturbed by the delay. She was conversing with her different guests, inquiring after all their relatives and the various states of their health with that solicitous politeness which characterized the breeding of a former generation.

Finally one of the ladies said "Good-by" to her, and then she seemed a little startled.

"What, leaving so early!" she exclaimed; "and without your supper, too!"

The visitor suppressed a smile.

"I really must go, dear Mrs. Allen," she said. "I've had a charming visit."

One or two came forward to follow her example, but Mrs. Allen's sweet, dignified face grew suddenly troubled.

"Ladies," she said in a soft voice, with a little quaver in it, "I fear there has been a misunderstanding. I invited and expected you all to stay to tea with me."

There was a short, awkward silence. Then one of the younger women rose to the emergency and said, with a sort of cheery frankness: "Then, mayn't we have it now, dear Mrs. Allen? I know it's going to be so good that we'll all want some. Let me help you about it. Come, Marion, come, Julia, let us help Mrs. Allen."

"Oh, Mrs. Fulton," expostulated the hostess, but Mrs. Fulton stopped her with, "There, don't say a word. Just let me manage it. I love to do such things."

There was a certain cheerful briskness about her voice that compelled other people to fall into her ways at once. She was a woman who, in a lower walk of life, would have been called "a boss," instead of which people generally said that she had great executive ability.

Now, in all kindliness of heart, and in a spirit of the most ready helpfulness, she proceeded to manage Mrs. Allen's party for her.

She went into the dining-room, followed by some of her friends. The old mahogany table was carefully set, and all agleam with polished silver. A maid stood waiting near the kitchen door.

"You may bring in the tea right away," said Mrs. Fulton; "Mrs. Allen is ready for it."

Then she surveyed the field.

"Marion," she said, "you pass those plates. Julia, you follow her with those biscuits and sandwiches. I'll pour the tea as fast as I can and send the maids in with it. Tell Edith and some of the other girls to come out here and help. Why, they're bringing in salad, and, dear me! there are fried oysters. I don't wonder she called it a supper! How good it all looks, too. It makes me hungry."

So she took the helm and sailed the party, through opposing currents and contrary winds, to complete success.

At least she thought so, but Mrs. Allen's bewilderment knew no bounds. Everything seemed taken out of her hands. Her guests were eating and drinking with the greatest enjoyment, but not at all in the way she had expected them to. After all, they *were* enjoying themselves, and that was what she most wished for, so she made no opposition, only smiled at them all, rather faintly, and felt a little dizzy.

And then there arose a perfect chorus of praise and compliments about her biscuit, her salad, her queen's cake.

"Did you ever taste anything so delicious?"

"It positively melts in your mouth."

"Mrs. Allen, how *is* this made?"

These and a dozen similar expressions reached her ears, and while they

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gratified her housewifely pride, they offended her sense of delicacy. In her day people didn't make such a fuss about their food. They took it for granted it would be good, and it was good, and that was the end of the matter.

Still she answered them all with gentle courtesy. She promised to give recipes, and tried to remember the component parts of the queen's cake for one enthusiastic lady who took down notes on a visiting-card.

The party grew much more sociable under the kindly influence of food, and when it began to break up the guests were in very good spirits indeed. They made many pretty speeches to Mrs. Allen as they left, and assured her how much they had enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Fulton officiated faithfully in the dining-room, and was among the last to leave. She came up smiling and satisfied, and Mrs. Allen recognized her instantly as the one who had seized the reins of her party and driven it—she knew not where.

She felt a tiny spark of resentment, but she smothered it instantly, and said, with cordial interest: "I hope you haven't wearied yourself, Mrs. Fulton. I didn't mean to ask so much of you."

"Oh, don't speak of it. I was glad to help you. I only wish I could have done more."

Mrs. Allen looked at her and wondered what more she could have done, but she only said: "You were most kind. I thank you very much."

Then in a few minutes the last guest had departed and the bells rang out for seven o'clock.

Mrs. Allen thought of her card-tables all ready for the evening, of her wine in the decanters, and her almond cake and sponge cake in the pantry. It was all so different from what she had planned.

She went out into the dining-room, where the servants were clearing away the tables, and gave a few directions. Then she came back and sat down by the fire, her hands folded in her lap and her feet crossed at the ankle. She had never crossed them higher than that in all her life.

The Colonel watched her anxiously. He, too, was full of disappointment.

Finally he said, in a cheerful voice and with a manner which he tried to make off-hand and casual: "Harriet, you were quite right about our entertaining—you always are right. These people are undoubtedly cultivated and charming, but you and I are not adapted to modern ways and people. We won't repeat this experiment. Hereafter we will devote ourselves entirely to our old friends."

She lifted her eyes to his, and they were full of tears.

"But, Cornelius," she said, softly, "there are none left."

He made no answer, but came and sat beside her, reaching over and taking one of her hands in his. She cried a little very quietly, but his presence comforted her.

The fire burned low and the twilight deepened, but still they sat there hand in hand.

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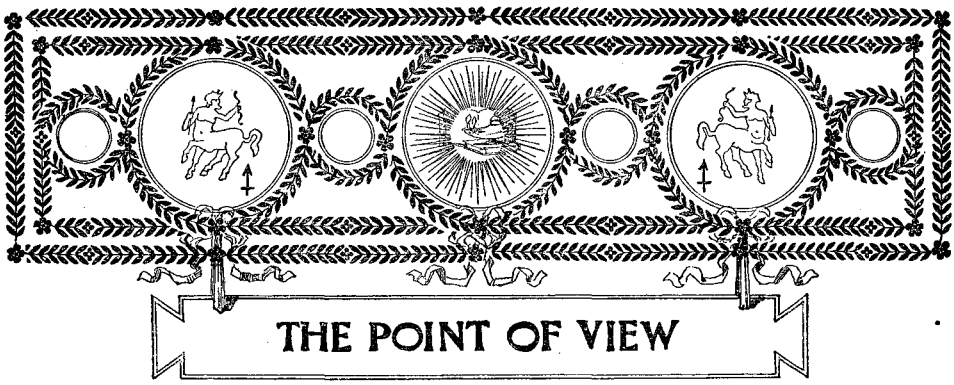

THE POINT OF VIEW

Is there not a certain defect of gayety in contemporary sport? We Americans seem, nowadays, to take ours excessively hard. We take some of our soberer matters very easily. We giggle over heresy trials, and have endless patience for the shortcomings of politicians; but we hold our breath over the reports of football games and yacht races, and lose our sleep over intricacies in the management of those events. The wear and tear of our emotions for fear our great matches of one kind or another will not run smoothly and turn out well, and our anxiety for fear the contestants will squabble and "sport" receive detriment, threatens to result in an increased measure of nervous prostration.

There seems to be excessive difficulty in making "sport" take care of itself. Business prospers on its own responsibility. The business man who doesn't know the rules of his industry and observe them, goes through bankruptcy and receives instruction. War takes care of itself. The weaker side gets beaten. But sport requires constant nursing and attention. It is a form of competition in which it is not enough to win unless the winning is done according to the rules, and the rules are rarely so clear but that one contestant's interpretation of them may seem about as good as another's. Charles Fox said of gambling that the next best thing to winning was to lose. That ought always to be true of sport, but it seems uphill work to make it come about. It seems to require the constant efforts of the masters and nurses of sportsmanship to reconcile the vanquished to defeat.

As much diplomacy has been invested this last year in the promotion of the game of football in the United States as was required for the settlement of the Alabama claims. We worried nearly as much last September over the international yacht races as our fathers did a generation ago over Mason and Slidell and the affair of the Trent. Let us common people, who do not claim the lofty title of sportsmen, endeavor to look on at sport with somewhat more equanimity and take it easier in all its forms. If it is not enjoyable, let us try to ignore it and amuse ourselves with croquet and "one old cat" and simple diversions that we can understand. If sport cannot take care of itself, so far as it concerns us, let us let it go to the dogs and stay with the dogs until it is fit for better company. They say we spoiled the yacht races because we would persist in crowding in to see them. They say we have injured football by precipitate curiosity of the same sort. It is a pity to subject ourselves to such complaints. There is a disease that is vulgarly (very vulgarly) known as "the big-head." If the great mass of us pay too much attention to sport it seems straightway to get "the big head;" players and contestants of various sorts swell overnight into representatives of the American people; sportsmen of recognized standing tower up so high that mere statesmen are dwarfed beside them. When that sort of thing happens sport gets empty and tiresome; runs to rhetoric and newspaper interviews and argument, and gets to be a burden and an annoyance. When it comes to that let us put it out of our minds and go about our other

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business. We can get on without it for a while without difficulty or detriment, and a share of wholesome neglect may do it good. When it ceases to be a recreation and an entertainment it ceases to have a right to be, and we have no obligation to worry over it.

DR. JOHNSON said "it seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity;" but I doubt whether the true philosopher does not really get the majority of them from the past. All his inferences as to the future, consolatory or otherwise, are the result of his own or of recorded experience; and meditation over this is commonly the most satisfactory method of combating such worries as a philosopher may be supposed to entertain at all.

Dr. Max Nordau is distinctly not a philosopher; and inasmuch as it would interfere very materially with the hypothesis with which he has succeeded in alarming this generation, it is perhaps too much to ask that he shall devote much attention to the past, especially for consolation. But I wonder whether even he, in secret, has not occasionally had a glimmering consciousness of the hoary age of some of the spectres which, in the expressive slang of the day, he has been "giving us," and whether the thought has never crossed his mind with how little trouble, on the whole, the race and civilization have survived their ominous appearance. It is to be hoped that no serious student of history, capable of the task, will waste his time in writing a detailed rejoinder to Nordau's clever and specious "Degeneracy;" but I imagine that it must have occurred to many such readers that there have been really only a few exceptional periods of any considerable civilization, about which it would not have been possible, with equal literary powers, to write a similar and equally true book. At all events, although the mass of detail necessary to support it is perhaps formidable, I commend this proposition to industrious members of debating societies:—that not only in degenerate periods, but in those which seen in historical perspective appear most vital and fruitful, every one of Nordau's evidences of degeneracy may be duplicated, and by an evidence relatively if not absolutely as important. If the industrious debater enjoys only a small part of the ingenuity of Dr. Nordau in arranging his focus, he can amuse himself by proving "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," with their fantastic imitations, their strange sects, their jumble of fashions, their euphuism, their cult of cipher and symbol among the learned, to have been peopled by a race whose nervous systems had been injured by the disturbing strain of the Reformation, and whose future was unquestionably desperate. Or he can get enough out of his classics to show him what a bad way the Greeks were in with *their* symbolists and preachers of the unknown god, and the equivalents they had for "Der Tolstoïsmus" and the other isms; or he can work up the Italian Renaissance —I don't know indeed of a finer opportunity than this—and show conclusively that it was not a renaissance at all, but only, if you will but look at certain mighty factors which history has consigned to the works of specialists, a period so packed with the germs of decay that there was no hope in it.

If you can make figures prove anything, that achievement is as nothing to what you can do with the abnormalities of human nature—abnormal whether for good or bad, genius or insanity. Group them skilfully, and you can make the race seem to take any form and to be marching toward any fate; only while you are busy at it the great army of the normal mixes up your groups, and carries you and them on with it toward some other goal. History alone, that looks on at a distance, ever finds out which were the determining factors—and she does it only in the largest way, and often wrong.

MY very reputable friend, Mr. Wilkins, asks me to put his case before that enlightened and discriminating public to which he believes me to be a special messenger. To vouch, at the outset, for Wilkins, let me say that he is a gallant and personable young fellow, well-intentioned in all ways, and with no special disposition to criticise women, either directly or

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by implication. On the contrary, as you will see farther on, he is wholesomely fond of their society and susceptible to their influence. Here is his statement and his dilemma.

"I got into a cable car a few days ago," he says, "to ride up-town. I had just had a long session with a Chicago business man, and crowded him into a close bargain. I was entitled by all the laws that govern trade to a particular self-complacency, but instead I only felt mean and depressed. This is always the way when a fellow in business has not yet sweat the Calvinism out of his bones —(Lowell, as Dr. Pangloss would say). Well, the instant I stepped into the car I saw the face of a woman I know and particularly admire. She isn't a young woman, nor a beautiful one, neither is she specially brilliant, though she is very intelligent. But there seems to radiate from her always such an atmosphere of unworldly goodness, almost of holiness, like all the beatitudes rolled together in one human form, that I can never be a half hour in her presence without feeling myself a better fellow—as if I had taken a bath morally, and put on a fresh suit of clothes, which I meant to keep clean; just as I used to feel when I was in college and went home for a vacation and my mother talked to me. Any fellow knows how that is.

"Of course, as soon as I saw Mrs. L—— I went and stood in front of her, as there was no opportunity to sit next her, with full intent to shrive myself for all my commercial meanness before her unworldliness. What do you think she flung out at me, on the instant—What did I think the Republican party in New York would do with the excise question this fall? Now I try to do my duty as a citizen; I belong to a Good Government Club and attend a good many primaries. I even like to talk politics sometimes, when my mind is at ease and my dinner is digesting. But just now I didn't want politics; I wanted help. I was hungry and thirsty for a little of the spiritual suggestion of things better than politics and the shifts of trade, from a woman who had peculiar power to help me. I suppose all this was very boyish and sentimental, and that I had no right to expect a spiritual uplifting in a Broadway car. But men do occasionally, even yet, feel just so sentimental and boyish, and I knew that if I could only sit quietly beside her for a little while, and look into her serene face and her clear eyes, I should have had help enough, though she were not to utter a word. But what I did do was to stand on my feet in that plunging car, for two-thirds the length of Broadway, and talk municipal politics with a woman so changed that I felt as if I had never seen her before. She was entertaining, to be sure, and intelligent, and I got several new points from her fund of facts; but any ward politician could have given me these, and meanwhile I felt all the impulse toward goodness that had leaped up at the sight of her face ooze out of me. I was tired in body and mind, and bruised and disheartened in spirit. I felt vaguely that I had hoped for bread and found a particularly unnecessary stone.

"Heaven knows I want women to have any privilege and opportunity that they think belongs to them, from the ballot to bloomers, and I humbly acknowledge the benefit of intellectual comradeship between the sexes. I even believe that when women are intelligently informed in political affairs they will do much for the improvement of politics; which is further than most men will go. But what I want to know is this: When all the benefits of intellectual comradeship and political participation are established, when men and women find their greatest common interest in the political situation or the intellectual problem of the hour, where is to be found the woman whose sweet, old-fashioned unworldliness makes her mere presence more uplifting than all the words of many men? Who will take the place and fulfil the unconscious mission of her whose mission is made by being out of the current of worldly things? Who is going to help me remember to say my prayers?"

And Wilkins's question is mine as well.

I SOMETIMES wonder what the aggressive modern, in the generation just coming

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into active life, is going to have hereafter for a literary background, so to speak; and how it will serve him. I mean the young fellow, of whom there is a large leaven in every year's college output, who is finely confident that the gods and heroes of his day are better than, or at least as good as, those of any other day; whose really interested knowledge of literature—the kind that he absorbs and that seems living to him—begins, in spite of his indignant protests to the contrary, and in spite of the fact that he supposes himself familiar with the great masters, at a date not more than fifteen years ago. He is a very healthy type, if he *is* perfectly clear that there were no brave men before his own Agamemnons; and he will keep on "discovering old things" until his education is duly amended. But after all, those interests which he has felt keenly at this age, in the books which came out in his day and were the subject of his hot discussion, enthusiasm, defence, will form in the future a special part of his life, for which "literary background" is not too strong a phrase.

It is so hard to know for how much mere age is responsible in one's view of things, that a man who has reached middle life must, of course, face frankly the question how much of his critical opinion on any subject is only the result of his own lack of zest, and must be willing to make large discounts. Yet when all this is done it is still difficult to avoid the conclusion that successful appeal to the moment, which has been the distinguishing trait of the most notable books of the last decade or so, has made less provision for lasting pleasure in this background than we oldsters have enjoyed. It may be conceivable that anybody is going back in the future to "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," and "Marcella," with the same feeling with which we remember the appearance of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," or even—not to go so far back—of "Middlemarch;" that the immortal Trilby will be a landmark like the later books of Thackeray to a man who remembers their first reading and boyish discussion; that Mr. Watson, and Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Davidson will be looked back to as Mr. Du Maurier's heroes and men of their age look to their Swinburne. This is conceivable, but is it probable? It is curious, and has a significance of its own, that the one figure which bears these comparisons, Stevenson, is already talked of by these youthful readers (I have observed with some wonder, but I think I am not mistaken) as though he were of older time. They hardly recognize him as among their "up-to-date" possessions; he stepped into the high place while they were getting sensations out of minor people, and his mastership will be one of the old things they will discover. The first reading of the best half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's stories does belong to the literary impressions which are permanent; and that is a possession which is all their own—but it is dangerously lonely.

Seriously, it seems to me that our present type of novel, written consciously *at* certain conditions, is succeeding in entertaining the moment rather at the expense of the future, and that the present younger reader is going to get the evil consequences. But after all, he may have the consolation that he will not know it; and I have no doubt that he will be abundantly able to take care of himself. "For life, though largely, is not entirely carried on by literature."

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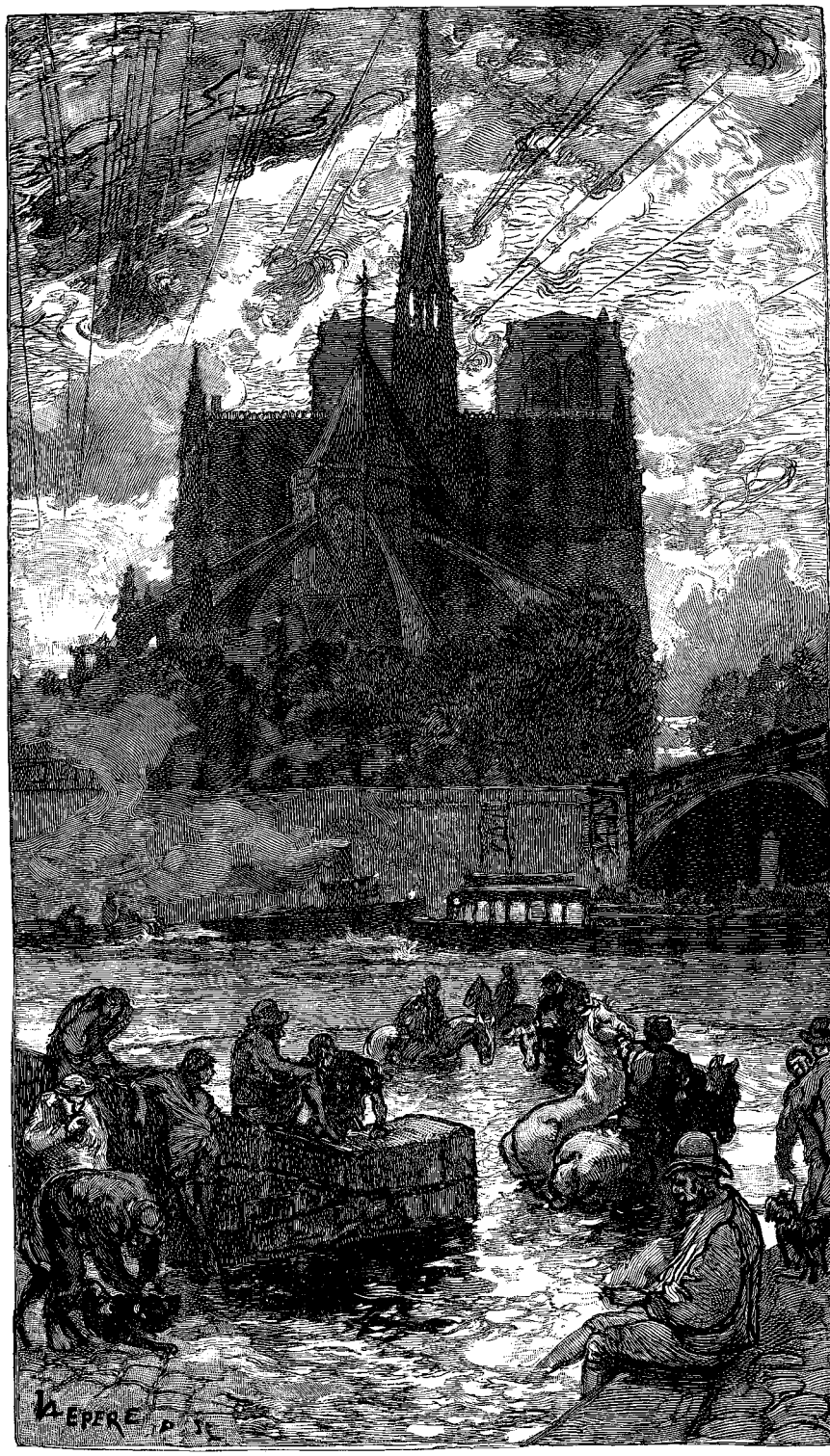

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS AT SUNSET.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY A. LEPÈRE.

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